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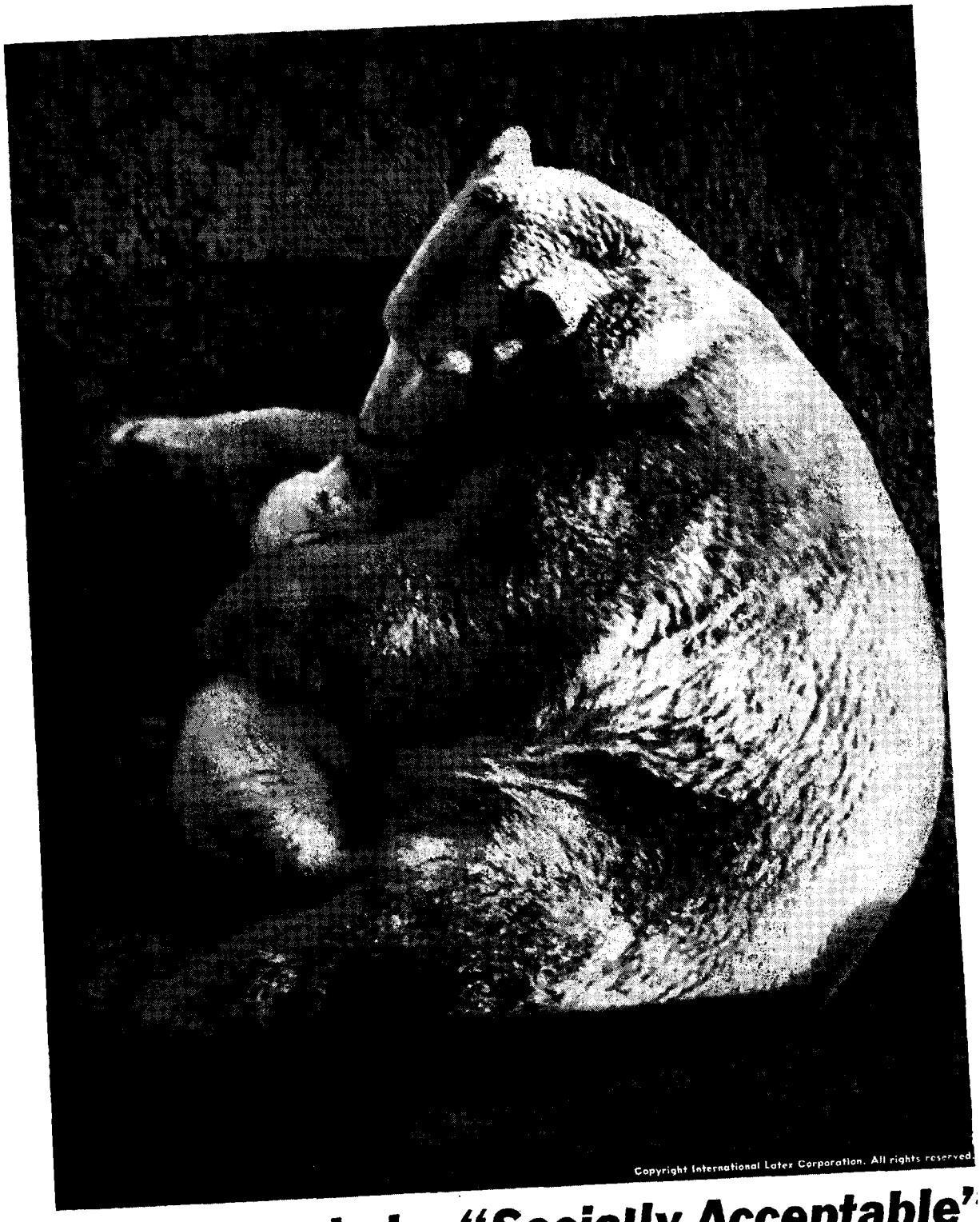

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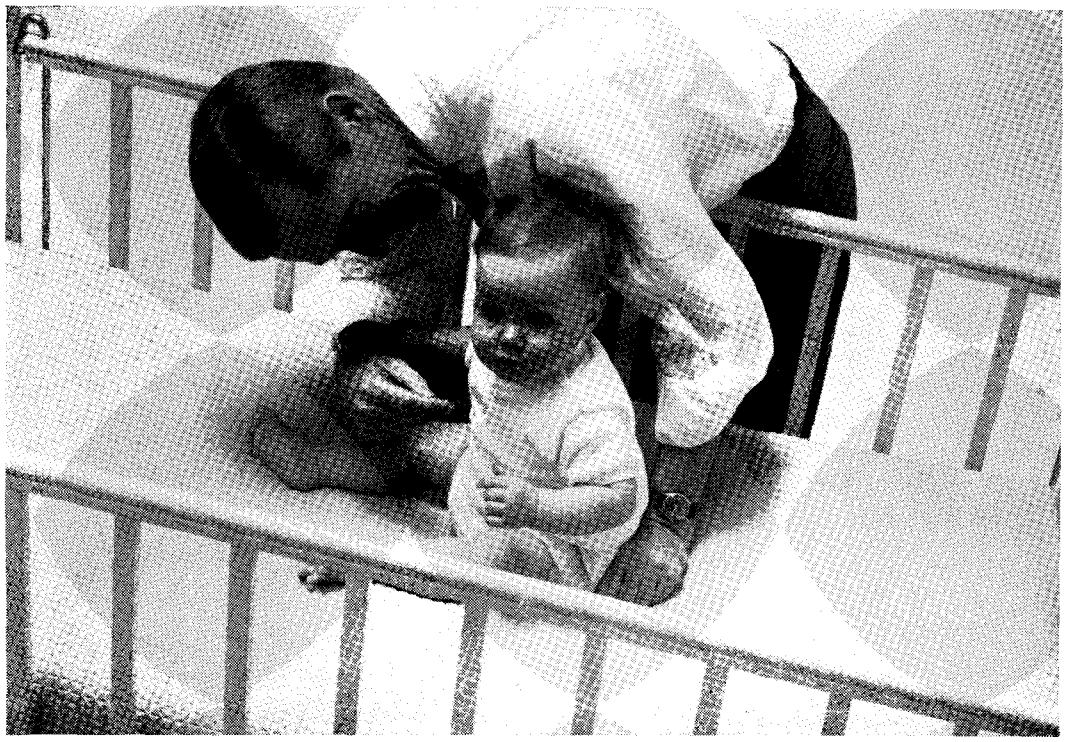

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

COMMENTARY

The Interplay of Hebrew and Yiddish Literature *Judd L. Teller*

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Industrialism has produced the "mass society," with all its attendant cultural and psychic ailments, and the viewers-with-alarm remain very much in business. A sociologist asks whether that business has not become inflated, and whether it is not time to right the balance and look at the gains as well as the losses.

The New Old Testament *James Brown*

The findings of archaeologists over the past decade and more have led to a fresh comparative approach to Old Testament studies which has revealed much that is new about ancient Israel. A young British scholar examines this method and shows how it has made the Old Testament come alive for him.

Gibbsville and New Leeds *Norman Podhoretz*

Analyzing recent books by John O'Hara and Mary McCarthy, Mr. Podhoretz tries to discover the common American quality of two radically different novelists.

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A redolent memoir of the Lower East Side in the 1890's, with Tammany politicians fighting off the reformers on a platform that managed to capture the Jewish and Irish votes.

Thaddeus Stevens: Republican Radical *T. Harry Williams*

An American historian uses the figure of the onetime Know-Nothing who became slavery's most violent foe to demonstrate how misleading our conventional political categories can be when applied mechanically to American life, in the past as now.

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COMMENTARY

THREE WEEKS IN CAIRO

A Journalist in Quest of Egypt's Terms for Peace

HAL LEHRMAN

BEIRUT, LEBANON

I HAVE just come out of Cairo after a three weeks' stay in Egypt. At the beginning, I was able to find and interrogate a number of objective observers, track down certain opponents of the Nasser regime and win their confidence, even have some good talks with various government officials and three cabinet ministers—two of them members of the Revolutionary Command Council, the small group of young officers that kicked King Farouk out in 1952 and has been directing Egypt's affairs ever since. But then, suddenly, heavy-footed agents of Military Intelligence began to intervene. It appears that Cairo had me ticketed as a "Zionist." Or, more loosely, as an enemy of Egypt.

As a result, I was unable to reach Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser and obtain from him what I was seeking: an off-the-record, frank, but authoritative disclosure of Egypt's *true* minimum requirements for a settlement with Israel. Naively, I see now, I had believed it was possible to get such a statement, and by publishing it just like that (though without in any way naming the source of the statement), perhaps contribute a little toward the settlement itself. As things turned out, I was probably the only one, among several dozen foreign correspondents in Cairo during the month, *not* to have been received by Nasser.

But my private difficulties and frustrations in getting the story I was after, which had subdued echoes in several embassies, provided the material of another story that is worth telling in its own right for the light it throws on the mind and temper of the present rulers of Egypt.

DAN OLEXIW, the American Embassy's information officer, had announced my presence in Cairo to Lieutenant Colonel Abdul Kader Hatem, who is Director of Information in the Ministry of National Guidance and, as such, an official Egyptian spokesman. Olexiw described me, it seems, as an experienced correspondent with a tendency to report things fairly. The Colonel was sufficiently impressed to invite me to call on him, and kept me waiting only thirty-

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HAL LEHRMAN's on-the-spot report from Cairo follows up George Lichtheim's more general survey of the situation in Egypt which appeared in our previous number ("Nationalism, Revolution, and Fantasy in Egypt"). Mr. Lehrman hardly needs an introduction to the readers of COMMENTARY. Today one of the most authoritative journalists writing on Middle Eastern and Jewish affairs, he first made his reputation as a foreign correspondent in Central and Eastern Europe right after the war. His article "Morocco's Jews Between Islam and France" appeared in November 1955. Mr. Lehrman is also active as a lecturer.

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five minutes, which is better than par in the debonair Middle East. Hatem materialized as a round man, aged thirty-seven, wearing a brush mustache and neat business suit, and wedged into his desk amid four telephones, a massive office inter-com, and a giant push-button radio.

He offered me an American cigarette, a bottle of Coca-Cola, and the deference due a Very Important Person, at the same time volunteering the information that he held a doctorate in political science from an English university. Modestly, he did not tell me that it was he who had concocted the triumphant Egyptian "counter-attack" at Sabha early in November in which "some three hundred Israeli aggressors had been slain." (To explain why not a single enemy corpse could be produced in evidence of this victory, he had let it be known that every Israeli soldier had had a hooked tow-line attached to the back of his belt with which his body could be pulled off the battlefield.)

Collier's had asked me to do a piece, from both sides of the "front," about two ordinary soldiers, one Egyptian, the other Israeli, the background of each, his daily routine, the things he thought he was fighting for, and so on. Naturally, I said nothing to Hatem about the Israeli half of this assignment. (Because Arab League countries usually bar any traveler whose passport betrays an intention of visiting Israel, I had my Israeli visa in a belt next to my skin.) Did the Colonel think a sympathetic portrait of the embattled Egyptian G.I., with photographs, would be in order? He did, enthusiastically. Would he facilitate my going to some part of the frontier, not to see military emplacements, but to meet such a soldier? That would be a bit difficult, but it could and would be arranged. Yes, he would arrange an interview with the Commander-in-Chief, General Abdel Hakim Amer. Would it perhaps even be possible, for insertion in a well-framed box inside the G.I. story, to obtain a 500-word statement, signed by Prime Minister Nasser, entitled "Why Egypt Is Arming"? A most excellent and feasible idea. (I did not add that I would have to ask Prime Minister David Ben Gurion for a statement of equal length on "Why Israel Is Arming.") Hatem suggested that for the Nasser statement I would have to see "Gamal" himself. I replied that I would like nothing better, especially since I had an additional assignment, from the *Reporter,* for a critical survey of the Egyptian revolution's progress to date. Moreover, I had a letter of introduction to Nasser from his great and good friend, Mustapha Ben Halim, the Prime Minister of Libya, whom I had interviewed in Tripoli a week before.

In connection with the *Reporter* story, I went on, I had already been received cordially by several officials concerned with internal Egyptian affairs. Would the Colonel, however, please try to arrange a meeting with the Interior Minister, Lieutenant Colonel Zakaria Mokhialdin, who did not ordinarily see correspondents? The Director of Information certainly would. And a trip to Gaza to talk with Palestinian refugees? Just as soon as enough correspondents had applied to justify assigning a plane, he pledged. He called in an assistant. This is Gamal Rashid, said Hatem. He will arrange everything for you.

THAT was on a Monday. I kept very busy with my own devices for two days, during which there was only silence from the Directorate of Information. Late on Wednesday I phoned Rashid. There was a long list of correspondents waiting to see the Prime Minister, but my name was on top. Good. On Friday Rashid notified me that I would be permitted to see the Interior Minister the next morning, as promised.

Possibly my woes began with that encounter. The Interior Minister, another thirty-seven-year-old, is the Nasser regime's chief policeman, jailer, and counter-spy. He knew already, from Hatem, that it was to be an informal conversation, not an interview. When we sat down, I stressed again that my purpose was to understand his attitudes. He agreed to this. So I felt free to ask him questions.

They were questions which nobody, ap-

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parently, had put to this formidable young man before: about the permanent police guard at the University, the delay in producing a constitution (just recently announced), the number of political prisoners, the justification for the censorship, his concepts of government, his personal training for his present occupation, his experiences in the "Palestine War." (I should explain that my questions, in all such conversations with high Egyptian officials, were not put challengingly. They were, however, intended to elicit something more than stock responses. Any other method of interviewing would have been a waste of time.) His replies, though guarded, revealed the man. I went away satisfied. (Much later, I learned that he had immediately telephoned a full account of our talk to Hatem.)

That afternoon Rashid told me that the meeting with General Amer, the search for the G.I., the Nasser "by-liner," the trip to Gaza all depended on my interview with Nasser, whose approval was needed. Hatem was "working on it." Unhappily, the Prime Minister was busy, which I did not doubt. At noon the next day, as a result of a direct approach by phone which I had made earlier in the week, I was received by Lieutenant Colonel Anwar al Sadat, again aged thirty-seven, Minister of State, head of the Islamic Congress, infantry battalion buddy of Mokhialdin, and army camp comrade of Nasser.

This pontiff of pan-Islam in a brown sports jacket jolted me by amiably disclosing right off that he had been responsible for the assassination of a pro-British Egyptian leader in 1946, and had organized a murder society to liquidate others holding like treasonable views. In turn, I jolted him by mildly inquiring if he still considered assassination an honorable political means. Naturally, he did not, and grew hot trying to prove why it would be a sin to shoot *this* government. My eyes wide with innocence, I put further queries about internal and external policies, to which his responses grew increasingly turgid, and even slightly mad. By the time we had finished Sadat's eyes were rolling around in his head.

I shall probably never know for sure whether our conversation was the cause or effect of my "Zionist" *dossier*. According to one report, Intelligence had rung through to Sadat with word of my guilt just before I arrived at his office. (When a correspondent comes to Cairo, this informant said, Intelligence starts to read through everything he has written; the alleged call was the result of these researches.) According to another report, Sadat had phoned Hatem as soon as I was out of the room, saying in effect: Who the hell is this man? Investigate him. . . . (Or it may be that a certain person known to be out of favor with the regime had been seen slipping onto a bench by the moonlit Nile that evening and volunteering an earful to me about ways and means of staging a guaranteed successful counter-revolution. Or, as some of my friends thought—without hard evidence—that a certain "friendly" embassy had warned Hatem against me. Such is the atmosphere in freedom-loving Cairo.) At any rate, the fact is that a change in Hatem became visible the day after the Sadat talk. Until then, it might have been possible to attribute his failure to make good his promises to regional torpor. But thereafter it was just malevolence, thinly disguised.

THE new phase was inaugurated by an urgent invitation from Hatem on Monday morning to "come in and we'll arrange everything." It was exactly one week since his first commitment to arrange everything—with one important interview as the net result. Again the American cigarette and the bottle of Coca-Cola. Did I have with me the letter from the Libyan Prime Minister to the Egyptian Prime Minister? I handed it over. He read it broodingly. Then: "It says here that you are a friend of the Arab people. If you decide to write anything unfriendly about us, will you let me have the letter before you leave?" To this I answered: "There's a much easier way to get the letter. Just allow me to deliver it to the person to whom it is addressed." Yes, of course, said Hatem, but, as you know, the Prime Minister is very busy. Then he tried an equally

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droll approach: "If you write anything bad, will you show it to me?" My eyes crossed at that one: "Are you suggesting that you want to control what I file?" No, no, Hatem said hurriedly. "We have no censorship in Egypt. The members of our government have nothing to hide. And they always speak the truth. But they are very busy people. Sometimes they do not take the time to express their thoughts clearly, or to obtain the correct information. I am the spokesman for all. What I meant to say was that if there is anything you do not understand, come to me and I will give you satisfactory explanations."

Well then, I said, would he explain why, although he had approved the Egyptian G.I. project, I was getting no cooperation? "It is a technical difficulty," he said. "You have to go by plane to get to the military zone. All the planes are just now being used for training. Only the Prime Minister could order one. But first you must speak with him, and unfortunately he is still very busy." And what about the visit to the Gaza refugees? "There is a train," he countered slyly. "It would take ten, maybe twelve hours each way. You would have to stay two full days in Gaza until you got a train back. Would you like me to get a ticket for you?" I would not. But I kept on smiling. We smiled at each other as he ushered me out.

That same day I received confirmation from two different sources that I was in disgrace; in the few remaining days before I quit Egypt, I had it from three more sources, none of which was an official one, but all in a position to know. Their accounts differed only on the nature of the "grievance" against me. If I was being ostracized for Zionism, why had Paul Sann of the New York *Post,* regarded in Cairo as a Zionist incarnate, been favored recently by Nasser with a long *tête-à-tête?* The explanation, I was told, was that Nasser had been earnestly trying to convince him! But then the ingrate had gone off and written a long unfriendly story, which had been reproduced by Reuters around the world—and this had spoiled things for me! It was reported that the Nasserites expected I would "probably" find some evidence damaging to the regime, but it was calculated that my one-sided account of conditions in Egypt would expose my rank prejudice and nullify the effect my story might otherwise have on readers. Though they were not going to throw me out or stop me from getting whatever information I could, they certainly weren't going to help me in any way.

I must admit there was something nice about their allowing me to tarry in Cairo after all this. The boneheadedness lay in their conclusion that, because my past writing had reviewed *both* sides of the Arab-Israeli argument, or because my recent conversations had revealed less than total acceptance of Egyptian assertions, *ergo* I must be their implacable foe. Their definition left no room for complexity or nuance.

It is hardly the most agreeable of sensations to be a suspected "enemy alien." The last time I had experienced this was behind the Iron Curtain in 1945-46. But I had many other co-sufferers then. All correspondents—in fact all Westerners, including diplomats—were getting the same iron-jawed handling from the Red Army and the local Communists in Budapest, Bucharest, and the other "liberated" capitals. In Cairo, I was entirely alone. Even the American Embassy offered only aloof sympathy.

I was impressed by the general belief in Cairo that the secret police was omniscient. I had been advised, from the start, that every correspondent's lodgings were searched as a routine thing. Parts of my seven hundred pages of loose-leaf notes on my five months in North Africa and two weeks in Egypt could be interpreted unpleasantly. I took precautions to recognize the hands of intruders: books tilted at certain angles, neckties draped over my papers, and so forth. To avoid compromising the people I was seeing, I gave shadowers a hard time by dodging in and out of buses and taxis. The night after the Hatem talk, I even kept my balcony windows barred. As it turned out, all this was silly: the neckties lay exactly where I had left them; the police shadow did not exist.

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After twenty-four hours I began to see the funny side of my plight. Every morning in that final week, I made application to somebody for my Nasser interview. I began with Nasser himself, wiring him a deferential message stating my affiliations, assignments, and desire to transmit the respects of the Libyan Prime Minister. The telegram was intercepted by a palace guard, and landed on Hatem's desk. I dug up the unlisted phone number of the Prime Minister's personal aide, one Ali Sabri, and addressed a petition to him. I phoned Wing Commander Hassan Ibrahim, Minister of National Production, who also acted as Nasser's majordomo. To one Salah el Shahad, in charge of Nasser's appointment book, I read a riot act about the dubious protocol in refusing to receive a missive from the head of a friendly state (Libya). Stammerings, awkward silences, unfulfilled promises to consult and call back.

One evening Nasser had seven correspondents at his home for a two-hour talk: three Swiss, two Italians, a Greek, and a Turk—all of them newer in Cairo than I. When I chided Hatem the next day for having overlooked me, he said blandly that it was a strictly European group: "As an American, you would have felt out of place." To show his "sincerity," he offered me two opera tickets. I surprised him by taking them, and spent an agreeable evening. He also suddenly offered me an automobile for my appointments around and outside Cairo. I told him I preferred an airplane to Gaza.

I learned that a dozen foreign reporters were being alerted for a trip there. I waited until they had flown off on a Saturday morning, and then maliciously phoned Hatem to find out what his answer would be to this one. He did not flinch. "You see, those chaps are interested just in the refugees up there. But you also want to see the army. I was afraid you would insist on this at Gaza, and the security officer in charge would answer back sharply, and there might be an incident. . . ."

Sunday, having completed my investigations without benefit of Hatem, I departed at last for the Lebanon. The contrast was a bit heady between Cairo, where the press slavishly obeys government orders even as to the size of the headlines to run above the texts of official handouts, and Beirut, where more than twenty newspapers insult the cabinet daily.

THE present government of Egypt knows only one adversary: Zionism. This is hardly news, but the intensity, the scale, the exclusiveness of this concentration on Israel has perhaps not been stressed enough.

Cairo is plastered with recruiting posters. Each shows an idealized Egyptian soldier in heroic attitude, confronting a squadron of hostile planes, or attacking an enemy gun. The guns and the planes, inevitably, are Israeli. On Liberation Square, the army operates a miniature firing range where passers-by—mostly boys of high school age—are given "rifle instruction" with toylike air guns that shoot pellets. The little bull's-eye targets, I gathered, represented "Zionists." Your conversations—with chance acquaintances, in private homes, in government offices—are inexorably swung around to Palestine and Western "responsibility" for its loss. Three out of every five editorials, and at least half the foreign news dispatches, revolve around the Jewish state. The press tries to give an impression of objectivity by occasionally carrying an Israeli dateline. But such "news" from Tel Aviv or Jewish Jerusalem is never given whole. Always, it reports a few words out of context from a belligerent Israeli declaration, or some index of economic hardship, or an item about an increase in population, in cultivated land—or in military toughness. Sedulously, Egyptians are taught to see Israel as a menace, and the only menace. A year before Partition, when I was last in Cairo, the average Egyptian was clearly apathetic to the Arab League's tirades against Zionism. Today the Jewish "threat" is really believed, and to an extent which makes even those who invented the myth its prisoner. Israel has become a national mania in Egypt.

A mania for everyone except the political

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sophisticates, the comparative handful of enlightened spirits who are more depressed by the number of inmates in Egypt's jails than beguiled by the regime's over-advertised economic and social reforms. To this group, Nasser's Czechoslovak arms coup was less significant as a provocation to Israel or an invitation to the Soviets than for the puerility of the West's reaction. Everybody expected an Anglo-American *riposte*. No one knew quite what the West *could* do, but obviously it was going to be earth-shaking. When the West merely wept and wailed, and sent its diplomats racing around in airplanes, Egyptians in street, office, and uniform were astounded—and then delighted. The Nasser dictatorship stands reinforced today, not because it may have strengthened Egyptian defense, but because it has thumbed its nose at the West and gotten away with it.

The anti-regime liberals believe the Israel issue important only as fuel for Nasser's popularity and an encouragement to Egypt's suicidal leaning toward the East. But such critics are totally unrepresentative, unorganized, and unable to raise their voices above a mutter. For most Egyptian opinion—even in presumably thoughtful government circles —Israel is the center and circumference of the nation's problems. All other considerations—internal development, foreign alliances, relations with East and West—are secondary.

This view, in all its impregnable simplicity, was given me ready-made aboard a Misr plane on the way to Cairo from Tripoli. The navigation officer (hence a man of considerable training and some education) put the ship on its course and then came aft for a chat. First he explained that Israel had been enabled to seize Palestine by a combination of Western and native treachery: "The Zionists won by tricks. Truman's UN forced us to accept cease-fires every time we had them on the run; meanwhile, he supplied them with arms; our arms were bought through Farouk and the pashas, who wanted to make money rather than defend the fatherland; instead of shooting forward, those guns shot backward, killing Egyptians instead of Zionists; so we lost the war.

"Nasser threw out the traitors. He began to make our people and our country strong by internal reforms. The Zionists wanted to prevent this. They started trouble on the border. Every day they attacked. Nasser decided we must have arms to protect ourselves. At least we needed as much arms as the Zionists have. Nasser turned to the Americans. They said they would give us the weapons, but first Egypt must make an alliance with them. Why should Egyptians fight in Turkey or Siberia? The place for Egyptian troops is in Egypt, to hold our frontiers. Nasser refused guns on these terms as a gift. He wanted to pay for them. The Americans set impossible prices. They tried to take all our dollar reserves, which would leave us weaker instead of stronger. Nasser was desperate. Then the Russians offered us arms. No gifts, but honest trade, at low prices, in exchange for our rice and cotton —and without any political conditions. We accepted. Now the United States is rushing to give more guns to the Zionists so they can continue to attack us without fear. This will only compel us to do more and more business with the Russians. How far are the Americans trying to push us toward Moscow?"

Less crudely, but with essentially the same interpretations and conclusions, one gets the same analysis at high government levels, including the cabinet. Here, pieced together from my conversations with three ministers and a half-dozen correspondents who had seen Nasser, is the composite Egyptian case on the Western "refusal" to help Egypt towards adequate "self-defense":

The Czech arms deal came only after years of disillusionment elsewhere. First, an American Under Secretary of Defense visiting Cairo had indicated readiness to make equipment available. On the strength of this, an Egyptian military mission headed by Nasser's close friend Ali Sabri had gone to Washington, only to return empty-handed. In those days the British and Egyptians were at each other's throats over Suez. London

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was pressing Washington not to give the Egyptians arms to use against British soldiers. Washington promised Cairo satisfaction *after* a settlement with the British. So the Egyptians waited, for two years.

Then came the Anglo-Egyptian Suez base agreement. The Americans now agreed to give Egypt some economic aid. But they said that if Egypt wanted arms she would have to sign a mutual-aid pact. Nasser understood that every country receiving American arms had to sign such a pact, that it was not an alliance, that it did not violate Egyptian sovereignty, that Egypt could cancel it at any time, and that the military mission accompanying the arms was merely to insure their proper maintenance and use. But, he explained to the Americans, the Egyptian people would not understand all this. After seventy years, Egypt was finally getting rid of the British. It would look to the Egyptian people as if Nasser were simply replacing them with Americans and himself becoming an American stooge, just as prime ministers before him had been British stooges. Give me time to educate the people, Nasser pleaded. Don't ask me to sign anything called "mutual security." In the meanwhile, let me buy arms.

There was an arrangement dating back to the Farouk period, still valid, by which Egypt could purchase arms from the United States on condition they were not used aggressively or transferred without American authorization. The Americans accordingly requested a list of desired items. These were surplus, which the United States customarily sold at give-away prices. Washington pondered and pondered. Finally it offered to sell Egypt $27,000,000 worth of arms, which was exactly the amount of free dollars in Egypt's possession. Even then, it would take two years to deliver. The Egyptians suggested being permitted to use some of the $40,000,000 assigned them in the economic aid program, but the Americans said no, the Congressional act did not allow diversion of economic funds to military purposes. Then Cairo asked to be allowed to pay in sterling. The Americans studied this problem at great length. Infinite delays and legal obfuscations—all proving that the real obstacle was America's commitment to Zionism. And this despite Washington's sure knowledge that Israel's armed strength was superior to Egypt's, and the indisputable fact that, in view of Israel's obvious intention, "every bullet for Israel means one dead Arab."

The British and French were no better (the Egyptian argument continues). Nasser noticed that the French were selling tanks to Israel which they would not sell to Egypt. When asked why not, the French "explained" that the tanks were British tanks being trans-shipped. The French were willing to sell tanks and planes of their own to Egypt, but could not promise delivery before late 1955 and 1956. Long before then, the same French models were being exhibited in Israeli military shows. Is it any wonder that, when the Czech offer of free sale on easy terms came along, the Egyptians were gratified? Even then, Nasser gave the West another chance. "When I told Mr. Byroade (United States Ambassador Henry A. Byroade)," Nasser reminisced to correspondents, "he smiled. He thought I was bluffing. . . ."

WHY does Egypt need large-scale armaments at all? Because, according to the Egyptian view one encounters no matter how high one inquires, Israel is an expansionist power. Is not the legend "from the Nile to the Euphrates" inscribed on the walls of the Knesset in Jerusalem? And did not Israel attack Egypt brutally, without warning in February of 1955?

This February 28 attack on Egyptian positions in the Gaza strip is the keystone of Cairo's anti-Israeli argument. Until then, it is contended, Nasser was standing out against his colleagues and advisors and arguing that Israel was not a threat—or at least not sufficiently one to divert Egypt's attention from internal development. In a speech to his brother officers several months earlier, Nasser had even served flat notice that he intended to spend Egypt's meager funds

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not on guns, but on schools, roads, hospitals, and dams. As a result, Gaza had been garrisoned by only a small force, no combat troops, no trenches, not even barbed wire. When the Israelis struck, there was nothing to stop them. Strong units advanced two miles into Egyptian territory, destroyed a military post and a water-pumping station, bombed a civilian home, and ambushed a military truck, killing thirty-eight people. Nasser felt these deaths were his fault. Yet he did not retaliate, but took Egypt's grievance to the UN. Nor did he react when Ben Gurion publicly congratulated the officers who participated in the Gaza attack, or when Ben Gurion told the Knesset that, since Israel could not get peace by negotiation, he would get peace for her by force. All the world heard Ben Gurion, Menahem Beigin, and other "responsible" politicians campaign in last summer's Israeli elections on platforms of violence. Still Nasser did not turn to Russia, though by then he knew Czech arms were there for the asking. He kept on pleading for American arms. In August, however, he learned that the Gaza attack had been the decision, not merely of one fanatical minister acting on his own initiative, but of the entire Israeli cabinet. Only then, six months after the Gaza attack, did Nasser resolve to cross the Rubicon to Prague.

For whatever it is worth, it should be noted that Western diplomatic representatives I met in Cairo unanimously agreed with the Egyptian view of the Gaza incident's crucial importance. On the other hand, virtually nobody accepted the theory of voracious Israeli "imperialism." After touring the Arab capitals, American information chief Theodore Streibert searched earnestly —and unsuccessfully, of course—to find the Niles-to-Euphrates pledge on the Israeli parliament's walls; he surely picked up that canard from the Arabs, not from any diplomatic observers. The most the latter will concede to the argument of an Israeli "threat" is that they can understand how the Arabs might have mesmerized themselves into believing it. When explaining Nasser's switch toward the Soviets, they tend to give partial credit to Egypt's urgent need of customers for her cotton in the face of possible large-scale American dumping. But they do believe, emphatically, that Gaza itself is the overriding reason for the hysteria about Israel. It was so, they say, because of the Egyptian army's reaction to the Israeli attacks, and its consequent pressure on Nasser.

The absence of effective defense at Gaza may or may not have revealed the innocence of Egyptian intentions towards Israel at that time, but it certainly exposed the feebleness of the Egyptian military apparatus. Nasser, it is said, found himself with a major political crisis fomented by his own young officers, who are the mainstay of his regime. They told him, in effect, that he had better get them guns no matter how or where, or they would find another leader who would. After the Czech offer was broached to Nasser, Soviet Ambassador Daniel Solod took pains to make sure that the officers should know about it too. Nasser had no choice after that but to accept, however disagreeable such intimacy with the Soviets might have seemed to him. Therefore, it is contended, the Gaza attack was a first-class Israeli political blunder. Before Gaza, Egypt's border was quiet and Israel had nothing to fear from her. Because of Gaza, Egypt became a confirmed and furious enemy backed by a limitless Soviet arsenal.

I AM concerned here not to refute the attitudes held in Cairo, but only to report them. Still, it should be recorded that Israel's attack on Gaza was not unprovoked. The Egyptian attitude up to that time had not been quite as bland as the Cairo foreign colony now recalls it. One may somehow pass off such demonstrations of Egyptian hostility as the Suez blockade (seizure of the Israeli freighter *Bat Galim* and its crew) or the excessive penalties meted out to muddleheaded "Zionist conspirators" (resulting in two suicides and two executions). But there was also a long succession of bloody border incursions on the part of the Egyptians—for purposes of sabotage, espionage,

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and murder—often with formal military connivance or even participation, as the evidence shows. It is notorious by now that individual killings in the Arab manner, over an extended period, do not shock world opinion the way an efficient military operation in the Israeli manner does, which draws much blood in a single day. This is, in fact, a strong argument against the whole doctrine of mass retaliation. Nevertheless, an Israeli killed by infiltrators is no less dead than an Egyptian killed by organized attack.

After appeals to the Armistice Commission, the UN, and the great powers, what was Israel supposed to do in the face of persistent Egyptian provocation? When the question is privately put, the diplomatic observer has no positive answer. He can only point to the harm Israel did herself by doing what she did do. He alludes to Israel's unflagging demand that the Arabs negotiate with her; since Israel desperately needs Arab willingness to negotiate, he says, anything she does to make negotiations more remote and her opponents more intractable is manifestly against her own interests.

THE Egyptians, it is said, have suddenly shown a willingness to negotiate after all, but for wholly unexpected reasons. On no account were they prepared to parley from their position of weakness and humiliation after the Israeli war. But they appear quite ready now to parley from their new position of strength following the Czech deal. This presumably explains their affirmative reaction to Anthony Eden's Guildhall speech of November 9.

The British Prime Minister noted then that the Arabs "take their stand on the 1947 and other UN resolutions," the Israelis "on the Armistice Agreement of 1949 and on the present territories which they occupy." Sir Anthony took his stand on neither. He suggested that negotiations might "bridge" the "wide gap." He offered Britain's "help" and underscored that "if these nations want to win a peace which is in both their interests, they must make some compromise between these two positions."

There is some reason to believe that "Trieste" contacts have been begun with both sides, the British serving as chief broker, carrying messages in vast secrecy, seeking inch by arduous inch to bring the two adversaries toward the settlement which they both presumably desire. If so, it is curious that, for once, Israel and Egypt agreed on one thing from the outset: to misinterpret Eden's proposal. Ben Gurion rejected it as requiring Israel to cede virtually everything acquired after Partition—which Sir Anthony had scarcely implied. Nasser accepted it as confirming the demand that Israel must restore the 1947 *status quo ante bellum*—which Sir Anthony had explicitly denied. By misreading a simple text, Israel—which has always called for negotiations—put herself unnecessarily in the wrong by seeming to refuse them, and Egypt—which has always evaded negotiations—won much credit by seeming now to embrace them.

With comic unanimity the Egyptians have seized on something which Eden did not say—and to which they know Israel cannot agree—and have made their assent to it the proof of their own sweet reasonableness. Minister of National Guidance Fathi Radwan assured me that Egypt was asking nothing for herself. "All we want is for the UN and its prestige to be upheld. Israel can't go on disobeying the UN's 1947 decision and later decisions about refugees and Jerusalem. If she does, she proves her aggressive intentions. It's up to the Zionists to liquidate the factors of tension. Then peace becomes possible."

If Israel were to make these concessions, I asked Minister of State Sedat, what would the Egyptians concede? Why, he replied jauntily, Egypt was making a huge concession simply by being willing to talk. "Two years ago no Arab statesman would have dared. We are actually accepting Partition! We are saying to the Zionists that we are prepared to negotiate! That's what they've always wanted—and we're agreeing to it!"

According to the Political Under Secretary in the Foreign Ministry, M. al Labban, "we are even offering the possibility of rec-

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ognizing Israel. The Zionists have to be accepted by the Arabs. Otherwise their state can have no permanent security." But, I inquired, what guarantee would they have that, once having yielded on all counts, they would not be attacked anyway? Ah, replied the Under Secretary, "they would just have to rely on Arab good faith."

A sign of this good faith was revealed by Nasser himself to a European journalist. When asked how Egypt could expect Israel to go back to Partition after the Egyptian army (and four others) had defied the same UN decision by invading Israel, the Prime Minister produced a remarkable feat of reasoning. The Arabs did not reject Partition—the British did; they failed in the Mandate's obligation to maintain peace; our Palestinian brothers were defenseless against Zionist aggression; we Egyptians intervened in order to *insure* Partition, to prevent the Zionists from overrunning *all* of Palestine! Then he went on piously: Egypt wishes to live amicably with a Jewish state, but first the Jews must give up the territory they won by aggressive war and take back the Arab refugees; the Zionists boast of absorbing three million Jews easily enough—so why can't they absorb the million Arabs who were there first?

Of all the Egyptian leaders I questioned, only one—Interior Minister Mokhialdin—was frank enough to indicate that "I personally am not too happy about settling for Partition. After all, why should the Zionists keep so much of the Negev?" Mokhialdin is very powerful, and close to Nasser.

EGYPT can afford to talk about negotiating on the basis of Partition because Israel cannot withdraw her capital from Jerusalem, surrender vital territories acquired in the course of repelling the invading Arab armies, and at the same time welcome hundreds of thousands of vengeful Palestinian Arabs within her shrunken frontiers. Indeed, if Israel were ever to call Egypt's bluff and agree to negotiate on the basis of Partition, Egypt would be marvelously disconcerted. She would thereby be thwarted—at least temporarily—of her real aim: Israel's total disappearance.

Egypt thinks there are two good reasons for believing such a happy solution as the complete elimination of Israel entirely possible. The first is the presumed effectiveness of boycott and blockade. It used to be said by friends of Israel that fear of beneficial Jewish impact on the economies and social structures of the Arab states was the real motive for the anti-Zionism of the Arab feudalists. Well, the feudalists are gone from Egypt, but what the new reformers there dread is lest peace give Israel opportunity to prosper, conquer Arab markets at home and abroad, and *block* Arab development instead of spurring it. As long as the boycott continues, Israeli competition is no threat. (The same calculation is widespread here in Lebanon; Beirut has replaced Haifa and Lydda as the Levant's major harbor and airport.) Apart from doing the Arabs good, according to the Egyptian thesis, the iron ring around Israel is doing Israel much harm. The blockade at Suez and Eylath, the severance of the oil pipeline to Haifa, the separation of Israel from her natural hinterland—all these promise her slow but sure strangulation. It does not matter, Egyptians tell you, that it may take long. The Crusaders established themselves in the heart of the Arab world and held out for generations, but where is the Crusader Kingdom of Jerusalem today?

The second source of Egyptian belief in the practical possibility of Israel's extinction is new and magnificent. Egypt has lately discovered the joys of diplomatic blackmail. She—and the Arab world with her—has noted the brilliant effect of the Czech arms deal on the West. Nothing has given the Arab Middle East more satisfaction in a long time than Nasser's coup. Never has there been such exhilaration, such confidence—and such arrogance. The rewards to be gotten from further turns of the screw are seen as limitless. What has been done once can be more easily done again. The Soviet bugaboo is a miraculous device for the contentment of Arab appetite. It is be-

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ing counted on to extort concession after further concession. What folly it would be, then, to make terms with Israel just when the prospects of growing mightier at her cost have been so vividly revealed!

As yet, the unhappy West does not appear to have evolved any effective ideas on how to cope with this situation. Curiously, the Egyptians fear a challenge to their new-found cockiness much less from Britain or America than from Israel.

I do not here mean the habitual Egyptian charge of Israeli "imperialism." I mean something infinitely deeper and realer: the Arab inferiority complex towards Israel. There is in Egypt a holy dread, not so much of Israel's intentions, as of Israel's capabilities. Nowhere is there profounder respect for the Israeli fighting man than in the Arab world, and nowhere more than in Egypt. The Cairo junta is haunted by the thought that its dangerous game between East and West may be called by the Jewish state.

That is why Nasser and his press clamor daily against Western arms for Israel—even purely defensive ones. The list of weapons Israel desires to purchase from the United States "to counteract" the Czech jet-bombers and other deadly weapons, cried the *Egyptian Gazette,* "covers a wide range including *anti*-tank, *anti*-aircraft and *anti*-submarine equipment." Such a "vast" rearmament program, continued the *Gazette,* "would only encourage Israel to perpetrate further *aggressions* on the Arab states!"

Such frenetic dread—considering the offensive nature of the Czech arms *received* by Egypt and the defensive nature of the American arms *desired* by Israel—only illuminates the humble opinion the Egyptians have of their own military prowess. In Cairo salons I even heard lugubrious speculation that the Soviet arms shipments *endanger* Egypt: "It only leaves more stuff around for the Israelis to capture!" Such is the elaborate respect the Egyptians have for Israel's ability—provided she obtains *something* to defend herself with—to knock Egypt squarely on the head at a given moment. The Egyptians' fondest hope is to stay so far ahead in arms, and keep Israel so far behind, that she will not dare to attack. On my last night in Cairo, strolling back to my hotel with an Egyptian captain who had somehow escaped being briefed by Colonel Hatem about my "Zionist" background, I asked him what he thought of Egypt's chances in a showdown fight with Israel. "Small," he said despondently. "They have eighty thousand trained soldiers. And another one hundred thousand they can mobilize. And what fanatics, those Israelis!"

[This is the first of a series of reports by Mr. Lehrman on Israel and the Middle East. He has just arrived in Israel after completing a tour of five Arab countries.]

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THE PHARISAIC TRADITION TODAY

Excuse or Inspiration?

JAKOB J. PETUCHOWSKI

SCHOLARSHIP, both Jewish and Christian, has done much during the last one hundred years to restore the reputation of the Pharisees. It is generally conceded now that the New Testament references to this sect were penned in the heat of controversy, and that the brief account given of them by the contemporary historian Flavius Josephus is not to be taken at face value, since it suffers from that historian's compulsion to fit Jewish religious ideas into the pattern of Hellenistic-Roman schools of thought.

Though no one denies that there were hypocrites among the Pharisees—the Talmud itself says as much—the pendulum has swung the other way and it has now become fashionable to credit their sect with all that is of value and permanence in traditional Judaism. Jewish writers like Abraham Geiger and Jacob Z. Lauterbach, and Christian writers like George Foot Moore and R. Travers Herford have represented the Pharisees as the party of religious progress. Opposed to the priestly monopoly on the interpretation of the Law, the Pharisees stressed scholarship to the exclusion of caste. In contrast to the Sadducean effort to keep religion within the narrow confines of the Written Law, the Pharisees infused the whole of life with religious idealism and insisted that the Written Law must be supplemented by the Oral.

Thus areas of life for which the earlier legislators could make no provision were subjected to the rule of law by the Pharisees. Thus also could moral progress be made, for the literal meaning of the Biblical text had to give way before the more enlightened and humane interpretations of the Oral Law. The old rough and retaliatory justice, "an eye for an eye," for example, was understood in terms of *monetary* compensation for injuries inflicted, while the *patria potestas,* permitting the stoning of a rebellious son (Deut. 21:18ff), was hedged around with so many restrictive minutiae that a later rabbinic generation found it impossible to believe that it had ever been put into operation at all.

Above all, by espousing synagogal worship, with its non-sacrificial and lay character, in contrast—though not in open opposition—to the priestly pomp and circumstance of Temple worship, the Pharisees, and they alone, are to be credited with the survival of Judaism after the destruction of Temple and state had invalidated the very basis of the Sadducean approach. Indeed, so firmly was the Pharisaic position established that at various times in Jewish history when sects arose who sought to go back to the plain and literal meaning of the Scriptures—thus bypassing the Oral Law—*they* were considered heretics and innovators, while the Pharisees stood forth as guardians of the authentic Revelation.

So thorough has this revaluation of the Pharisees been that even the deviationists from rabbinic Judaism insist nowadays on

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MODERN scholarship's rescue of the Pharisees from the New Testamentary cloud under which they dwelt for so long has been accompanied by a revival of their reputation within the Jewish community—so much so, indeed, that it is modern Judaism's proud boast to be the "heir of the Pharisees." But, JAKOB J. PETUCHOWSKI asks, can this title be made good? Do we rightly understand the nature of Pharisaism? Rabbi Petuchowski was born in Berlin in 1926 and ordained at Hebrew Union College. A work by him, *The Theology of Haham David Nieto,* was published last year; his article "The Jewish Mission to the Nations" appeared in the October 1955 issue of COMMENTARY. He is presently rabbi of Congregation Beth Israel in Washington, Pa.

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seeing themselves as the modern heirs of Pharisaism. It used to be quite different. In 17th-century Amsterdam, when the ex-Marrano Uriel da Costa refused to submit to the rabbinical regimen and thus came into conflict with the rabbinical authorities, he found it quite natural to invoke a New Testament characterization of the Pharisees in order to hurl abuse upon his opponents. Again, when Reform Judaism established its beachhead on American soil in the 1820's (in Charleston, S. C.), some of its pronouncements took the form of conscious disaffiliation with the whole tradition of Pharisaic-rabbinic Judaism. The same happened in England in the 1840's. But today all this has changed and Reform Judaism, for one (Conservative Judaism as well), likes to see itself right at the heart of the Pharisaic tradition. After all, it is said, does not modern Reform endeavor to adapt the old faith to modern needs, very much as the Pharisees adapted Biblical religion to the needs of their own times? Does not the Orthodox quasi-deification of the 16th-century code, *Shulchan Aruch,* smack much more of the Sadducees' unbending attitude towards the Written Law than of the Pharisees' courage in coming to terms with changed conditions?

Add to this the loose application of such epithets as "democratic" and "popular" to the Pharisaic phenomenon, and it becomes rather easy to combine enthusiasm for the Pharisees with attachment to the American Way of Life. Hence, while at one time Reform tended to ignore the post-Biblical developments of Judaism, attempting to take up where the Prophets left off, the modern teacher of Reform is likely to echo the words of the Anglo-Jewish preacher Morris Joseph, that Pharisaism, "far from setting a term to the growth of Judaism, in reality is the guarantee of its continuous evolution. It makes provision for that adaptation to environment which is the essential condition of development and life."

All this is undoubtedly true. But so also is another aspect of Pharisaism which is seldom attended to outside the academy and the scholar's study. In the first place, the conscientious scholar will point to the considerable gaps that still remain in our knowledge of ancient Jewish sects in general, and of the Pharisees in particular. Recent controversies about the meaning and the provenance of the so-called Dead Sea Scrolls leave us in no doubt as to the more or less hypothetical nature of any statement made about the early sectarian divisions in Judaism. However, we do know that the Pharisees, in spite of their reputation for being the "popular" party, aimed to set up a religious élite. In fact, the very name "Pharisees" in all likelihood means "those who have separated themselves [from the rest of the people]."

From the perspective of history, we are justified in holding the Pharisees responsible for religious progress and evolution. But in the context of their actual lives, and of the time and place they lived, the Pharisees represent those Jews who made the ritual laws more stringent for themselves, and became more particular and meticulous in the observance of the laws governing diet and Levitical purity than they thought the ordinary Jew had to be.

Vis-à-vis the priestly aristocracy, the Pharisees undoubtedly appear as democratic levelers. But we must not overlook the fact that the Pharisees developed an "aristocracy" of their own. Few expressions could be more contemptuous than those which the Pharisees employed in talking about the man who fell short of their standards of religious practice and learning—the *am ha-aretz,* or ignoramus, boor. Apart from warning their followers against marriage with the *am ha-aretz,* this bitter scorn could lead to such exclamations as the one recorded in the Talmud (b. *Pesahim* 49b) by Rabbi Eleazar: "It is permitted to stab an *am ha-aretz* on a Day of Atonement which coincides with the Sabbath." The hatred was mutual. The famous Rabbi Akiba, who obtained his education late in life, could reminisce about the days when he was an *am ha-aretz,* and when he was in the habit of saying: "Would that I had a scholar here, so that I could bite him like an ass!" (*ibid.*).

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No doubt, the bark was fiercer than the bite. The very fact that Akiba could rise from the ranks of the *am ha-aretz* into the class of the scholars would lead us to expect that membership in this aristocracy of piety and learning, unlike in that of the Sadducean priesthood, was not restricted. Indeed, we even find the following sentiment in the Talmud: "Be careful with the sons of the *am ha-aretz*, for Torah may proceed from them!" (b. *Sanhedrin* 96a). Nevertheless, if we are to judge from the self-imposed legislation of the Pharisaic "brotherhoods" that has come down to us from rabbinic sources—leaving aside the question currently *sub judice:* whether the "Damascus Fragment" and the "Manual of Discipline" of Dead Sea Scroll fame are to be brought into relation with a Pharisaic group or not—the Pharisees must have been a rather exclusive set. And if "Pharisee" does mean "Separatist," then it is not at all unlikely that the word was first used opprobriously in the mouth of an opponent.

These things are as true—though not quite so well known—as that other aspect of the Pharisees which has of late given them the reputation of having been a popular, democratic mass movement dedicated to religious progress and evolution.

It is, in truth, a curious paradox that the Separatists should have won over the people as a whole, that their interpretation of the Law should have gained virtually universal acceptance, and that the very stringency of ritual observance that they adopted as a "badge" of their exclusivism should have become, in the course of the generations, the norm of Jewish piety for everyone alike.

But the paradox lies only on the surface. Psychologically it is not hard to understand. If we jump across the centuries, we find the same psychology at work today. How many people belonging to exclusive golf and country clubs would really care for golf and for club membership if it were not so difficult to obtain, if it were not so exclusive? It is, in fact, exclusiveness itself that challenges the outsider to struggle to get in.

The Jews living at the time of the Pharisees seem to have worked on some such assumption. And not only the Jews of Palestine! From Hellenistic Jewish circles we have the so-called *Letter of Aristeas,* dated variously between 200 B.C.E. and post-33 C.E. While the *Letter* is a pseudo-historical work purporting to describe the origin of the Greek version of the Bible, the Septuagint, it contains much else besides. The book is particularly emphatic on the point of Jewish separatism. It glories in the dietary laws by which "we have been distinctly separated from the rest of mankind"; and it is grateful to the Lawgiver (Moses) who "fenced us around with impregnable ramparts and walls of iron, that we might not mingle at all with any of the other nations." Yet withal, modern scholars have no trouble detecting in this tract one of the many propaganda attempts to convert Greek-speaking Gentiles to Judaism (*cf.* Robert H. Pfeiffer, *History of New Testament Times,* p. 225).

Far from soft-pedaling Jewish separatism and particularism, the Hellenistic Jewish writers emphasized them in their propaganda —even though the very existence of such propaganda literature was evidence enough of the universalistic Jewish "out-reach." They must have been guided by experience in what they were doing. Perhaps they even took a leaf out of the book of the Hellenistic mystery cults which, in spite of all "mystery," must have constantly been on the lookout for new initiates, and which possibly just *because* of their mystery-making and secretiveness were never lacking in new applicants.

It may well be that this is also one of the reasons why so many thinkers and philosophers coming from an irreligious background today find spiritual shelter with that branch of Christianity which makes the greatest demands on them, both physically and intellectually, the Roman Catholic Church, and why they eschew liberal Protestantism or Unitarianism.

All these parallels may, or may not, be apposite. The fact remains that, while on the surface the Pharisaic phenomenon pre-

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sents the paradox of having become a popular religion *in spite* of its inherent exclusiveness, a psychological approach would see its popularity *as a result* of that exclusiveness.

Both the popularity and the exclusiveness of Pharisaism ought to be borne in mind when we try to identify a modern religious movement in Judaism as being in the Pharisaic tradition. To equate Pharisaism with religious "democracy" pure and simple means, on the one hand, to be untrue to the historical facts and, on the other, to deprive oneself of a very useful mechanism in the revitalization of modern religious life.

Pharisaism and its successor, rabbinic Judaism, were at the opposite pole from abolishing the differences between scholar and ignoramus, between observance and laxity in observance, and from regarding the lowest common denominator of religious knowledge and practice as the norm of their "democratic" religion.

The distinction between scholar and *am ha-aretz* was maintained with the utmost rigor right up to modern times. Its redeeming quality was that elevation into the ranks of the scholars was facilitated by an elaborate system of free education. Poverty was never regarded as barring one from the Pharisaic "aristocracy." Yet, while not so provided in theory, the practical exigencies of life occasionally made it impossible for large sections of Jewry to lift themselves out of the depths of *am ha-aratzuth*.

This was particularly so in 17th- and 18th-century Poland—with the result that the far more educated Jews of Lithuania began to look down on their Polish brethren with all the haughtiness which the proud academician could muster for the humble *am ha-aretz*. Out of this friction Hasidism was born, that movement which has aptly been described as the "revolt of the *am ha-aretz*" who refused to be denied his share in the God of Israel. The intellectual element of religion receded, overshadowed by the emotional appeal, and serving the Lord in gladness took the place of arid Talmudic scholasticism.

But in true Hegelian fashion, there was brought forth out of the thesis of Talmudism and the antithesis of Hasidism the synthesis of *Habad* Hasidism. Inscribing on its banner the words *hochmah* (wisdom), *binah* (insight), and *da'ath* (knowledge), this offshoot of the Hasidic "revolt" restored the intellectual element to its customary exalted position in the Jewish scheme of things.

It is only when we come to very recent times that the old clear-cut distinctions tend to get blurred—particularly so on the American scene. Here the predominantly Protestant environment, with its insistence on the "priesthood of all believers," reminded the Jew that in origin at least this ideal was his own. Since Judaism recognizes no intermediary between man and God, since it has no consecrated hierarchy, and since, technically, every ordinary Jew, in the company of at least nine others, can conduct formal public worship, Judaism could fit into the American pattern so well that Jews began to think of Judaism as the "democratic" religion par excellence.

In this connection it is worth pointing out that the "priesthood of all believers," Hebraic though it be in origin, is an ideal easier to attain under Protestantism. After all, Protestantism does not, like Judaism, judge a purely intellectual exercise like legal study as equal in value and significance to the observance of all the rest of the commandments. It does not, in its theology, share the synagogue's insistence on "works."

In Pharisaic-rabbinic Judaism, where "works" and study do figure strongly, it is difficult to escape the creation of a religio-intellectual élite, and an emphasis on the difference between scholar and *am ha-aretz*. Yet it was precisely this dichotomy, rooted in the very *raison d'être* of Pharisaism, which was sacrificed to the dominant American culture pattern in the process of Jewish assimilation.

Though the parties involved may have hardly been conscious of this particular aspect of their struggle, it would seem that the last time the problem of the Pharisaic

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paradox was faced on American soil was during the third quarter of the 19th century, in the fierce controversies between Rabbis David Einhorn and Isaac M. Wise. Both of them were exponents of Reform Judaism, and while Einhorn was the more radical of the two, and Wise the champion of moderation, even the reforms sanctioned by the latter must have seemed revolutionary departures from tradition by contrast with what Reform Judaism became in its European birthplace.

From one point of view, the dispute between Einhorn and Wise can be regarded as reflecting the religious radicalism of the American East, represented by Einhorn, in opposition to the moderation of the Midwest, where Wise had his headquarters. And yet it was primarily a struggle between personalities and deep convictions. Einhorn did not see Reform as a popular mass movement. He was quite content, and he said as much, to have Reform appeal to the intellectual élite brought up on German *Kultur* and Enlightenment. He was not concerned about its effect on the remainder of Jewry. Wise, however, saw Reform as *the* American Judaism, on the platform of which American Jews of all backgrounds were ultimately to unite. Since the unity of Israel was Wise's prime object, he was always willing to compromise, and conviction may on occasion have played a lesser role in his case than expediency.

The issue at stake was basically this: is Reform Judaism to be the faith of a religious avant-garde and an intellectual élite, or is it to be the religion of the "people," giving approval to whatever departures from tradition may have become necessary, yet never going to logical extremes in disturbing the status quo? The paradox of Pharisaism was here broken up into its two apparently contradictory constituents, its exclusivism and its popularity, and each became the battle-cry of an opposing faction.

It was inevitable that Wise's view would prevail in the long run. Einhorn's Reform was too heavily German in accent. He even insisted on the German language as a *sine qua non* of Reform Judaism. Wise, in contrast, never tired of preaching the "Americanization" of the synagogue, and the realities of American Jewish life were in his favor.

But it took about half a century for the implications of Wise's victory to be fully realized; and it is not until very recently that we find American Reform preening itself on its appearance as a popular mass movement. The late Rabbi Solomon Goldman once quipped that Reform had now substituted a public relations department for the "Mission of Israel." This was not quite true, but Goldman caught the spirit of many of the changes and innovations in recent Reform thought and practice. The questionnaire has become a competitor of theology, and the hand raised in blessing might on occasion look like the "glad hand." (While this transformation of Reform has provoked the inevitable opposition, it is curious, to say the least, that the splinter groups which take exception to Reform's espousal of ritual and the "folk" element should fight their battle not in the name of David Einhorn but of Isaac M. Wise, the moderate Reformer and enthusiastic champion of the "people's" Judaism.)

WE ARE back where we started. Modern Judaism, claiming to be the heir of the Pharisees, glorying in the "democracy" of the synagogue, is yet totally oblivious of that side of Pharisaism which, appearing "snobbish" on the surface, nevertheless provided the subtle appeal that attracted the mass of people.

The problem of the relevance of Pharisaism is complex, for its example also offers dangers. Modern religion has no room for the "holier-than-thou" attitude to which a *misguided* Pharisaism might lead. There is a certain arbitrariness in setting up standards for a Jew to meet in order to be considered a "better" Jew than he was—and there is a concomitant danger that he will then not only consider himself better than *he* was, but better than his fellow Jews *are*. All this at a time when Jews still have to be dis-

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abused of the notion that the place where they buy their meat can serve as an index of their "Jewishness," irrespective of their religious convictions or moral conduct.

We also lack the fundamentalist belief in the divine inspiration of every word of the Bible which enabled previous generations to exclude the subjective element, and to bow in humble submission to the "objective" will of God as manifested in the letter of the traditional codes.

For all these reasons one might deny the relevance of Pharisaism to modern Jewish life, and give up the somewhat hollow boast that we are the "heirs of the Pharisees." But on the other hand, it can be argued that such a divorce from Pharisaism would ultimately deprive Judaism of any incentive it might give to its adherents to spiritual growth and endeavor. After all, Judaism, being what it is, remains irreconcilable with a *sancta simplicitas;* it is still true to say that the educated Jew realizes more of the inherent potentialities of Judaism than the ignorant one. And to that extent, at least, the educated man will be a "better" Jew.

We cannot get away from the Pharisaic dichotomy of scholar and *am ha-aretz.* If this be denied, then the *am ha-aretz* may become not only the norm but, in the end, the ideal, too. When this happens, Judaism will undoubtedly be popular, but it will also eventually lose whatever thinking people may be born into its midst.

In communities where facilities for adult education are made available to everyone, there would be nothing contrary to our basic democratic convictions in giving the intellectual élite its due recognition, and in fostering the formation of an "aristocracy" of learning that would be learned though never in actual practice exclusive. In filling positions of community leadership, we could help to raise standards all around by sharing just a little in the ancient Pharisees' suspicion of the *am ha-aretz.*

As for religious observance, we shall have to be broadminded enough to allow the individual to experiment according to his own needs and grow at his own pace. There will have to be lanes and byways, to borrow Franz Rosenzweig's metaphor, rather than the one common highway on which Jews walked in the past. But those lanes and byways will all lead in the same general direction. To do more, not less or nothing at all, will be the Pharisaic criterion of "betterment." But it will be betterment measured by personal growth rather than by comparison with others. The Jew who observes more commandments than his fellow will not thereby be considered a "better" Jew. But the Jew who tries, the Jew who grapples with these problems as they present themselves to him, *will* be a better Jew than the one who does not even care to try. That such growth in personal Jewish living will have to be envisaged in terms of "standards," rather than of "laws"—to use Jacob B. Agus's apt terminology—should need no further elaboration here. Indeed, standards which one is striving to meet may very well present the better incentive and the greater challenge than laws to the observance of which one is *a priori* obligated, and which carry the ominous implication of "All or Nothing."

THE secret of the ancient Pharisees' success in winning over a whole people lay in their refusal to accept the lowest common denominator as the norm and the ideal. It lay in the very difficulty of the challenge they presented.

The ancient Pharisees were undoubtedly "tradition-directed" in the contemporary sociological sense. Yet the problems they pose cut across all sociological lines and categories. The struggle between Einhorn and Wise can, for example, be described, if one so desires, as a contest between "inner-directed" and "other-directed" religious character types. But to these three categories, Pharisaism, as a spiritual force and as a historical phenomenon, has added a fourth: that of "upper-directedness." To cultivate this kind of religious character should be the preoccupation of all those who claim to be the modern "heirs of the Pharisees."

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GREEK LETTER DISCRIMINATION

"Fraternities Without Brotherhood"

JAMES RORTY

"I KNOW your friend Jones thinks he's doing me a big favor. But the fact is I can't afford the time or the money for this fraternity nonsense. What's more, I'd lose most of my friends; I figure that about half of them are black, yellow, or Jewish. Believe it or not, these fraternity characters don't rate around here any more."

Thus did a contemporary youth—white, Gentile, active in undergraduate affairs, and an honor student—decline membership in one of the most exclusive "Aryan" national fraternities at a large university.

The university in this case was somewhat exceptional. But not the student. According to a 1949 Roper survey, 60 per cent of all American students are opposed to any group rejection by fraternities. President Henry Merritt Wriston of Brown has said that racial and religious restrictions would soon disappear if left to the students. It is the alumni who insist on these restrictions. It is the elders of the Greek letter tribes who perpetuate on the American campus the social taboos and segregations that are steadily receding in almost every other area of American life.

RACIAL and religious prejudice, which is increasingly on the defensive in modern America, is still entrenched on the college campus in the discriminatory practices of too many fraternities and sororities, as this report by JAMES RORTY—which draws on the evidence amassed and analyzed by Alfred McClung Lee in his recently published *Fraternities Without Brotherhood* (Beacon Press)—makes clear. Mr. Rorty, the veteran journalist, is well known to the readers of COMMENTARY for his past contributions on intergroup relations and civil liberties. He is a resident of Flatbrookville, New Jersey.

Despite abundant evidence that the postwar generation of college students is against racial and religious discrimination, the national fraternities haven't really reformed. Nor is their power declining—though it does not seem to be increasing either. In *Fraternities Without Brotherhood,* a study sponsored by the National Committee on Fraternities in Education, Alfred McClung Lee reports that the number of national fraternity chapters has more than doubled since World War II, and that further growth is expected, paralleling the increase of college enrollments. Many of these nationals still retain restrictive clauses in their constitutions; others have evaded pressure by transferring the restrictions to their secret rituals.

At its 1954 national convention the Phi Delta Theta fraternity changed its constitutional requirement for admission from "full Aryan blood" to "socially acceptable"—at the same time sustaining its suspension of the Amherst and Williams chapters for pledging "non-Aryans." The pin-wearing, double-gripping elders who direct the destinies of the national fraternities are quite prepared to be their younger brothers' keepers in the matter of interpreting the concept of "brotherhood." They are also not at all unwilling to enter a contest of power politics with the relatively small group of university and college presidents and trustees who are demanding the abandonment of racial and religious membership restrictions.

In July 1954, the executive board of the National Interfraternity Conference resolved, unanimously, that "more unified action such as the withdrawal of all charters at an institution may be necessary or desirable as a means of self-preservation." Six months later, however, the National Inter-

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fraternity Conference itself adopted a less belligerent—and possibly less suicidal—gesture, recommending in its minutes that "problems in specific cases be worked out by direct and friendly negotiation."

Sororities discriminate too, of course, but more discreetly. Such matters are rarely referred to the National Panhellenic Conference, which is the women's equivalent of the National Interfraternity Conference. "Very quietly," writes Dr. Lee, "and in all but one case without written statements of policy, sororities segregate themselves even more effectively than do the men."

Merely by putting nothing in writing, some of the most snobbish and discriminatory of the Greek letter societies have been able to evade and frustrate the efforts of college authorities to deal with the problem of group rejection on the campus. But the college authorities who have made such efforts are a small minority. Of the 125 institutions surveyed by the National Committee on Fraternities in Education, 95 expressed no interest in the problem. Most of those that did express an interest are attempting to reform the national fraternities, while retaining them on the campus. Their efforts range all the way from mild persuasion to ultimata giving a local chapter a "deadline for democracy." If by the expiration of a stated period the local has not persuaded its national to eliminate the discriminatory clauses in its constitution, it must surrender its national charter or be dissolved.

The more devout of the elder brothers would seem to be convinced that a local brought to such a pass would surely suffer worse-than-death fate. Actually, the result often proves to be a blessing. In 1946 the Middlebury (Vermont) chapter of Alpha Sigma Phi initiated four Jewish students, although the national ritual specifies an exclusive policy based on race and religion. When the national elders protested, the Middlebury chapter asked for the elimination of the discriminatory clauses, which the elders refused. Whereupon Middlebury's Alpha Sigma Phi surrendered its charter, reconstituted itself as Alpha Sigma Psi, and proceeded to flourish like the green bay tree. Not only did it succeed in pledging better than its share of prominent athletes and scholars; it also prospered financially, so that it was able to buy a handsome new home.

Amherst's Phi Kappa Psi's had a similar experience. In 1948, after pledging the Negro cross-country runner, Thomas W. Gibbs, and refusing to de-pledge him at the insistence of the elders, the Amherst local reconstituted itself as Phi Alpha Phi. The chief consequences were that the new local saved $1,000 a year in dues to the national, and thereafter, in most years, led the Amherst campus in scholastic standing.

NOWHERE does the moral and psychological destructiveness of minority segregation manifest itself more cruelly than on the American campus. Sensitive and insecure adolescents are peculiarly unfitted to endure the shock of public rebuff and exclusion. To be a Jew carries a penalty which is worsened if one "looks like a Jew." Italians are made morbidly conscious of their dark skins. A sorority with a Greek letter name at the University of Missouri excluded students who looked and were Greek. On the other hand, students with an Italian family background were blackballed only if they "looked Italian."

American Indians, too, have been excluded from the brotherhood and sisterhood of the Greek letter societies. In 1951 the Psi Delta chapter at the University of Rhode Island wanted to pledge a Narragansett Indian girl, but found that the national constitution restricted membership to white girls. Six members of the chapter resigned in protest, including the campus queen and the chapter president.

In 1947 Upsala College in New Jersey acquired a new local sorority as a result of a similar conflict. It involved a Negro girl, Bernice Petty, who was proposed for membership in the Phi Omega Chi sorority by Naomi Charner, the valedictorian of her class. When Bernice was refused membership because of her color, Naomi resigned. Subsequently both girls became members of

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a new local sorority, Delta Beta Delta, formed as a non-segregative group.

In 1946 the Phi Mu Delta chapter at the University of New Hampshire pledged the son of a Massachusetts judge, and he moved into the fraternity house. Then the college dean advised fraternity members that because the man was Jewish they should clear his eligibility with the national organization. The national ordered the chapter to cancel his pledge and to move the man out of the house. Dr. Lee quotes a chapter member's description of this grisly episode. "It was awful. . . . The kid's parents came to help move him to the dormitory. I remember how terrible it was. His mother was crying. But what was worse was his father. That man didn't say a word to anyone."

It is against moral outrages of this sort that minority groups have sought to protect themselves by the establishment of their own fraternities and sororities. Unhappily, segregation breeds segregation, whether on the campus or in the suburban housing developments of our great cities. Most of the Jewish, Negro, and Catholic fraternities established during the past half century excluded members of other races and creeds. But even when they didn't the effect was to harden the discriminatory pattern.

"The pattern of segregation is fixed by the so-called white Caucasian fraternities," said a member of a Jewish fraternity. "We simply have to fit into it. If we are not permitted to join other fraternities, we must form a fraternity of our own. Nobody really *likes* to live in a ghetto. But sometimes you have to."

Obviously, the fostering of campus ghettos is not a solution of the problem, either in principle or in practice, and most educators recognize this. In 1928, because he feared it would aggravate divisiveness on the Brown University campus, President William Herbert Perry Faunce refused to sanction the establishment of a Jewish fraternity at Brown. Unfortunately, President Faunce did nothing to solve the problem that had provoked the demand for a Jewish group. Twenty years before, the same problem had led to the establishment at Yale of Pi Lambda Phi, a non-discriminatory fraternity welcoming Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Negroes, without any racial or religious restriction. Chapters of the Pi Lambda Phi national have been chartered on over forty campuses, but all of them have remained largely Jewish in membership. As Dr. Lee writes: "Without cooperation or support from other fraternities, and from college administrators, its members found themselves forced to yield to the pressures making for minority self-segregation in spite of their apparent intellectual awareness of its anti-democratic nature and its destructive consequences."

The social climate of the American campus has proved in the past to be almost equally unfavorable to the growth of the avowedly non-discriminatory college fraternities established by majority-group students. Of these the most important were Beta Sigma Tau and the American Association of Commons Clubs, both of which date from World War I. Their principles and objectives were similar: to level all barriers of race, creed, or nationality and "make democracy a living reality on the campus."

During this writer's college years a Commons Club flourished on the campus of Tufts College, where it initiated many of the ablest students, including Jews, Catholics, and dark-skinned Latin Americans. The Commons Club was well represented in the self-perpetuating junior and senior honorary societies. When new members of these societies were elected, it seemed, even in that earlier period, as if the student leaders rather welcomed a chance to repudiate the snobbism of the fraternities to which most of them belonged.

On most campuses, however, the competition of the national fraternities, many of whose chapter houses are comfortably endowed by the alumni brothers, aborted the growth of what seemed a most promising and wholesome development. Dr. Lee notes that of the 17 undergraduate chapters included in the American Association of Com-

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mons Clubs between 1917 and 1937, twelve became inactive, and that since then the group has gained one chapter and lost one.

COLLEGE fraternities had an auspicious beginning in this country in 1764 when the Society of Phi Beta Kappa was established at William and Mary College, in Virginia, as a social and literary fraternity with a secret ritual. Later Phi Beta Kappa dropped its ritual and became what it is now, a non-secret society whose members are chosen on the basis of scholastic achievement in the liberal arts.

Our present national—and social—fraternity system has a later and quite different origin. The three earliest nationals were established at Union College (Schenectady) during the first decades of the 19th century, and from the beginning most college authorities looked askance at them, considering them to be forms of anti-educational juvenile delinquency which they were in duty bound to suppress. Hence most of the early fraternities were forced to lead an underground life until after the Civil War.

During the 60's a group of Confederate officers, all of them college fraternity men, formed a convivial society called Kuklos at first (from the Greek word for circle). Later the word Klan was added for alliterative purposes. As the Ku Klux Klan, the organization devoted itself to forms of terrorization for which the hazing practices of the early fraternities provided a less violent model.

The Ku Klux creed of white supremacy, nourished by the "Aryanism" of Gobineau, Madison Grant, and other racist ideologues, left a significant residue in the rituals of some of the college fraternities; witness the constitution of Phi Delta Theta, written in 1912, which provides that "only white persons of full Aryan blood, not less than sixteen years of age, should be eligible."

By 1928, more than half of the national college fraternities and sororities had specific rules requiring exclusion along racial and religious lines, while others had the same policy but did not find it either necessary or in good taste to assert it formally.

The year 1880, according to Dr. Lee, marks a turning point in the history of social fraternities. In that year they were able to bring about the dismissal of the president of Purdue University because he had demanded that students disavow intentions of affiliating with a fraternity. Thereafter, college authorities found it less and less practicable to deal with the fraternity problem by the earlier methods of outlawry and expulsion.

Yet, despite the increasing influence wielded by fraternity alumni, college presidents, and trustees, a substantial number of large, medium, and small institutions are today without fraternities. Among these are Harvard, Princeton, and the California Institute of Technology; Annapolis, West Point, and Citadel; Grinnell, Haverford, Reed College, Rice Institute; Vassar, Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke, Bryn Mawr, Smith, Bennington, Radcliffe, and Sarah Lawrence; Fordham, and many other institutions operated by the Catholic teaching orders.

The experience of Princeton is especially instructive because it extends over a long period and involves not only fraternities but also eating clubs—Princeton's celebrated "Halls," two of which, the Whig and the Cliosophic societies, date back to 1760. Greek letter societies did not appear on the Princeton campus until 1843, the first being Beta Theta Pi. During the next eleven years, ten other chapters of nationals were established, despite the hostility of the college authorities, who felt that the fraternities undermined the influence of the Halls. In 1855 the faculty and trustees required all students to sign a pledge not to join a fraternity, on pain of dismissal. Some students were actually expelled under this rule, and the fraternities were forced to go underground.

In 1875 a faculty committee undertook to ferret out a persistent remnant of the Greek letter "underground" at Princeton. It temporarily suspended some students who had appeared in a fraternity group photograph and refused—apparently with strong student support—an alumni petition to permit the open

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and unrestricted existence of fraternities on the campus.

By 1882 the last sub-rosa fraternity had disappeared from Princeton. There remained the eating clubs. They had the support of the administration until, in 1907, their snobbish self-segregation aroused the reforming zeal of Princeton's new president. The eating clubs were side-shows, declared Woodrow Wilson, which threatened to swallow the educational circus. They should be replaced by quadrangles where students and faculty members would live together and mix social and educational life.

Wilson did not get his quadrangles, nor did he succeed in abolishing the eating clubs. Faced with stiff opposition from alumni and students, he was forced into a compromise agreement: the eating clubs undertook to restrict their membership to juniors and seniors. But they retained all their restrictions, which left about a quarter of the Princeton student body unbid and unserved, including most members of minority groups.

In 1941 the trustees demanded the election of a larger proportion of students, and during the next three years almost all eligible students achieved membership in the clubs. After a wartime shutdown, the returning students demanded the full democratization of the halls. Four-fifths of the 1949-50 sophomores signed a petition declaring that they would not join any club unless the clubs as a whole accepted all their classmates.

Today, racial and religious barriers have been lowered at Princeton; any student who is eligible and interested can join an eating club, although not always the one of his choice. As before, the clubs enjoy varying degrees of status and prestige; all of them now have one or more Jewish members.

AFTER nearly a decade of struggle, a somewhat similar kind of democratization has been achieved at Amherst. There, national and local fraternities continue to operate, but under rules even more stringent than those which govern Princeton's eating clubs.

Amherst has had fraternities for over a century, in which time they frequently came into conflict with the college administration. The ending of World War II, during which most of the fraternities at Amherst and elsewhere became inactive, brought a showdown. Faculty and alumni committees were appointed to study the problem. They concluded that fraternities were anti-democratic in principle and anti-intellectual in purpose, and that "in both respects the existence of fraternities conflicts with the fundamental aims of the college."

Accordingly, both committees recommended to the trustees that fraternities be eliminated at Amherst. The trustees, however, rejected this recommendation, preferring a compromise. While agreeing that the objections to the fraternities were substantial, they felt that these objections might be overcome without destroying the system. Accordingly, they promulgated a set of rules to which the fraternities must comply as a condition of re-opening after their wartime shutdown. Each fraternity would have to certify "that there is no prohibition or restriction by reason of race, color, or creed affecting the selection of members of such chapter." Fraternities whose national organizations required self-segregative practices were given a five-year period of grace during which they were expected to bring about the required changes in the constitutions of the nationals.

Delta Tau Delta and Sigma Nu refused to comply with this rule and did not reestablish their Amherst chapters. Two other national fraternity chapters—those of Phi Kappa Psi and Phi Delta Theta—have been replaced by unaffiliated locals. Other changes enforced by the trustees have resulted in a salutary transformation of the social situation on the Amherst campus. Amherst freshmen are not eligible for membership in fraternities and rushing is not permitted until after the final examinations in the freshman year. Thus Amherst escapes the social melée of "rush week" that still demoralizes the first semester at most colleges, and the sorting process is based less on family connections,

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race, and money and more on the ascertained merit and congeniality of individuals. Moreover, there are no psychologically wounded left-overs. Acting on the principle that any man good enough to be admitted to Amherst is good enough to be admitted to one of its component social groups, the college sponsors a club for those who do not wish to join fraternities. Not a "minority group," it functions on the same level of selectivity as the Greek letter fraternities. Incidentally, all fourteen of the latter have recently taken in students who not long ago would have been automatically excluded from consideration. The net result of these changes has been interestingly analyzed by Dr. Alfred Sherwood Romer, Amherst Phi Psi and director of Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology. "They have made Amherst less 'collegiate,'" writes Dr. Romer, returning it to a state "in which the college body—and consequently the fraternities—is closer to the older and healthier ideals of earlier decades."

The earlier decades to which Dr. Romer refers are presumably those before the national fraternities became formidable vested interests on American campuses; before they consolidated what President William Harold Cowley of Hamilton once called their "$75,000,000 protest against the intellectualism of the college"; before the word "collegiate" came to connote such adolescent phenomena as hazing, drinking parties, sartorial exhibitionism, social snobbism, and contempt for the scholarly disciplines to which the academic community is presumably dedicated.

In that earlier period, college presidents and deans could ban or discipline the fraternities with relative impunity. But today there are few institutions which are prepared to emulate the courageous examples of Amherst, Middlebury, Williams, and Dartmouth, where the college authorities have given effective backing to the democratic idealism of a less "collegiate" generation of students.

As Dr. Lee points out, "college officials are well aware that a generation of college undergraduate leaders lasts at most only four years and, in an effective sense, usually only two or three years. Influential alumni and donors, on the other hand, are powerful and continuing factors both in college and in the fraternities."

HENCE most college officials attempt to rationalize a "hands-off" policy. The result is that national fraternity leaders are permitted to drag their feet about removing restrictive clauses in their constitutions, and student pressure for change is stalled. As noted earlier, only twenty of the 125 institutions surveyed by the National Committee on Fraternities in Education have adopted any college policy on self-segregation and categorical discrimination, and only ten others have gone so far as to express hope. Ninety-five of those surveyed—four out of five—either say nothing or compose elaborate rationalizations of their position. In these curious semantic exercises, the refusal of a college administration to infringe upon the "freedom" of a national fraternity to be as discriminatory and unbrotherly as it likes is cited as a shining illustration of American democracy. For example, in 1949 Edmund Ezra Day, then president of Cornell University, declared: "Some of them [the fraternities] have conditions set forth in their constitutions barring certain minority groups. Well, if that's the kind of character they want to have, I would say that's their privilege. In my definition, that is not undemocratic. Exclusiveness is not undemocratic as long as it doesn't deny anybody's rights. . . ."

In 1951, Alexander G. Ruthven, then president of the University of Michigan, said: "We do not believe . . . that the University could, without discrimination, withdraw recognition and thus jeopardize vested property interests merely because the organization was unwilling or unable to waive its legal right to define in its constitution the qualifications of its members."

Even as late as 1953, Carl R. Woodward, president of the University of Rhode Island asserted: "Under our American concept of freedom and self-determination selective membership is in keeping with the democratic institutions of our society, and

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the right of our fraternities to retain it should be protected."

This, of course, is an area of law, justice, and public policy that the Supreme Court of the United States, too, has quite recently explored, and it has come up with quite different conclusions. On November 8, 1954, six months after its historic decision outlawing segregation in the schools, the high court sustained the right of public institutions to define the policies that govern fraternal groups on its campuses. This decision, especially when coupled with probable future interpretations of the May 17, 1954, decision as it affects Greek letter societies in public colleges, is likely to influence profoundly the policies of both the colleges and the national fraternities.

The case which gave rise to the November 8, 1954, ruling of the Supreme Court grew out of the attempt of the State University of New York to eliminate racial and religious discrimination from fraternity admissions practices on the 22 campuses under its jurisdiction. The University had given the national chapters until October 1958 to disaffiliate from nationals that still retained group exclusion clauses in their constitutions or rituals. The position of the University was that all facilities under its supervision were part of its educational operations, and that fraternities were permitted and regulated for the social experience they provided. After investigating the recruitment practices of the fraternities, the University authorities concluded that it could no longer permit a double standard of admission to its facilities —a fair one for its classrooms and an unfair one for many of the social fraternities.

As a result of the Supreme Court's decision, state and municipally owned universities and colleges can now proceed to desegregate the social life of their campuses without fear of legal harassment. Such action is in fact clearly required for the practical implementation of the Supreme Court's desegregation order. In one of the studies quoted by Dr. Lee it was found that many Negro high school graduates in the North refused to apply to the excellent nearby colleges for which they were fully qualified. They chose Southern institutions, where they felt the environment would provide a happier—albeit an artificial—social experience. In their current struggles with the national fraternities, progressive college presidents have had frequent occasion to call attention to this situation. For example, in 1954 Dean Charles W. McCracken of Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, addressed this plea to a campus fraternity:

"At present Allegheny has very few Negro students. It would no doubt enrich our college life if we could have a more representative student body in this respect. However, this would be of questionable value if the Negro students are discriminated against by any social group on the campus. Fraternity action is therefore a preliminary step towards a more healthy racial situation in the student population. Negro students will not come where they feel they are not wanted. . . . By removing discriminatory clauses from their charter, fraternities have an opportunity to make a significant contribution to a more democratic way of life. To accept this as their responsibility would be evidence of the practice of Christian brotherhood on which fraternities are justified in their existence."

Thus far the smaller private colleges such as Amherst, Williams, Middlebury, Dartmouth, and Allegheny have been obliged to shoulder a disproportionate share of the task of pioneering desegregation on American campuses. Most of the big state universities have long been strongholds of the national fraternity system. They recruit a more heterogeneous student body, which the fraternities subsequently sort and stratify, employing discriminatory racial and religious criteria in greater or less degree. The position taken by the State University of New York is thus far exceptional, but as a result of the 1954 Supreme Court decisions it may well be more generally adopted. In the state universities too, student sentiment is beginning to force the hands of the university administrators. As far back as 1938, the Interfraternity Council at the University of

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Minnesota took a first step by inviting Jewish and Negro fraternities to take part in its social program. Ten years later, in 1948, a poll of all fraternity men and women showed a majority of 58 per cent favoring removal of racial and religious membership restrictions; of the male fraternity members, 70 per cent favored the elimination of racial and religious restrictions. By 1951, 83 per cent of the fraternity men bound by such restrictions and 89 per cent of those without them favored their removal.

Even at Cornell, where nineteen of the men's lodges have formal restrictive regulations, a 1952 poll showed strong undergraduate sentiment for their removal; only two of the nineteen approved the restrictive clauses.

At the University of California, the students and the administration are moving together towards the desegregation of the numerous U. of C. campuses. Recently, the University forced four chapters to sever their national ties in order to comply with a university ban on discriminatory membership policies.

In mapping the campus sector of the desegregation front, Dr. Lee and his collaborators have provided us with much fascinating sociological detail, along with valuable strategic guidance. The alignment of forces is clear. On the one hand, we have a postwar generation of students that is overwhelmingly against the group rejections still practiced, openly or covertly, by most of the national fraternities and sororities. Standing with the students are a few private and public college authorities who refuse to rationalize or evade their obligation as educators to root out the weeds of institutionalized snobbism and prejudice that have flourished too long in the groves of academe.

Against them are a small group of strategically placed elder brothers and elder sisters; they hold the mortgages on the fraternity houses and attend *all* the conventions; often they are also trustees of the college. The silence and inaction of the great majority of college and university administrators testify to their power.

But the old men of the national fraternity councils cannot live forever, while undergraduate opposition to snobbism and prejudice may be expected to increase, both in the North and the South. Moreover, the long overdue civilizing of the Greek letter tribes need entail no diminution either of their status or of their genuine usefulness on the American campus; rather, it may be their salvation. The experience of the local chapters that have repudiated the taboos of the founding fathers suggests, in fact, that there is nothing the matter with the fraternity system that a good dose of democracy won't cure.

On the evidence of Dr. Lee's report, the odds would seem to be increasingly with the students, especially now that the Supreme Court has come out on their side. And as with educational segregation in general, the end of social segregation on the campus may come sooner than we can now foresee.

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TWO POEMS

AUBREY HODES

A Jew Walks in Westminster Abbey

God, how I envy you these great oak roots
Growing without the ritual of upheaval,
Your proud stillnesses sprung from a few wide miles
Of gray flat sea. If we'd not been snapped
And driven—ay, buffeted by some marble kings
Today here—we'd have built continuous wonder
For the world to crack its eyes at—we'd match you
David for Shakespeare, Einstein for Newton, Maimonides
For all your erudite lack-lustres, our ancient
Solid shrine for all your buttresses, flags, fragile granite lace—but,
Broken on the wheel, a guttering candle
Fed from some secret midnight oil, we
Clung to worldwide tottered rafts, drifting
Towards receding shores, losing the Hillel feel
Of brethren. Yet—strange—
Walking like a reverent mouse
Among your vast humble pillars, banners making
Trumpets of austere tomb breezes, the proud
Procession of reverberating names, my senses grip
For a while your instinct mind—though
My brain reins taut despite—look, God's a private
Nerve, the look you give to other
Shoal-souls in the labyrinth. Diffused,
We forget community of awe, lack focus
Of choirs and the adoring voice: we
Who invented praise have lost the Hallelujah art:
It died on the rack, gave way
To sorrow, the mortar of eternally cracked
Souls—here's irony for Abraham, who
Smashed the idols! These gray walls
Bind you, give ideas a clasp—while we
Go round the palace walls seeking the King's

With these two poems, we introduce to our readers Aubrey Hodes, a young South African writer whose verse, fiction, and essays have appeared in numerous other magazines, including *Encounter* and the *Menorah Journal*. Mr. Hodes was born in Cape Town, in 1927, and educated at the university there. He later went to Israel, spending five years in a collective settlement, and at one period editing the Tel Aviv periodical *Shalom*. A story by Mr. Hodes was awarded second prize in the New York Herald Tribune World Short Story Contest, and will be printed this year in a collection of the prize-winning contest entries.

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Great gate; seven, fourteen, twenty-one times around.
Enough—for this I, no God-sucked man,
Give praise. For this I drop a coin at your altar
for a little cloistered strength
for a mead of tranquilness
here, in the suburb of the cruel city
and the swift tide out to sea.

Leaving Haifa

TRACING Picasso's flashbulb line
a car comes winking down
tree-ghosted cliffs:
like acrobats on high trapezes
searchlights tense their steel-trapped
muscles, leap and catch
with sudden instant grace
our startled eyes, straining with vivid questions
against the dark.
The when-how-but-if-ever
nuances grow blurred with
heavy eyelids, dim with last sighs
of tired saxophone. Departing,
with the ship's toss, forced gemütlichkeit
across a glass of gin, expected
Hebrew Auld Lang Synes, we leave the
centered circle, break from safe-haloed
land to float on our own
Odyssey: past Naxos, Paphos, Samos,
Anatolia, to awaiting and forlorn
discovery: that all men sink in
shallows, wading like Pholegandros
in flung spray, wild and alone
as sea gulls, unreined, bewildered,
tossed by blue distresses, galled
by the world's taut fear,
united in dismay.

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MARK TWAIN'S NEGLECTED CLASSIC

The Moral Astringency of "Pudd'nhead Wilson"

F. R. LEAVIS

"PUDD'NHEAD WILSON" is not faultless—no book of Mark Twain's is that—but it is all the same the masterly work of a great writer. Yet it is very little known. One cannot easily find anyone, English or American, who has read it (at least that is my experience), and it would seem never at any time to have had the beginnings of the recognition that is its due. Its reputation—if it may be said to have a reputation—would not encourage a strenuous search for a copy of the book, unless in an admirer of *Huckleberry Finn* who was curious to look over one of the author's ephemeral productions, one that also dealt in its way with life in Hannibal, Missouri, the village of Mark Twain's childhood.

The explanation, I think, is partly that *Pudd'nhead Wilson* is so very unlike *Huckleberry Finn*. But it is also, I think, that the nature of the greatness of *Huckleberry Finn* itself tends not to be fully recognized. There are, then, two reasons for hoping that *Pudd'nhead Wilson* may come to be appreciated as it deserves: it is a classic in its own right (if an unrecognized classic may be said to *be* one); and, further, for all the unlikeness, it bears a very close relation to *Huckleberry Finn;* a relation of such a kind that to appreciate the lesser work is to have a surer perception of the greatness of the greater.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN, by general agreement Mark Twain's greatest work, is supremely the American classic, and it is one of the great books of the world. The significance of such a work doesn't admit of exhaustive recognition in a simple formula, or in several. Mark Twain himself was no simple being, and the complexity of his make-up was ordinarily manifested in strains, disharmonies, and tormenting failures of integration and self-knowledge. These, in his supreme masterpiece, can be seen to provide the creative drive. There is of course the aspect of return to boyhood, but the relation to complexity and strain represented by *Huckleberry Finn* is not one of escape from them—in spite of the qualities that have established the book as a classic for children (and in spite of Mark Twain's conviction, at times, that its appeal should be as such). It is true that the whole is given through Huck, the embodiment of that Western vernacular, or of the style created out of that, in which the book is written. But that style, perfectly as it renders the illiterate Huck, has been created by a highly sophisticated art to serve subtle purposes, and Huck himself is of course not merely the naive boyish consciousness he so successful enacts; he is, by one of those triumphant sleights or equivocations which cannot be judiciously contrived, but are proof of inspired creative possession, the voice of deeply reflective maturity—of a life's experience brooded on by an earnest spirit and a fine intelligence. If Mark Twain lacked art in Arnold Bennett's sense (as Arnold Bennett pointed out), that only shows how little art in Arnold Bennett's sense matters, in comparison with art that is

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THE scene of *Pudd'nhead Wilson*—a much neglected novel that F. R. LEAVIS ranks as a masterpiece—is Dawson's Landing in Missouri on the Mississippi, before the Civil War; its plot turns on a confusion of identities between a Negro slave and his white master, a situation Mark Twain exploits for the insights it affords into the moral complexities of the American Negro's plight. Dr. Leavis, one of the foremost of living literary critics, is a Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge, and the author of many books on English literature; his latest, *D. H. Lawrence: Novelist,* is scheduled for publication by Knopf early this spring. The present essay appears as an introduction to a new edition of *Pudd'nhead Wilson* that Grove Press is bringing out this month. Dr. Leavis's most recent previous appearance in COMMENTARY was with "The 'Great Books' and a Liberal Education" (September 1953).

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the answer of creative genius to the pressure of a profoundly felt and complex experience. If *Huckleberry Finn* has its examples of the unintelligence that may accompany the absence of sustained critical consciousness in an artist, even a great one, nevertheless the essential intelligence that prevails, and from the poetic depths informs the work, compels our recognition—the intelligence of the whole engaged psyche; the intelligence that represents the integrity of this, and brings to bear the wholeness.

For in his supreme creation the complex and troubled Mark Twain did achieve a wholeness; it is manifested in the nature of the creative triumph. The charged significance of *Huckleberry Finn* brings together a strength of naivety and a strength of mature reflective wisdom. Let me quote, with immediate relevance, Mr. Bernard De Voto, most penetrating of the commentators on Mark Twain I am acquainted with: ". . . fundamentally Huck is an expression—a magnificent expression, a unique expression—of the folk mind. The folk mind, that is, in mid-America in the period of the frontier and immediately following, the folk mind shaped for use by the tremendous realities of conquering a hostile wilderness and yet shadowed by the unseen world. He is one of the highest reaches of American fiction.

"But if Huck expresses the folk mind, he is also Mark Twain's surrogate, he is charged with transmitting what that dark, sensitive, and complex consciousness felt about America and the human race. . . . Mark Twain was not a systematic thinker. Customarily, like the creature of fable who was his brother Orion, he held in succession all possible opinions about every subject he tried to analyze, held none of them long, and was able to drive none very deep beneath the surface. Especially as a metaphysician he was as feeble a novice as ever ventured into that stormy sea. But in what he perceived, in what he felt, in the nerve-ends of emotion, in the mysterious ferments of art which transform experience, he was a great mind—there has been no greater in American literature. Be it said once more and ever so wearily: insufficiencies and mental defects prevented him from ever completely implementing the artist throughout the whole course of a book. That does not matter—in *Huckleberry Finn* we get the finest expression of a great artist, the fullest report on what life meant to him."*

When Mr. De Voto speaks of the "folk mind" in *Huckleberry Finn* he is making a plainly valid observation; an observation duly offset, as the quoted passage shows, by the recognition of quite other aspects of the book. But insistence on the "folk" element sometimes goes with an attempt to make *Huckleberry Finn* American in a sense that would make it an immeasurably lesser thing than the great work it is. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, in *The Times of Melville and Whitman,* writes: "He was the frontier storyteller, the great folk writer of the American West, and raised to a pitch unparalleled before him the art of oral story-telling and then succeeded in transferring its effects to paper." Such an account (and there is a formidable representative intention behind it) serves as a license for insisting on the force of the reply—the obvious and unanswerable reply: Mark Twain was something very much more than a folk-writer, and the art of *Huckleberry Finn* is no mere matter of managing effects—suspense, surprise, climax, and so on. One cannot intelligently discuss the art without discussing the complex and reverse of naive outlook it conveys. Mr. Brooks, recognizing, as any reader must, an insistent moral preoccupation in the theme, quotes Paine, Mark Twain's biographer: ". . . the author makes Huck's struggle a psychological one between conscience and the law on one side, and sympathy on the other." But there is more to the moral theme of *Huckleberry Finn* than that suggests. What the book conveys is the drama in a mind in which conscience finds that it is not single, and that the "law" doesn't speak with one voice, and that what Paine calls "sympathy" itself engages a moral imperative. In fact, *Huckleberry Finn* has as a central theme the complexity of ethical valuation in a society with a complex tradition—a description that applies (for instance) to any "Christian" society.

The book is a profound study of civilized man. And about its attitude towards civilization as represented by the society depicted in it there is nothing simple or simplifying, either in a "frontier" spirit or in a spirit of

*From *Mark Twain at Work.*

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reductive pessimism. It is not to the point to adduce such private utterances of Mark Twain's as: "We have no real morals, but only artificial ones—morals created and preserved by the forced suppression of natural and healthy instinct." "Never trust the artist; trust the tale": Lawrence's dictum might have been addressed to Mark Twain's case. *Huckleberry Finn,* the tale, gives us a wholeness of attitude that transcends anything ordinarily attainable by the author. The liberation effected by the memories of youth and the Mississippi was, for the creative genius at his greatest, not into irresponsibility but the reverse. The imaginatively recovered vitality of youth ministered, in sum, no more to the spirit of "Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar"* than to nostalgia or daydream, but to the attainment of a sure and profound moral maturity. That is, to call *Huckleberry Finn* a great work is not an exaggeration.

I insist in this way because of a tendency in America (and transatlantic fashions regarding American literature tend to be taken over uncritically in England) to suggest that the beginnings of the truly American in literary tradition come from the frontier and the West. According to this view Mark Twain is a more truly American writer than Hawthorne or Henry James. It is a view that, in offering to exalt him, actually denies his greatness, for it makes the attributed advantage in Americanness a matter of his being alienated from English and European tradition as Hawthorne and James are not. Such an alienation could only be an impoverishment: no serious attempt has been made to show that any sequel to disinheritance could replace the heritage lost. Mark Twain is indeed "frontier" and Western, but in being greatly American he bears as close and essential a relation to England and Europe as that which we recognize in Hawthorne or in James (in some ways he strikes an English reader as being less foreign, less positively un-English, than either of them). The Americanness of alienation may be represented by Dreiser, Scott Fitzgerald, and Hemingway: the author of *Huckleberry Finn,* when we think of those writers, seems to belong to another world. Nor as we read the book are we prompted to reflect that he is a fellow countryman of Walt Whitman.

*In the book, Pudd'nhead Wilson's collection of cynical aphorisms, more or less in the spirit of Mark Twain's private utterances.—Ed.

It is not my business here to enforce these observations in a detailed analysis of *Huckleberry Finn,* but, with them in view, to suggest how that book is related to *Pudd'nhead Wilson,* which, different as it is (it makes no show of frontier naivety, but belongs frankly to sophisticated literary tradition), is nevertheless unmistakably by the same hand, develops the same preoccupations and expresses the same moral outlook. With the oral tradition of story-telling, the potent element of recovered boyhood that has so recommended *Huckleberry Finn* is absent too. But the Mississippi *is* there in *Pudd'nhead Wilson,* and its evoked presence occasions a significant expansion:

> The hamlet's front was washed by the clear waters of the great river; its body stretched itself rearward up a gentle incline; its most rearward border fringed itself out and scattered its houses about the base-line of the hills; the hills rose high, inclosing the town in a half-moon curve clothed with forests from foot to summit.
>
> Steamboats passed up and down every hour or so. Those belonging to the little Cairo line and the little Memphis line always stopped; the big Orleans liners stopped for hails only, or to land passengers or freight; and this was the case also with the great flotilla of 'transients.' These latter came out of a dozen rivers —the Illinois, the Missouri, the Upper Mississippi, the Ohio, the Monongahela, the Tennessee, the Red River, the White River, and so on; and were bound every whither and stocked with every imaginable comfort or necessity which the Mississippi's communities could want. . . .

Here, quite plainly, speaks a proud imaginative delight in the memory of the great river; the great river as Mark Twain had known it in boyhood and in his piloting days; and in the memory, or vision, we feel the sense of freedom, beauty, and majesty that informs *Huckleberry Finn;* but there is something further: the passage unmistakably conveys the sense, sanguine and exalted, of an expanding and ripening civilization.

Mark Twain, we are told, was brought up in a frontier society. "Think," it has been written, "of the squalor of those villages, their moral and material squalor, their dim and bounded horizon, their petty taboos: repression at one extreme, eruption at the

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other, and shiftlessness for a golden mean." But what *Pudd'nhead Wilson* should make us recognize is that "frontier" is an insidious term. It suggests cultural deprivation and loss—a dropping of the heritage in the battle with pioneer hardship. And no doubt it could be argued that the account just quoted fairly describes Dawson's Landing; or that so we should have agreed if we had had to live there. But as a matter of fact this is not the tone, this is not how the stress falls, in *Pudd'nhead Wilson*. After the evocation of the river we read:

> The town was sleepy and comfortable and contented. It was fifty years old, and was growing slowly—very slowly in fact, but still it was growing.

It may have been sleepy, but what Mark Twain conveys with great power is an effect quite other than one of rawness and squalor:

> In 1830 it was a snug little collection of modest one- and two-storey frame dwellings whose white-washed exteriors were almost concealed from sight by climbing tangles of rose-vines, honeysuckles, and morning-glories. Each of these pretty homes had a garden in front, fenced with white palings and opulently stocked with hollyhocks, marigolds, touch-me-nots, prince's feathers and other old-fashioned flowers; while on the window-sills of the houses stood wooden boxes containing moss-rose plants and terra-cotta pots in which grew a breed of geraniums whose spread of intensely red blossoms accented the prevailing pink tint of the rose-clad house-front like an explosion of flame. When there was room on the ledge outside of the pots and boxes for a cat, the cat was there —in sunny weather—stretched at full length, asleep and blissful, with her furry belly to the sun and a paw curved over her nose. Then that house was complete, and its contentment and peace were made manifest to the world by this symbol, whose testimony is infallible. A home without a cat—and a well-fed, well-petted, and properly revered cat—may be a perfect home, perhaps, but how can it prove title?
>
> All along the streets, on both sides, at the outer edge of the brick sidewalks, stood locust-trees with trunks protected by wooden boxing, and these furnished shade for summer and a sweet fragrance in spring when the clusters of buds came forth.

The comfort, well-being, and amenity evoked here have more than a material significance; they are the outward signs of an inward grace. Provincial as Dawson's Landing may be, it represents a society that has kept its full heritage of civilization. True, it *is* provincial, and Wilson's fate—the "Pudd'nhead" and the long failure to make way against that estimate—figures for us its attitude towards originality of mind. Moreover an English reader gets what are for him (the human world presented being so essentially unforeign) startling glimpses of mob lawlessness as an accepted social institution. Yet the effect of the opening description of Dawson's Landing remains: this is a civilized community—one qualified to have exacted a very much more favorable report than any brought back by Martin Chuzzlewit.

And further, it is not unaware of its provinciality, and is far from having lost the desire to keep in touch with the remoter centers of its civilization and with its past. This comes out notably in its reception of the twins, the presentment of which illustrates the complex poise of Mark Twain's attitude. The comedy of the reception is not satiric. Dawson's Landing displays, not merely its crudenesses and limitations, but also a touching positive humility, a will to pay homage to something other than provinciality and philistinism and the standards of everyday life. The exhibition of democratic *mœurs* at Aunt Patsy's is finely and subtly done, and quite clear in its significance. These democrats, without being in the least inclined to go back on their democracy, respond imaginatively to their traditional memories and to the sense of ideal values belonging to a richer life that is now remote from them. It is an utterly different thing from snobbery, and, as Mark Twain presents it, something that the social crudity of the occasion sets off as the reverse of trivial or crude:

> None of these visitors was at ease, but, being honest people, they didn't pretend to be. None of them had ever seen a person bearing a title of nobility before, and none had been expecting to see one now, consequently the title came upon them as a kind of pile-driving surprise, and caught them unprepared. A few tried to rise to the emergency, and got out an awkward 'My lord,' or 'Your lordship,' or something of that sort, but the great majority were overwhelmed by the unaccustomed word and its dim and awful associations with gilded courts and stately ceremony and anointed king-

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ship, so they only fumbled through the handshake and passed on, speechless.

Then, significantly, this homage to a glimpsed ideal superiority is followed by the homage to art:

Here a prodigious slam-banging broke out below, and everybody rushed down to see. It was the twins knocking out a classic four-handed piece on the piano in great style. Rowena was satisfied—satisfied down to the bottom of her heart.

The young strangers were kept long at the piano. The villagers were astonished and enchanted with the magnificence of their performance, and could not bear to have them stop. All the music that they had ever heard before seemed spiritless prentice-work and barren of grace or charm when compared with these intoxicating floods of melodious sound. They realized that for once in their lives they were hearing masters.

The poise is beautifully maintained; those first two sentences serve only to enforce the serious and profound significance of the last, the closing one of the chapter.

In its whole attitude towards distinction that appeals to standards other than the "democratic," Dawson's Landing represents a subtler civilization than accounts of "the pioneer community" might suggest. Consider, for instance, the special license accorded Judge Driscoll in an environment that doesn't encourage moral independence or free play of mind. "Judge Driscoll," says Mark Twain, "could be a freethinker and still hold his place in society because he was the person of most consequence in the community, and therefore could go on his own way and follow out his own notions." But York Leicester Driscoll isn't represented as having achieved his leading place by pre-eminence in the qualities that one would have expected to tell most among pioneering democrats. We are told of him:

He was very proud of his old Virginian ancestry, and in his hospitalities and his rather formal and stately manners he kept up the tradition. He was fine and just and generous. To be a gentleman—a gentleman without stain or blemish—was his only religion, and to it he was always faithful. He was respected, esteemed, and beloved by all the community.

It is quite unequivocal: he is "respected, esteemed and beloved" (a set of terms that defines something quite different from the attitudes towards the smart and therefore successful man) because he is a "gentleman," representing as such an ideal that doesn't belong to the realm of material "success" and is above the attainment of the ordinary member of the community. And we come here to that complexity of ethical background which I have spoken of as providing a central preoccupation of Mark Twain's, in *Pudd'nhead Wilson* as in *Huckleberry Finn*. I am not thinking merely of the persistence of an aristocratic tradition in a democratic society. That society has also its Christian allegiance, and, while the Judge is "just and generous," the total concept of "gentleman" is decidedly not Christian. When we come to Pembroke Howard, for whom to be a gentleman is *not* his only religion, the situation, with its irony, is focused in the one actor:

He was a fine, brave, majestic creature, a gentleman according to the nicest requirements of the Virginian rule, a devoted Presbyterian, an authority on the 'code,' and a man always courteously ready to stand up before you in the field if any act or word of his had seemed doubtful or suspicious to you, and explain it with any weapons you might prefer from bradawls to artillery. He was very popular with the people, and was the Judge's dearest friend.

For the gentleman, "honor stood first": the laws of honor "required certain things of him which his religion might forbid him: then his religion must yield—the laws could not be relaxed to accommodate religion or anything else." And the Christian and democratic community, with a complete and exalted conviction, gave its approval.

The people took more pride in the duel than in all the other events put together, perhaps. It was a glory to the town to have such a thing happen there. In their eyes, the principals had reached the summit of human honor.

THERE is nothing remarkable about the ability to observe such facts. What is remarkable is the subtlety of the appraising attitude that Mark Twain, in terms of impersonal art, defines towards them—as towards the whole inclusive situation presented in the book. Astringent as is the irony of *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, the attitude here has nothing of the satiric in it (the distinctively satiric plays no great part in the

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work as a whole). Mark Twain unmistakably admires Judge Driscoll and Pembroke Howard. And it is important to note that, if they are "fine," the "fineness" is not a mere matter of their being "just and generous." The total attitude where they are concerned is not altogether easy to describe, not because it is equivocal, but because it is not a simple one, and has called for some subtlety of dramatic means to convey it. The two most sympathetic characters in the drama give the "code" itself their active endorsement. It is not for instance suggested that Wilson, in acting as second in the duel, does so with any self-dissociating reservations or reluctance, and he rebukes Tom for not telling his uncle about the kicking and "letting him have a gentleman's chance": "if I had known the circumstances," he says, "I would have kept the case out of court until I got word to him and let him have a gentleman's chance."

> "You would?" exclaimed Tom, with lively surprise. "And it your first case! And you know perfectly well there would never have *been* any case if he had got that chance, don't you? And you'd have finished your days a pauper nobody, instead of being an actually launched and recognized lawyer to-day. And you would really have done that, would you?"
>
> "Certainly."
>
> Tom looked at him a moment or two, then shook his head sorrowfully and said:
>
> "I believe you—upon my word I do. I don't know why I do, but I do. Pudd'nhead Wilson, I think you're the biggest fool I ever saw."

This reminder of the circumstances of the rebuke will serve to enforce the point that Wilson, the poised and preeminently civilized moral center of the drama, whom we take to be very close in point of view to Mark Twain, is not, all the same, to be identified with him. Wilson *is* an actor in a dramatic whole that conveys its significances dramatically. The upshot of the drama is to set a high value on the human qualities fostered by the aristocratic code: to endorse the code even as far as Wilson does would be quite a different matter, and no reader of the book can suppose it to be doing that. Against the pride and the allegiance to an ideal of conduct that make personal safety a matter of comparative indifference, we see the ignominy and ugliness of Tom's complete self-centeredness, which is as unchecked by pride or concern for any ideal as by imaginative sympathy. Hearing that the Judge, fighting in *his* cause, has survived the duel, he reflects immediately, with an exasperation untouched by shame, how blessedly all problems would have been solved had the Judge been killed: the duel has been wasted.

The exposure of human nature in Tom Driscoll has an essential part in the total astringency of the book. But it will not do to suggest that human nature, as the book presents it, reduces to Tom. If the Wilson of "Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar" is not the Wilson of the drama, neither does he represent the imagination and the sensibility that inform this as a conceived and realized whole. Such utterances of Mark Twain's as this marginal note from a book, characteristic as they are, mustn't be credited with a kind of conclusive authority they certainly haven't:

> What a man sees in the human race is merely himself in the deep and honest privacy of his own heart. Byron despised the race because he despised himself. I feel as Byron did and for the same reason.

The exhibition of Tom's viciousness has its convincing force, no doubt, because *we* recognize in ourselves the potentiality, as Mark Twain did in *him*self. But it would be misleading to say that we despise Tom; that would be to suggest an animus that we do *not* feel when we place him, unequivocally, as contemptible: we are not engaged and involved in that way. The irony of the work as a whole means a very secure poise, and the poise is secure because the author has achieved a mature, balanced, and impersonal view of humanity. He himself is not involved in the personal way that involves animus in condemning.

THE attitude of *Pudd'nhead Wilson* is remote from cynicism or pessimism. The book conveys neither contempt for human nature nor a rejection of civilization. It is concerned with the complexities of both human nature and civilization as represented in a historical community—for Dawson's Landing, it may reasonably be said, is one that, at a given time in actual American history, Mark Twain had intimately known.

We are not, by way of dismissing the

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suggestion of any general contempt, confined to adducing Wilson himself and the "fine, brave, majestic creatures" who uphold the code of the F.F.V. Most impressively, there is Roxy. It is true that her heroic maternal devotion plays against the extremity of mean heartless egotism given us in Tom. But her significance is not exhausted in that irony. We feel her dominating the book as a triumphant vindication of life. Without being in the least sentimentalized, or anything but dramatically right, she plainly bodies forth the qualities that Mark Twain, in his whole being, most values—qualities that, as Roxy bears witness, he profoundly believes in as observable in humanity, having known them in experience. Although born a slave, she is herself a "fine, brave, majestic creature," whose vitality expresses itself in pride, high-spiritedness, and masterful generosity. Her reckless presence at the duel defines Mark Twain's attitude towards the "code" more decisively than Wilson's participation does. When she proudly tells Tom that he is descended from the best blood of Virginia the effect, for all the irony, is not satiric. And her confident and justified reliance on the loyal comradeship, not only of her fellow-"niggers," but also of the officers of the *Grand Mogul,* has its part in the appraisal of human nature conveyed by the book as a whole.

Mr. De Voto makes the point that she represents a frank and unembarrassed recognition of the actuality of sex, with its place and power in human affairs, such as cannot be found elsewhere in Mark Twain. That seems to me true and important. It is an aspect of the general fact, that she is the presence in the book of a free and generous vitality, in which the warmly and physically human manifests itself also as intelligence and spiritual strength. It is this far-reaching associative way in which, so dominating a presence, she stands for—she *is*—triumphant life that gives the book, for all its astringency and for all the chilling irony of the close, its genial quality (to be both genial and astringent is its extraordinary distinction).

How far from satiric the spirit of *Pudd'nhead Wilson* is may be seen in the presentment of the subtleties of conscience and ethical sensibility in Roxy. Consider the episode of the stolen money and the threat to sell the Negro servants down the river. We are no doubt very close to the satiric note in the irony with which the chapter ends—in Percy Driscoll's self-gratulation on his magnanimity: "that night he set the incident down in his diary, so that his son might read it in after years and be thereby moved to deeds of gentleness and humanity himself." But we are remote from satire here:

> The truth was, all were guilty but Roxana; she suspected that the others were guilty, but she did not know them to be so. She was horrified to think how near she had come to being guilty herself; she had been saved in the nick of time by a revival in the colored Methodist Church, a fortnight before, at which time and place she had "got religion." The very next day after that gracious experience, while her change of style was fresh upon her and she was vain of her purified condition, her master left a couple of dollars lying unprotected on his desk, and she happened upon that temptation when she was polishing around with a dust-rag. She looked at the money awhile with a steadily rising resentment, and then she burst out with —"Dad blame dat revival, I wisht it had 'a be'n put off till to-morrow!"
>
> Then she covered the tempter with a book, and another member of the kitchen cabinet got it. She made this sacrifice as a matter of religious etiquette; as a thing necessary just now, but by no means to be wrested into a precedent; no, a week or two would limber up her piety, then she would be rational again, and the next two dollars that got left out in the cold would find a comforter—and she could name the comforter.
>
> Was she bad? Was she worse than the general run of her race? No. They had an unfair show in the battle of life. . . .

In spite of that last phrase, we know that what we have been contemplating is not just an exhibition of Negro traits: "her race" is the human race. These naive and subtle changes and adjustments of conscience and the moral sense we can parallel from our own inner experience. But there is nothing cynically reductive in Mark Twain's study of the moral nature of man; he shows the clairvoyance of a mind that is sane and poised, and the irony that attends the illustration of subtleties and complexities throws no doubt on the reality or the dignity or the effectiveness in human affairs of ethical sensibility.

I HAVE not yet touched on the central irony of the book, the sustained and complex

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irony inherent in the plot. *Pudd'nhead Wilson* should be recognized as a classic of the use of popular modes—of the sensational and the melodramatic—for the purposes of significant art. The book, I have said, is not faultless, and an obvious criticism lies against the unfulfilled promise represented by the twins—the non-significant play made with them, their history and the sinister oriental dagger. Mark Twain, we can see, had intended to work out some interplay of the two parallel sets of complications: twins and interchanged babies. He abandoned the idea, but didn't trouble to eliminate that insistent focusing of expectation upon the twins. The fault is in a sense a large one, and yet it is not, after all, a very serious one: it doesn't affect the masterly handling of the possibilities actually developed.

The ironic subtleties that Mark Twain gets from the interchange of the babies in their cradles seem, as one ponders them, almost inexhaustible. There is the terrible difference, no more questioned by Roxy than by her master, between the "nigger" and the white. The conventionality of the distinction is figured by the actual whiteness of Roxy, whose one-sixteenth of Negro blood tells only in her speech (with which, indeed, it has no essential relation, as is illustrated later by the inability of "Valet de Chambers," now revealed as the pure-white heir, to shed the "nigger"-speech he learnt in childhood). So awful, ultimate and unchangeable is the distinction that Roxy, as, in order to save her child from the fate hanging over the slave (to be "sold down the river"), she changes the babies in their cradles, justifies herself by the example of God. The rendering is an irresistible manifestation of genius, utterly convincing, and done with a delicate subtlety of ironic significance:

> She flung herself on her bed and began to think and toss, toss and think. By-and-by she sat suddenly upright, for a comforting thought had flown through her worried mind:
>
> "Tain't no sin—*white* folks has done it! It ain't no sin, glory to goodness it ain't no sin! *Dey's* done it—yes, en dey was de biggest quality in de whole bilin', too—*kings!*"
>
> She began to muse; she was trying to gather out of her memory the dim particulars of some tale she had heard some time or other. At last she said:
>
> "Now I's got it; now I 'member. It was dat ole nigger preacher dat tole it, de time he come over here fum Illinois en preached in de nigger church. He said dey ain't nobody kin save his own self—can't do it by faith, can't do it by works, can't do it no way at all. Free grace is de *on'y* way, en dat don't come fum nobody but jis' de Lord; en *he* kin give it to anybody he please, saint or sinner—*he* don't kyer. He do jis' as he's a mineter. He s'lect out anybody dat suit him, en put another one in his place, en make de fust one happy for ever en leave t'other one to burn wid Satan."

There is of course a glance here at the Calvinism of Mark Twain's youth. And it is to be noted that Roxy, while usurping the prerogative of the predestinating Deity, has shown a wholly human compassion, and has invoked a compassionate God in doing so:

> "I's sorry for you, honey; I's sorry, God knows I is—but what *kin* I do, what *could* I do? Yo' pappy would sell him to somebody, some time, en den he'd go down de river, sho', and I couldn't, couldn't, *couldn't* stan' it."

In saving the child from the consequences of the awful distinction that she assumes to be in the nature of things, she demonstrates its lack of any ground but convention; she demonstrates the wholly common humanity of the "nigger" and the white. The father himself cannot detect the fraud: he cannot tell his own child from the other. And—one of the many ironies—it is his cruel, but confidently righteous, severity that imposes the full abjectiveness of slave mentality upon his own child, who becomes the defenseless and rightless servant of the slave's child. On the other hand, Roxy's success in saving Valet de Chambers (the name her proud tribute to an ideal "white" lordliness) from the fate of the slave erects a dreadful barrier between child and mother. Treated as "young Marse Tom," not only does he become that different order of being, the "master"; in Roxy herself the slave attitudes that she necessarily observes towards him find themselves before long attended by the appropriate awe. When at last, outraged by the humiliating and cruel rebuffs that meet her appeal for a little kindness (she is in need) to the old "nigger-mammy," she forgets habit and the ties of motherhood, and pants for revenge, she has to recognize that she has placed him in an impregnable position: no one will believe her tale. A further

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irony is that, if he has turned out bad, a portent of egocentric heartlessness, that is at least partly due to his spoiling as heir and young master, the lordly superior being.

It is a mark of the poised humanity characterizing the treatment of the themes of *Pudd'nhead Wilson* that, worthless and vicious as "Tom" is, when he has to face the sudden revelation that he is a Negro, we feel some compassion for him; we don't just applaud an irony of poetic justice when he is cornered into reflecting, with an echo of his mother's self-justifying recall of the Calvinistic God:

> "Why were niggers and whites made? What crime did the uncreated first nigger commit that the curse of birth was decreed for him? And why is this awful difference made between black and white?"

Compassion, of course, soon vanishes as the dialectic of utter selfishness unfolds in him. The developments of his incapacity for compassion are done with a convincingness that the creator of Tito Melema would have envied. When Roxy offers to be sold back into slavery in order to save "Tom" from being disinherited, and he, with dreadfully credible treachery, sells her "down the river," the opposite extremes of human nature are brought together in an effect that belongs wholly to the mode of *Pudd'nhead Wilson,* and is equally removed from melodrama and from cynicism. It can hardly be said, when we close the book, that the worst in human nature has not been confronted; yet the upshot of the whole is neither to judge mankind to be contemptible nor to condemn civilization. And it is remarkable how utterly free from animus that astringency is which takes on so intense a concentration in the close:

> Everybody granted that if "Tom" were white and free it would be unquestionably right to punish him—it would be no loss to anybody; but to shut up a valuable slave for life—that was quite another matter.
>
> As soon as the Governor understood the case, he pardoned Tom at once, and the creditors sold him down the river.

It is an irony of the tale that this, the fate to secure him against which Roxana had committed her crime, is, as an ultimate consequence of that crime, the fate he suffers.

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WESTERN STRATEGY AND ECONOMIC REVOLUTION

Direct or Delaying Action?

H. STUART HUGHES

AS THE United States enters upon what promises to be one of the most protracted and confused election campaigns in history, the definition of foreign policy issues is more than customarily murky. The cold war and coexistence continue to be the dominant realities. Both terms are unclear—both slightly shopworn. Indeed, it is becoming increasingly apparent that neither word describes adequately a situation in which mutual distrust and preparation for war remain nearly unaltered, while the respite gained at Geneva last summer from the immediate fear of a major conflict has opened up sweeping vistas of economic and psychological courting among the still uncommitted nations of the globe. To say that in this latter competition the Soviet Union is doing better than the Western powers is simply to underline the rather obvious fact that the Communist leaders are in a position to combine unity and flexibility of maneuver in a fashion that is totally out of the question for the Western coalition.

Faced with this situation, the Republicans can scarcely be expected to discuss the country's foreign policy with complete candor. It is only on its right wing that the party's leaders are indelicate enough to declare that we are "losing the cold war." Senator Knowland and his fellows run no particular risk in speaking thus bluntly. In fact it may be the only course open to them—since their sole avenue to power may lie through arousing a bemused public to the conviction that "creeping socialism" at home is being paralleled by "creeping defeat" abroad. For the Eisenhower administration, however, a cautious approach is imperative. About all that Secretary Dulles, Mr. Stassen, and the rest can offer is an assurance that the national father-image knows best, that things are not as bad as they seem, and that the party that is both the party of peace and the party of uncompromising hostility to Communism at home and abroad is still by far the safer one to which to entrust the nation's fortunes.

With the Republicans firmly—if slightly illogically—sitting on both the peace and the anti-Communist stools, the Democrats are suffering from dissimilar but equally painful embarrassments. The more responsible party leaders are acutely aware of the dangers of the present situation. They recall with nostalgia the half decade from 1947 to 1952 when the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the Atlantic alliance, and the Korean war seemed to fit together into a coherent policy of economic and military containment. Most of them are convinced that the current and planned military appropriations are perilously inadequate. Yet to insist too strongly on this point would be to expose themselves once again to the charge of being a war party. The independent voter's distaste for the Korean war that the election of

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ONE school of thought, represented by G. L. Arnold in his recently published *The Pattern of World Conflict* (Dial, $4.00) and also in many of the articles he has contributed to this magazine, holds that we must challenge Communism's revolutionary dynamism with a dynamic program of our own, in which the backward and old colonial areas of the world would be helped by the West to modernize themselves. H. STUART HUGHES, who is head of the department of history at Stanford, here examines that program in the light of present realities and future possibilities. Mr. Hughes is the author of *Oswald Spengler* (1952) and *The United States and Italy* (1953), among other books. His most recent previous article in COMMENTARY, "Where Modern Germany Took the Wrong Turn," appeared in November 1954.

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1952 revealed has remained a traumatic memory. Similarly, the Democratic leadership is obliged to take account of the peace sentiment within its own ranks: the gentler forms of internationalism have traditionally been more at home among the Democrats than among the Republicans, and hundreds of thousands of erring souls who eight years ago followed Henry Wallace in his melancholy pilgrimage for peace are now safely back in the Democratic fraternity.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that neither party feels particularly inclined to discuss foreign policy in realistic terms. Similarly it is in everybody's interest—again with the exception of the Republican right wing—to obscure the misunderstandings between our own country and its European allies. For the Eisenhower administration, it obviously forms part of the general strategy of keeping calm when official spokesmen assure the public that the Secretary of State is respected (if not precisely beloved) across the Atlantic. At the same time the Democrats are not in a position to exploit to full advantage Mr. Dulles's inconsistencies and frequent diplomatic *gaffes*. During the Congressional elections of 1954 Democratic speakers could profitably enlarge on the extent to which two years of Republican rule had disjointed the structure of alliances built up during the Truman administration, and the harm that Senator McCarthy's exploits—and the President's protracted toleration of them—had done to American prestige abroad. But now McCarthyism has ceased to be a major public issue, and the President has cut the ground from under his Europe-minded critics by going to meet the Soviet leaders at Geneva. The almost unanimous approval with which this gesture was greeted even by fairly skeptical Europeans suggested that our partners in the Atlantic alliance were not so militant about the anti-Soviet struggle as the Democratic leadership had supposed, and that a simple resuscitation of the Truman-Acheson policy might no longer correspond to the aspirations of Europeans who had been breathing more easily ever since the death of Stalin had seemed to open the way to a return to old-style diplomacy and compromise.

Yet the Geneva meeting merely plastered over the yawning gap between American and European attitudes. The Europeans—and more particularly the British—are more than ever convinced that the Americans are basically ignorant of the international facts of life. They believe that our leaders are too eager for quick solutions—at first infatuated with the slogan of "massive retaliation," then naively surprised when the abrupt about-face to conciliation at Geneva failed to produce more substantial results. The average European statesman remains persuaded that the world struggle against Communism will not be won tomorrow, indeed that the prospects for the West may of necessity grow much worse before they show any visible improvement. He is prepared to accept diplomatic defeat in his own time provided that the withdrawal is made in good order and more vital positions are reasonably well preserved. He looks to a distant future and a slow reorientation of Communist attitudes to vindicate a policy that on a short-term basis may appear indefensibly timid.

Against this background, one may welcome a book on foreign affairs that clarifies more often than it exhorts—a book European in orientation yet free of anti-American insularity. Written by a man of Continental origin and of British allegiance, G. L. Arnold's *The Pattern of World Conflict* has the range and sureness of perception that come from knowledge long pondered. It might well figure as required reading on the ill-furnished shelves of American political leaders warming up for nine months of battle.

IN THE opening paragraph of what he describes as an "addition to the growing volume of literature on current affairs," Mr. Arnold apologizes for discussing once again such familiar topics as "East-West relations, the cold war, and the prospect of 'peaceful coexistence.'" His justification is rather more convincing than those usually proposed in similar circumstances. The standpoint, he

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tells us, is uncompromisingly "Atlantic." His study "attempts a synthesis of views common to liberal and socialist, American and European, supporters of planning. . . . In addition, an effort has been made to combine the analysis of political trends . . . with a brief consideration of long-term processes released by the collapse of the nineteenth-century system of world trade." To these arguments, a reviewer can join a further justification that the author was obviously not in a position to advance himself—that Mr. Arnold brings to bear on familiar material an inordinately acute, balanced, and well-trained mind and a talent for juxtaposing the old elements of our discontents in new and exciting relationships.

Thus the central argument of the whole work combines a provincial toughness of outlook with an unexpected freedom from what the anthropologists have taught us to regard as the unforgivable sin of being "culture-bound." Mr. Arnold writes as a self-confident defender of Western or "Atlantic" society: he sees no reason to examine or to apologize for this fundamental loyalty. At the same time he is well aware that the fate of the world no longer rests exclusively in the hands of Europeans or North Americans: the decisive battles, ideological and economic, are being fought for the allegiance of Asia and other "backward" areas. As conventionally presented, the latter argument usually includes some element of apology or self-denigration, some sense of shame for the past misdeeds of colonial powers and for the continuing disparity in living standards that separates the Atlantic community from the rest of the world. It frequently presupposes a bias in favor of alien cultures and an unfavorable comparison between the materialistic society to which the author himself belongs and the spiritual values for which the non-Western sector of humanity is presumed to stand. With all such sentimental and quasi-mystical arguments, Mr. Arnold is frankly impatient. His is rather a thoroughly pragmatic line: one can rescue the Atlantic community only if one rescues the rest of the world in the process.

Briefly the argument runs as follows. The end of the 19th century saw the breakdown of the world market and of the *Pax Britannica* associated with it. The First World War merely accelerated a process that was already far advanced. In the inter-war years the expansionist policies of Germany and Japan represented the efforts of medium-sized powers to adjust to a situation in which there existed neither a true international balance nor the hegemony of a single power. It was only at the end of the Second World War that a certain clarity returned to international relations with the emergence of a world dominated by two super-powers. After the confusions and uncertainties of the immediate postwar period, the facts of the new situation gradually gained general recognition. But it has taken longer to arrive at an understanding of exactly what the cold war was about. To explain this is the purpose of Mr. Arnold's book.

We should be mistaken, he says, to view the present conflict simply as a struggle between freedom and compulsion—economic, political, or moral. The real problem of Communism is far more puzzling than that. For Communism represents one answer—a partial and perverted and immensely costly answer, it is true—to the demand for modernization and industrialization that has become nearly universal in the economically retrograde areas of the world. It has long been a stock argument of Stalinist (and even anti-Stalinist) polemics to claim that the Soviet Union has devised a highly contagious method for leaping directly from "feudalism" into a "socialist" society. This contention, Mr. Arnold maintains, like so much in Marxist apologetics, clothes a kernel of validity in an outdated and inappropriate vocabulary. The real struggle, he tells us, is not between socialism and capitalism: under modern conditions of state planning both of these terms have become almost meaningless. It is a question, rather, of what sort of group will direct the economic and social revolution that is currently in progress among three-quarters of the world's population—a handful of professional revolution-

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aries drawn from the intellectual and managerial strata to whose drives for power and self-dedication Communism offers an appealing ideological synthesis, or a somewhat less ruthless elite that will look to the West for economic and moral encouragement.

The tasks that face the Western coalition, then, are: first, to strengthen its own defenses by reorganizing what is now simply a military alliance into a true Atlantic federation; second, to seize from the Communists the leadership in the revolution which is in full flood in Asia, and in its incipient stages in Africa, the Near East, and Latin America. It is incumbent on the Western powers, and more particularly the United States, to support "nationalist regimes with a strong socialist flavoring" in a "program that effectively links capital accumulation to wider economic and social aims." The time for such a transfer of initiative may be short, but it exists. Neither side would at present derive any sure advantage from breaking the military deadlock. Wars are still likely to occur, but there is a good chance that they will be "confined to areas where no fundamental issues are involved. . . . Is it not . . . probable that we are moving into a twilight zone of 'neither peace nor war,' in which the 'cold war' and 'coexistence' will increasingly appear to be merely two sides of the same medal?"

It is impossible in so schematic a summary to give an adequate idea of the polemical vigor, the subtlety of argumentation, and the freedom from the usual ideological blinders that characterize Mr. Arnold's book. It is a powerful, sensible, realistic work. That it may not be totally original is no particular count against it: the influences it shows are of the highest intellectual merit—among them Ambassador George Kennan and the late Professor Joseph Schumpeter. Mr. Arnold occasionally lets himself be carried away by his own rhetoric; the polemic against the "neoliberal Utopia" of 1945-46 with which he launches his main arguments takes too much at face value the illusions of the immediate postwar era. Even here, however, he rescues his position by concentrating his attention not, as is customary, on the Yalta conference—which essentially ratified a *fait accompli* in Eastern Europe and a *fait* about to be *accompli* in China—but on Potsdam, where the Western powers in fact had some room for maneuver, and whose decisions in a "casual manner . . . canceled ten centuries of European history."

Elsewhere Mr. Arnold flails about him with a sure sense for intellectual weakness and political claptrap. In a few deft sentences he demolishes the pieties with which discussion of the United Nations is usually surrounded. He is no less merciless toward the "inanities" of American politics in general and of the Republican right wing in particular. The shibboleths of free enterprise similarly find no favor with him. At this point, having left his American readers gasping, he turns on his own countrymen, the British, with a spirited assault on the sentimental Arabophilia that has made the Near East the "favorite playground of politically minded orientalists, historians anxious for a role in the cold war, and people who prefer horse-drawn vehicles to motor traffic." The Mediterranean is, in fact, the area about which Mr. Arnold has the greatest number of original things to say and where he displays to best advantage his analytical and polemical talents.

To the customary division between Eastern and Western Europe he suggests that we add a new category of Southern Europe to include the whole Mediterranean arc extending from Portugal to Turkey. This area, he argues, represents the fatally weak flank of the Atlantic community. Here again sentimentality and a love of the picturesque have obscured the economic and social realities. Few English or Americans realize that the South is the most backward part of the Continent and lags notably behind Eastern Europe in industrial activity. Even a comparatively well-informed reader may be surprised to learn that Poland has already outstripped Italy and is approaching the French level of per capita production. (Living standards are a different matter, since, on

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the Soviet model, the Eastern European countries have sacrificed consumption to capital investment, but in the long pull it is productivity that counts.)

This documented indictment of Mediterranean stagnation—and of American complacence in such countries as Greece and Spain—suggests a number of corollaries. More particularly, it provides a pragmatic justification for the contention that of America's eccentric friends it is Tito who is in some sense preferable to Franco. Usually this argument is advanced on emotional grounds—with youthful memories of the Spanish Civil War somewhere in the background. For Mr. Arnold it is simply a question of an economy that is rapidly modernizing itself against an economy that is "so seriously unbalanced that some of the main branches of industry have still not recovered their 1929 level," and in which "between 1940 and 1950 there was no advance whatever in farm output, while simultaneously the rural population rose by ten per cent."

With the alternatives lined up as "conservative militarists" and "elderly bedridden intriguers" on the one hand, and dynamic variants of the Soviet experiment on the other, the latter choice obviously holds no terrors for Mr. Arnold. Indeed, he would positively welcome the growth of heretical Communist movements. "The Yugoslav miracle," he argues, "was an uncovenanted piece of luck, for which Western policy-makers have not ceased to apologize, as though it were something to be ashamed of." Tito may be an uncertain friend, but he may also point the way out of the current international impasse. What Mr. Arnold apparently has in mind for the less developed nations of the earth is a kind of synthesis of Yugoslav and Turkish experience—elitist regimes devoted to state planning, which might be democratic in aspiration, but in the short run would not shrink from dictatorial or even totalitarian procedures.

In brief, to win the world struggle we must beat the Communists at their own game. This is the recipe that Mr. Arnold finally offers us. He makes no secret of the fact that a great deal of Marx has gone into it, that in the Communist "mixture of fact and fancy, shrewd theorizing and illogical extrapolation," there is much that corresponds to the realities of our current situation. In the abstract, such a recognition of indebtedness is not particularly alarming; on the contrary, it offers a wholesome change from the tendency of American publicists to crib from Marx and Lenin without acknowledgment. In concrete terms, however, the implications of this line of reasoning are disquieting indeed.

MR. ARNOLD is no more tender with pessimism and historical fatalism than he is with liberal or agrarian sentimentality. He has a robust scorn for defeatism of all sorts, and he manages to work into his analysis the sideswipe at Toynbee that has become virtually *de rigueur* in recent years. Yet, realistically considered, his own program could well encourage a defeatist mentality. "The least that can be done in this situation," he argues, "is to recognize it for what it is. At bottom it is a question of controlling and directing the revolution that is now lifting the bulk of mankind to a new technological level." But is this a likely prospect? Is there any present indication that the leading Western statesmen have the remotest intention of pouring the money and effort into the undeveloped areas of the world that such a policy would require? If in the heyday of the Truman administration Point Four remained the inadequate statement of good intentions that Mr. Arnold recognizes it to have been, would an expanded program run any better chance in the present atmosphere of intensified national egoism on both sides of the Atlantic?

Thus Mr. Arnold falls into the trap that awaits so many clear-sighted proponents of astringent remedies. By stating his alternatives in too bleak a form, he runs the risk that his readers will settle for the choice that he intended them to reject. If things are really so bad as Mr. Arnold says, the weary citizen of the West may conclude that there is little to be done about it—that India and

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the rest will sooner or later "go Communist"—and that the Atlantic community (which sheer necessity will doubtless drive into the federation that Mr. Arnold proposes) will eventually be obliged to stand off the united assault of the vast majority of mankind.

This may well be the case, and it would be intellectually frivolous to dismiss such a prospect as simply too depressing. But I venture to suggest that there is another possibility of salvation—a modest one to which Mr. Arnold gives only passing attention—that has long been the unstated major premise of Britain's foreign policy. It is that the Atlantic powers are forced by circumstances to fight what is little more than a delaying action, that the battles that have been lost—China, Indo-China, and the rest—are simply the first of a series of probable defeats that will end only when the Communist world has become so vastly extended as to prove unmanageable, or until some notable change of heart takes place within the Communist governing class. Under these circumstances, the British have tried to play a weak hand with some sort of style—to put a good face on concessions that they have resisted up to the last possible moment; to accept diplomatic humiliation in return for a window or two on the East; and to work quietly and tirelessly to widen every possible crevice in the apparently monolithic international alignment confronting them. This Fabian policy has certainly been inglorious. To date it has received only the accidental vindication of the Titoist defection from the Communist camp. Yet without assuming some such basic premise, it is impossible to understand the ostensible equanimity with which the British have regarded the victory of Mao Tse-tung in China and the ideological tergiversations of Nehru in India.

This is not to say that the British have been particularly pleased by what has happened in Asia during the past decade. But the comparatively elegant fashion in which they departed from India and the sudden enhancement of their standing among Asians that resulted from it have endowed them with a serenity in regarding Far Eastern problems that is in marked contrast to the more harassed attitude of the French and Americans. The Indo-Chinese war is a case in point. The tragic confusion in its conduct and the Franco-American misunderstandings that punctuated it arose from the fact that it simultaneously formed part of the worldwide struggle against Communist expansion, and represented a thoroughly anachronistic effort to hold on to the last important European colony in Asia. Up to the very end, these two elements were never properly disentangled. Apparently the British realized this all along: enlightened by their experience in India, they suspected that the Indo-Chinese war could never be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Similarly, their current attitude of detachment with regard to Burma and Indonesia suggests a conviction that the Western powers can do little to influence the internal evolution of these countries. A corresponding skepticism extends to the efforts of American policy-makers to build up an Asian anti-Communist front out of what, to the British, seem little more than bits and pieces—Pakistan, Thailand, the Philippines, and Formosa. The British attitude has the virtues and the weaknesses of the wisdom of the disabused.

NOTHING could be further from the conventional American insistence on positive solutions. Yet for a brief moment last summer the President of the United States seemed to have subscribed to the British world-view. Mr. Arnold's book was completed only a few weeks before the Geneva conference opened. But nothing that happened there altered in any fundamental sense what he had written. In fact, Mr. Arnold's statement about the present unlikelihood of large-scale nuclear warfare was only confirmed by the tacit pledges given at Geneva, which represented the single substantial achievement of that gathering. And the whole argument of his book suggests how foolish it was to have expected any more of the "Geneva spirit." If American statesmen have subsequently voiced their disappointment at Soviet behavior, it shows

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either that they were perilously naive last summer, or that they were willing to close their eyes to reality in order to obtain a brief flurry of popularity at home and abroad on bargain terms.

It is almost inconceivable that the President and his advisers did not know what they were doing at Geneva—that they were inaugurating a period of international *détente* from which the Communist powers would reap nearly all the obvious advantages. That they were willing to do so suggests that their ultimate judgment of the international situation was nearly as pessimistic as that of the British. Their line of action at Geneva makes sense only in terms of a grave doubt as to their desire or ability to persuade the American public to accept the drastic economic sacrifices that Mr. Arnold's program would entail.

At the time of the Geneva meeting, the American election campaign was only on the horizon. Half a year later, electoral considerations have become of acute importance in calculating budget figures on foreign aid. President Eisenhower and his advisers have displayed notable courage in proposing to increase these figures. But the controversy that the administration's proposals have aroused —not only among Republicans but among certain influential Congressional Democrats —underlines the electoral explosiveness of the whole issue. It suggests once again the limits to public acceptance of an expensive and truly revolutionary program for economic expansion abroad.

If this is indeed the case, then certain minor concomitants of the Geneva meeting deserve closer attention than they have to date received. The beginnings of cultural exchange and the relaxation of passport and visa restrictions on both sides have in general been assumed to be more beneficial to the Soviet Union than to the West. But is this necessarily true? Perhaps we have been guilty of underestimating our own powers of persuasion. The techniques of Communist subversion in the West are well known and long ago reached a point of diminishing returns. The potentialities of Western "subversion" of the Soviet world are as yet untried. The new opportunities for personal contact that resulted from the Geneva conference for the first time offer an avenue of approach to the Communist managerial class. And the longing on the part of this social stratum for some relaxation of the intolerable tension under which they are currently forced to live represents the most serious psychological problem confronting the Communist regimes.

In his less expansive moments, Mr. Arnold advances a similar thesis in somewhat more tentative terms. "The only stratum in Soviet society that can at present be appealed to by the West is the managerial one, and the only program that fits its needs is one which takes the hierarchical structure of Soviet society for granted and merely seeks to rid it of the monstrosities accumulated during the Stalinist epoch." Eventually, such an appeal may bring about a substantial revision of Stalinist concepts among the Communist governing class. "Having taken the first step on the road to sanity it is not inconceivable that they will in time shed enough of their mental apparatus to make coexistence genuinely workable. Yet to say this is merely to express a hope, not to risk a prediction." On this note of cautious expectation, which Mr. Arnold offers simply as a corollary to his more positive argument, the author and the present writer can part in harmony.

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RETURNING TO DACHAU

The Living and the Dead

BRUNO BETTELHEIM

OFF and on for close to twenty years, and beginning long before my own experience made them a very personal and immediate issue, the problems posed by totalitarian society have occupied my mind. A year (1938-39) in the concentration camps at Dachau and Buchenwald made me realize what a central role the concentration camp (or prison) plays as an instrument of control under totalitarianism, and how essential it is in shaping the individual's personality into the type such a society requires. At first, therefore, it was the psychology and the sociology of the concentration camp that interested me most.

The result was a monograph published during the war, when information about the camps was still meager, which was met with skepticism in many places. In it, I described the ways in which the integrity of the human being was undermined by the camp regimen and his personality radically changed. But a more important study remained to be written, one that would deal with the problem of reviving, restoring, and reintegrating the personality that had undergone the experience of the concentration camp. And this, the rehabilitation of traumatized or "destroyed" individuals, has been my vocation for many years.

AMONG the reasons I accepted a recent invitation to spend several months at the University of Frankfort was the knowledge that I would be working with a group of sociologists who might help me to understand this process of rehabilitation. Originally, my plan of research was simple: I would interview Germans who had been in concentration camps in order to try and fathom the ways in which they had dealt with their experience. But a few weeks of careful observation made me realize that I had seen my problem much too simply.

Although I myself had already said in print that the personality of no one who had passed through a concentration camp could be immune to the effect of its institutions, I had not realized how utterly true this was. After a few weeks of talking to people in all walks of German life, and observing the present-day forms of that life—whether in universities, on the street, or at places of work—the conclusion became inescapable that every German had in some way or other been an inmate of that wider concentration camp which was the Third Reich. Every German who lived under the Nazi regime, whether he accepted or fought it, had been through a concentration camp in a sense; some, the actual inmates, had gone through it as tortured slaves, others—the majority of Germans—had gone through it as trustees, so to speak.

THE visit to Dachau that BRUNO BETTELHEIM describes here was his second. A Viennese by birth and education, Dr. Bettelheim was arrested by the Nazis after the Anschluss and spent a year in Buchenwald and Dachau. Later, in the United States, he produced a famous essay, "Behavior in Extreme Situations," which was a pioneer study in the effects of totalitarian terror on the personality. More recently, Dr. Bettelheim has devoted himself to treating emotionally disturbed children, and last year published a volume, *Truants from Life* (The Free Press), on the subject. Among other books by him are *Love Is Not Enough* (1950) and *Symbolic Wounds* (1954). Head of the University of Chicago's Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School, Dr. Bettelheim is also professor of educational psychology in the departments of education and psychology of the same university. Readers will remember his essay, "How Arm Our Children Against Anti-Semitism?" in our September 1951 issue.

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Down at bottom the German had had only two positions open to him under Hitler: to preserve his inner integrity by fighting all aspects of the Nazi state—which a small minority did—or to accept it to a large degree and shape his personality in accordance with its demands—which was what the vast majority did. This difference between minority and majority still exists in Adenauer's Germany, and in all probability in the East Zone too. There are those who cannot yet extricate themselves from their struggle against the concentration-camp society, and those who cannot yet extricate themselves from having assented or been resigned to it.

Psychologically speaking, one might say that both groups were severely traumatized. But since the nature of the traumas was antithetical, they have reacted differently. Those who more or less accepted the concentration-camp society deny the nature of the camps and their horrors; in their case it is obvious that real amnesia has set in. When broken through, such amnesia tries to reestablish itself by frantic denials, by alibi-ing and by reaction formations (complaints about what the Americans and Russians did to Germans, what Americans still do to Negroes, and so on); a whole repertory of defensive mechanisms are set in motion when the amnesia that is still needed by the individual in order to continue functioning is attacked from the outside.

But those who fought the Nazi regime are hardly any more able to go on living in tranquillity. They do not deny, or block out by amnesia, the fact of the concentration-camp society; on the contrary, they seem to go on reliving that trauma in an "unintegrated" way. I met a man who wanted, most devotedly, to build a better Germany; he was not an isolated individual but an active leader of German intellectual life. After a while our conversation turned to the concentration camps, whereupon he took a two-year-old newspaper clipping out of his wallet and showed it to me. It reported that a visitor to Dachau had been told by his German guide that none but criminals were confined in the camps, that torture was never practiced in them, and that what most people said about them was all lies—no decent citizen had ever been sent to a concentration camp.

At the time, I did not know whether to place any belief in this report or not. But what struck me was that this man had carried the clipping in his breast-pocket for two years—over his heart, as it were—which suggested that he, too, was unable to forget the concentration camps, not for a moment. . . .

I HAD toyed with the idea of revisiting Dachau, which I had been told was being preserved as a kind of memorial. The clipping and the dramatic way it had been brought to my attention increased my desire to do so. I had spent the spring and summer of 1938 in Dachau before being transferred to Buchenwald. In a way, I wanted to have the guide who would take me around deny the horrors of the camp; this would confirm me in my conviction that today's Germans prefer to deny wholly what Nazism had been like. But reality, as so often happens, turned out to be entirely different.

On my way to Dachau I stayed at one of the best hotels in Munich, registering as an American citizen and deliberately speaking nothing but English. When I asked how to make arrangements to visit the site of the concentration camp at Dachau, the desk clerk, who until then had been most polite and helpful, suddenly busied himself with another guest. Pressed, he told me that he didn't know if one could visit Dachau or how, and that there was nothing of interest left there anyway. I insisted nevertheless, and again he turned away from me, with the indication this time that I was showing very bad taste. After waiting a while, I turned to another desk clerk with the same question and got more or less the same response.

Finally, in the face of my persistence, they said they didn't know how the camp could be reached, since it was quite far from the train station, and hiring a car and driving there from Munich would be very expen-

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sive. I answered that I would take the train and try to get a ride from Dachau station. This, they said, might be possible, but they were not at all sure I would be able to get a taxi there. I said I was willing to risk it. Was it not a memorable, though sinister, place that might be interesting to see? Icy silence. Then I asked for the train schedule, and was told that trains ran often to Dachau. What was the next one? I was shown a huge timetable giving all the trains leaving Munich in all directions. It was fastened to the desk facing the clerks, so I had to scan it upside down.

Until then I had not felt very strongly about visiting Dachau, but these hotel clerks gradually awoke a cold anger in me, first at their implicit denial of the importance of the camp, and then at the attitude of disapproval they manifested to one who seemed interested in it. So once aboard the suburban train from Munich to Dachau, I felt in more of a mood to relive the feelings I had known while in the camp itself. The easy, comfortable half-hour's ride reminded me of the trip of seventeen years before, with all its brutality involving the murder of good friends and the maiming of others. By the time I walked out of sleepy Dachau station to one of the several waiting taxis I was ready for an emotional experience.

I had planned the trip in the spirit of the newspaper clipping that partly motivated it. I had decided now to be a skeptical Austrian. In my best Viennese dialect I asked the taxi driver how far it was to the camp, whether there was anything to see there, and how much time it would take to visit it. The friendliness, the eagerness to do business with a sightseer, with which he encouraged me to visit the place and offered to point out all the interesting sights—claiming to be thoroughly familiar with them—was disarming. I mentioned casually that I had heard a lot of contradictory stories and, having some time on my hands, had felt the impulse to find out the truth. I added that people tended to exaggerate and dramatize things, whereupon he told me it was hardly possible to exaggerate Dachau's horrors.

He began to tell me about incidents some of which, curiously enough, I had witnessed myself. He spoke of the petty difficulties he had had with the SS men guarding the camp, and of the greater difficulties with them that peasants in the neighborhood had had. He described to me the killing of prisoners in '38 and the incredibly callous attitude of the SS men involved—exactly what I myself had witnessed so many times. I was just beginning to wonder how it was that this man could accept the truth about the concentration camps with so much equanimity when he gave me the answer, or the clue to it. Suddenly he left his tale of Dachau to reminisce about his four years in a prisoner-of-war camp in Siberia; how he had lived in fear of his life between the Russian guards and the cold, dirt, and hunger. It was as if a story about one prison camp naturally led to one about another.

HERE, then, was my answer. This German had suffered under Hitler—so he felt—just as much as those in Hitler's concentration camps had. So he felt free of guilt. As a resident of the village of Dachau, he had not only known of the existence of the camp, but had feared its presence—this, more than most other Germans. True, he had been happy about German military successes as long as they continued, and he commended the greater equality in the distribution of earthly goods (particularly food) under the Nazis as compared with the years immediately after 1945 when some had plenty while he had starved. Nonetheless, he was full of hatred for Hitler; it was, however, mainly for very personal reasons.

Before the war the SS men from Dachau camp had filled the taverns in town and monopolized the free girls. Even worse, they had interfered with one of the great pleasures of his youth, which was to sit in the tavern with his friends and sound off about everything that displeased him in life. The constant presence of the SS men had prevented them from talking to each other as they wanted to. The cab driver became even more heated when describing

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to me how that scoundrel, Hitler, by locating the camp outside this nice home town of his, had given it a bad name in the world—so much of one that whenever he went elsewhere he preferred not to say where he lived, since that invariably led to an unpleasant discussion.

If anything could be learned from this little incident, it was that a man like this one, who had had first-hand experience of the proximity of Dachau, could never be made to view it in a favorable light. Nor, unlike most other Germans today, could he put it out of his mind, living as he still did near its site. It had not been a unique experience, a nightmare that could be pushed out of memory; for him it was a reality with which he had had to learn to live over the years. Although Dachau camp had not originally turned him against the Nazi regime, which had, he felt, done a great deal of good for people like himself, he could never accept the camp itself. At the same time, since this same regime had brought him suffering that he could liken to that of the prisoners at Dachau, he did not need to feel guilty or to deny anything. In his own simple way, he had worked through the reality of Dachau and what it stood for, and his attitude was therefore a matter-of-fact one. His constant contact with the fact of the camp, so that its horror had impressed itself on him slowly, not suddenly, deprived it of the nightmarish qualities of a trauma that overshadowed all of life or needed to be denied.

As he showed me around the place I felt quite comfortable in my role of naive visitor. He pointed out what he could, getting excited about nothing, but neither omitting nor hiding anything he might have been expected to know.

He told me about the tower over the camp's entrance gate. He pointed it out from a distance, regretting the fact that we could not get closer because it was, as I could see, now part of an American army installation, and in a restricted area. Had I addressed myself to the commanding officer, I could probably have got permission to go inside, but it seemed pointless. I was not trying to revisit sites, or view buildings; I wanted to receive impressions. And the fact that the dreadful tower was now part of an American army installation removed all its dread. What we prisoners had not dared hope for, and had hardly dared to dream—that the Stars and Stripes would fly over the tower—had become an everyday reality. This being so, what use was there in looking at a collection of stones close up?

We drove along outside the stockade, the live-wire fence, the watch-towers, the ditch that used to be filled with water. But the logs of the once formidable stockade were weathered, rotting, and askew; the cruel wire was torn and dangling; the bottom of the ditch was dry, its steep sides slowly caving in and overgrown with grass, weeds, and wildflowers. It was the same place, and yet it was not. Only by a deliberate act of memory could I re-create the past, which at every step was belied by the appearance of the towers, the stockade walls, and the grass-covered moat, all looking like ancient ruins—and by the presence of American soldiers and arms.

We drove through what had once been the main street of the camp, which was lined with a double row of barracks. Slowly, we approached the one in which I had lived. For a moment I was tempted to ask the driver to stop and let me out, but children were playing in front of it, and I thought better than to disturb their play and privacy for the sake of what by now was empty curiosity.

The camp now houses refugees from the East Zone, and they have tried to pretty up the place. The windows—through which rotating floodlights had glared all night into the eyes of prisoners, men trying to catch a moment of sleep or rest against the next day's torture and threat of death—these same windows were now softened by curtains, by the effort of women to make homes behind them. It was just like any other DP camp, dreary in the main, but at least its inmates had some hope of getting out.

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This was not Dachau. It was as if the concentration camp had never existed. It was neither a monument by which to remember a terrible past, nor one that could promise a better future. It simply represented the practical utilization of available facilities, just as the American troops, for utilitarian reasons, are now making use of the excellent facilities the prisoners once built under the whip for the use of SS troops.

I do not believe this erasing of the past was deliberate. The military occupation, and indeed the whole postwar history of Germany, lend themselves exceedingly well to the obliteration of the Nazi past—or rather the deepest wishes of the Germans themselves combine with history to do just that. In those surroundings and at that moment, it seemed as if only the cab driver and I remembered the past—if for very different reasons and with different, or again maybe not so different, feelings.

WHAT about the memorial? We drove into a conspicuously marked-off enclosure, where two American soldiers on guard waved us on in friendly fashion. There was a small space in which three cars were parked, clearly marked by their license plates as belonging to the American occupation forces. The omnipresence of U.S. army symbols, while most reassuring, in a way took the edge off one's experience of the spirit of the place—or at least it did that for me. The clerks at the hotel in Munich and their reaction to my inquiries had reawakened my old anger; the displaced persons living in the camp and the presence of the American military had made it die down again. It was no use beating a dead dog, even though when alive it had mauled, maimed, and killed.

The memorial covered only a small area, and included the old place of execution, the gallows, the gas chamber, the crematorium, and two or three (my cab driver was not quite sure) places of mass burial. In the center of all this stood the statue of a concentration-camp prisoner in typical uniform, his face and figure showing the ravages of physical and mental suffering. It was true to life, yet at the same time idealized. Not a great piece of art, but decent and well meant. Perhaps we are still too close to what happened in the camps to express it more symbolically, and hence in a way that would be more aesthetically valid.

In this pleasant grove, interspersed with well-kept flower beds, only the statue of the prisoner and my own conscious effort brought to mind what the memorial was there to commemorate. Of course, I saw signs explaining what each place of horror had been used for. Maybe what oppressed me was the smallness of it all. It was hard to imagine, looking at the neatness of everything, that tens of thousands of people had over many years suffered incredible degradation and pain here. True, in a way the orderliness and dispatch with which bureaucratic transactions in human lives were once effected here had been one of the supreme horrors of the place. But this, too, no longer came through from the present neatness and orderliness. The little box that had been the death chamber could not have held very many prisoners at once. There were only two openings, each admitting but a single corpse at a time to the oven of the crematorium. The two burial places, one marked with a wooden cross, the other with a Jewish star—pits into which the ashes of thousands of human beings had been dumped—were each not much larger than an individual grave.

The wilted wreaths, with their faded inscriptions, added to the illusion that everything belonged to a remote past. The walls of the death chamber and the crematorium, covered with the penciled names and remarks of visitors—all so typical of the historical monument—not even these emblems of the tourist aroused more than a mild disgust in me. After all, most of the visitors had been Jewish and American. Why be angry at those who had defaced the walls of the memorial if they were in deep sympathy with those who had suffered here? That they inscribed their names and the dates of their visits meant only that they, too, felt they had been in a historic place, and one that

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had so little connection with their immediate lives that, far from being over-awed by the spirit of it, they had tried to establish some connection with it by leaving signs of their presence on its walls. Some inscriptions included angry remarks, but they, too, seemed out of place if not childish, because of the abyss between what they were meant to express and what they actually said.

If my experience in the camp had been a single event, I could perhaps have recaptured the old feeling of the place. But what made Dachau memorable to me were innumerable experiences: the day hundreds of my comrades suddenly went blind, the shooting of a friend, the suicide of another, who deliberately ran into charged wire; and, most of all, the constant, continuous petty suffering and degradation, and—perhaps even more deeply felt—the way one tried to maintain oneself in the face of them.

A SMALL group was going around at the same time as we: an American major, a captain, and two or three ladies with them; probably they had come in the cars I saw in the parking lot. The major looked grim and angry as he inspected the gas chamber and the crematorium, but the others seemed indifferent, even slightly bored, if I read their faces aright. To top it all, a teacher was leading a group of German children through the place, boys and girls of about ten or eleven, some twenty-five in all. I suppose they were from one of the local schools, since I saw no vehicle they might have come in. They seemed neither interested nor impressed. The teacher told them something about the number of those who had died here. The children joked, hardly glancing at the small building or the inscriptions. My impression was that they were enjoying their escape from the classroom, but that the place itself meant nothing to them, despite the teacher's objective explanations—which amounted to no more than a flat recital of facts. He, too, seemed uninterested, and after a quick tour left with his charges.

I do not know how others feel when something once part of their lives becomes a monument to be visited by sightseers. For myself it was not the right way to re-experience the past. Perhaps it is difficult to glorify human suffering outside the frame of a religion that vindicates and gives it meaning. I have avoided mass graves all my life because they have no meaning for me. The tomb of the Unknown Soldier, yes; the mass tomb at Verdun, no. Standing there in Dachau, the concentration camp was more over and done with for me than when I had thought of it in faraway Chicago. Maybe the importance of a historical event depends on numbers, or on the grandeur of suffering or that of achievement. But the significance of the sheer human fate is individual. I felt stronger emotion, a few days later, when relatives in Vienna pointed out where, to escape the Gestapo, this person had jumped from a window and another had hanged himself. These were single human fates and there was a great sense of immediacy in their loss. The mass commemoration of the tens of thousands of victims at Dachau gave to their deaths, as to their lives, the remoteness of a chronicle. . . .

Driving back to the station, the driver unburdened his heart, and thereby reduced Dachau once more to the human experience it was for him. Why had the camp had to be located at Dachau, why not somewhere else? Why had it had to be in his home town? It was all because of an old farmer and his good-for-nothing sons, who did not know how to till the soil. The site of the camp had once been a large farm; then it was sold to the government, which before the First World War had built a munitions or arms factory on it, he was not clear which. When the Nazis came to power, they used it for a concentration camp because it already had barracks on it, and a stockade and barbed-wire fence. Here, too, it had been a matter of sheer, utilitarian convenience, as with the American authorities now using part of the camp, and the Bonn government using the remainder to quarter DP's.

Actually, the presence of these refugees commemorates far better than does the mon-

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ument the sufferings of human beings at the hands of their fellows. The extreme misery of Dachau belongs to the past, but misery in general survives: people are still being driven from their homes by fear and terror. The victims of the moment were German but I did not find any historical justice in that fact. If one believes, as I do, that our first concern must be for the living, it becomes understandable that for the Germans, too, the horrors of the concentration camp regime fade before the misery of the DP's who have taken it over.

Leaving Dachau, we again passed the barracks, and then came my last view of the camp and of its awful gate, through which some jeeps were now rolling. A large American army installation, a large DP camp, and a few small buildings as a memorial to the past—I could not quite accept it, but maybe it corresponded to reality, since the past must bow to the needs of the present. History (and the crematorium) had been relegated to a small area located, as if symbolically, at the farthest corner of the camp, away from the business of the present.

For my own reasons, I wished they had preserved the camp just as it was when liberated. Then I would probably have been able to recapture my memories better; then Dachau, as it had been, might have come to life on the tide of old feelings of anger, degradation, and despair. Waiting at the train station, I listened to German DP's who sipped beer and talked of how they had lost everything. On the ride back to Munich, I looked out of the train window over bombed-out areas. And then I realized that the present state of Dachau was more in keeping with reality, present-day reality, than if it had been preserved as it was at its liberation —as, I am told, Buchenwald is. Preserving a site intact removes it from the stream of history, makes it a monument that is no longer of this time and this place.

THIS, then, was what I learned from revisiting Dachau: that I could best preserve it in my mind, and its other surviving inmates who, like myself, had left Germany could do the same because our lives did not need to continue in and around Dachau, because we had radically separated ourselves from the country of which it had once been a central institution. This the Germans themselves could not do. Keeping Dachau unchanged would have meant that they were separating themselves as radically from their past as if they themselves had emigrated. I could keep the old Dachau intact as an emotional experience. I could digest its impact by working it out emotionally and psychologically, and it would remain the impact of a Dachau that preserved its old physical reality unchanged because I was no longer attached to the physical reality of Germany itself. For me, Dachau had become a problem of human nature and a personal experience, but it was not a particular place in the country that was my home. The Germans, however, if they wanted to go on living as more than mere survivors of Nazism and defeat, had to deal with the *place*, Dachau, as well as with Dachau, the *crime*. If they had preserved Dachau in its entirety as a monument to the shame of Nazism, and to the immense suffering it inflicted, it would follow that they should have preserved their ruined cities as a monument to the suffering they themselves had experienced. I realized, when I left the station at Munich and saw the utter destruction still around me, that unconsciously I had wanted the Germans to dedicate the old Dachau for all time as a monument to my sufferings and those of my fellow Jews and anti-fascists, but had not wanted them to dedicate any monuments to their own sufferings, which were almost equally a result of Nazism.

Of course, the inmates of Dachau had been helpless victims of the Hitler regime, whereas the Germans, or nearly half of them, had embraced it of their own free will. Might it not be, then, that I had hoped unconsciously for the dedication of an unchanged Dachau more as a monument to the vileness of the torturers who established and ran it than as a memorial to its victims?

So this was another lesson I learned: that one cannot dedicate monuments to the de-

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pravity of a system by tending carefully the graves of its victims. After all, it is the Christian martyrs themselves who symbolized their faith and religious creed; it was not the cruelty of their torturers, which was only incidental, or seems so to us now, that really counted. I realized that I had gone to Dachau in the wrong spirit. Dachau, to me, was now a symbol more of the cruelty that took human beings and converted them into ciphers to be processed in a gas chamber than of suffering mankind. One simply cannot look at the statue of a concentration camp prisoner in stone or bronze when one has been a prisoner oneself; the survivor cannot look at the graves of his fellows in suffering and say: Behold the greatness of my suffering, and admire it! About one's own suffering, and that of others, one can do something only by living and acting.

The Germans have had to live more closely than I with the memory of their concentration camps. During the war and most of the time since then, they have lived with it every day. They cannot detach themselves from the suffering brought about by Nazism by crossing an ocean and entering upon a new way of life. Perhaps they did the right thing when they set aside only a small enclosure at Dachau to the memory of the victims, while using the largest part of the place for DP's, and letting the Americans use the rest of it for an army installation. "Letting," I write. As I saw some vehicles roll by with the license plates marked "U. S. Forces in Germany" which one sees everywhere in West Germany, I wondered: suppose the unthinkable had happened, and the Japanese had overrun the United States, how would Americans have met, dealt with, and worked through ten years of life with the symbols all around them of utter defeat, and with the victors everywhere on their streets? Would they have made a memorial of anything that reminded them of their defeat? I do not know. But I do know that the only way to live with such a past is not to keep it alive unchanged, encapsulated, but to confine it to an ever smaller place, as had been done with the memorial at Dachau.

Sad as this is in view of my own experience and those of the friends and relatives of the millions murdered by the Nazis, we cannot expect present-day Germans to have a much different attitude toward their victims than they have toward their own devastated cities. Since they are much more matter-of-fact about the ruins of their own homes than I am, I must accept their being more matter-of-fact about Dachau. As if with a vengeance, present-day Germany is turning away from the destruction of the past toward the building of the present and the future. Yes, they do it with a will and a vengeance, as if they had a need to cover up, forget, and undo the past—including Dachau. So far only the frantic activity is obvious. Will it lead to a better future? This as yet is hard to say, but much will depend on their—and our—attitude to their past.

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MODERN ART IN THE SYNAGOGUE: II

Artist, Architect, and Building Committee Collaborate

WILLIAM SCHACK

IN MY first article in the December 1955 issue of COMMENTARY, I asserted that in the last few years American synagogues were, "for the first time, beginning to make full use of the related plastic arts for both interior and exterior decoration."

Not every temple has gone in for full-scale use of all the decorative arts. As a beginning, many of them have modernized their exterior decoration only to the extent of simplifying it. Sometimes such decoration goes but a step beyond the conventional menorah. But you can find modern mosaics and stone carvings in the small temples of towns like Lock Haven and Greensburg, Pennsylvania; and the work of Braverman and Halperin throughout the Middle West contains carvings by Esther Samolar, Frank Jirouch, and Arnold H. Bergier. For Temple Israel in Canton, Ohio, Bergier was asked to prepare four stone panels, and A. Raymond Katz a hammered-brass menorah for a free-standing pylon in the courtyard. (Mr. Katz provided another menorah and a cast-bronze decoration for the Ark in the interior.)

In other temples, however, the arts have been employed more extensively. Percival Goodman, of New York, has been more active perhaps than any other architect in pursuing this goal, as he has in creating a modern synagogue style. His temple in Millburn, N. J., built nearly five years ago, has already exerted a considerable influence on other architects: its one-story construction, use of a narrow, decorative brick (left naked on the inside surface), dispersion of rooms into wings rather than centrally massing them, use of an attractive, economical, and durable vinyl plastic partition rather than one solid wall for the sanctuary (the partition can be folded away to make a single large room)—such elements are being widely adopted. What distinguishes Millburn is its taste and tact: how its wings join each other, the varied decorative treatment of exterior walls and windows, the adornment of the brick walls of the sanctuary with Scriptural quotations wrought in brass set into them. And, beyond taste and tact, there is the boldness of its decoration.

Not the least interesting aspect of the integration of architecture and the plastic arts in the new temples is that virtually all the artists brought into the collaboration can be called modern, and quite a few of them advance-guard. When an architect like Goodman is asked to submit half a dozen names for the projects in a given temple, he does not try to make a three-way compromise between modern, moderate, and conservative in hopes of pleasing every taste, but asks for a completely modern group of artists whose work will be consistent with his own taste and style. In Millburn he engaged Robert Motherwell to do a mural for the lobby, Adolph Gottlieb to design the curtain of the Ark, and Herbert Ferber to create a sculpture outside the sanctuary.

Each of these works enhances the architecture without competing with it. Ferber's piece, based on the theme "And the bush was not consumed," is not representational but an abstraction. You cannot see an actual bush in it, or a flame, but, keeping the subject in mind, you can feel the suggestion of flaming branches in the complex thrusts of its curvilinear shapes even though this

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THIS is the second of two articles (the first appeared in December 1955) in which WILLIAM SCHACK reports on the postwar boom in synagogue and center art. Mr. Schack is a free-lance writer whose critical pieces appear frequently in COMMENTARY; he has also contributed to numerous other journals, among them *The Arts, American Magazine of Art,* and *Architectural Forum,* and is the author of the unique *And He Sat Among the Ashes,* a biography of Louis Eilshemius, the painter. Mr. Schack was educated at Cornell University and now resides in Redding, Conn.

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twelve-foot sculpture is a thing of copper and lead sheeting and rods. Uniquely mounted on a wood panel, it rises clear above the roof of the sanctuary; and this soaring note is in happy contrast with the low, spread-out stability of the building itself. Some people will find it a more effective religious symbol than the familiar Shield of David worked into the window frame beside it.

Motherwell based his design on traditional symbols—the Tables of the Law, a menorah, etc.—combined with invented symbols (which I will discuss later), all kept flat to make the painting a part of the wall: the theme of it is in fact "The Wall of the Temple." To make more interesting patterns, Motherwell does not render the symbols literally: the menorah, for example, is not sedately symmetrical—none of its opposing branches pairs off from the central support. In view of its large areas of apparently bright orange and white, the mural is surprisingly subtle in its color harmony. Somehow the small areas of yellow ocher and gray balance the ingeniously toned-down orange and white. To my eye, the painting is somewhat too large to be seen effectively even across the full width of the lobby, which is rather narrow; it is, nonetheless, a highly successful design in itself and at the least an arresting decoration in its position.

Into the severe sanctuary, Gottlieb introduced an accent of vivid color and rich patterning at the focal point of the ritual: the Ark, which is otherwise set in a simple recess flanked by polished birch slabs from floor to ceiling. The curtains, their long red velvet folds richly varied with appliquéd patterns derived from traditional symbols, ingeniously (a few perfunctorily) simplified, are therefore more than accessory decoration: they are at the heart of the service. In his easel painting Gottlieb has worked frequently in a "pictographic" idiom, and this was easily adaptable to the design of the curtain.

In Millburn, Goodman was designing a structure suitable for a congregation of two hundred souls and for a capacity attendance (on the High Holidays) of six hundred. Recently, in Springfield, Mass., his Congregation Beth-El was completed, which accommodates five hundred families in its main chapel. In itself, the increased size of the temple would have little meaning; what is significant is that here, in working on a larger scale, and with a completely free hand, Goodman has achieved his outstanding design to date. The structure, occupying less than a quarter-acre of its twelve-acre setting, is every inch of it "built"—in the sense that one speaks of a story being fully "written." Everything has both an aesthetic and a functional point. From the sanctuary to the custodian's apartment, nothing seems careless or accidental or unnecessary or not thought out: the building is thoroughly realized as a temple.

With a certain Japanese quality due to its canted eave-beams, its portico, and its sensitive use of wood (combined with a richly decorative brick—there is hardly any steel in the structure), the temple makes, too, a quasi-Japanese impression of economy in many details. It is said, for example, that by use of a plastic partition somewhat similar to the one in Millburn in place of a contemplated all-wood wall, enough money was saved to pay for virtually all the temple's art work, which cost around $25,000. The total budget for building, decoration, and furnishings was $750,000—a modest sum for so magnificent a result. In the enthusiastic opinion of Beth-El's Rabbi Eliezer Levy, every building committee should be made to know that the beauty and economy of his temple are owed to the free hand given the architect.

The free hand included the planning for the decoration, and the choice of the artists to execute it. Millburn had been a pilot venture; its success encouraged Goodman to incorporate a greater number of art works in Springfield in keeping with its larger scale. The exterior sculpture here, designed by Ibram Lassaw, on the theme of the "Pillar of Fire," soars to a height of twenty-eight feet, yet—situated as it is in a shallow niche of a huge brick wall, where it can be clearly seen from the avenue of approach to the temple as well as from the broad lawn before it—it falls lightly into place, an airily monumental work. Like Ferber's "And the bush was not consumed," this sculpture is also completely abstract, and in the same open-work idiom. It has, however, a quality of its own derived from the sculptor's way of producing variations within the seemingly equal lengths and identical shapes of its metal strips curving upward to suggest flames. Yet, at a distance or even closer up at first glance,

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all this writhing metal seems almost decorous in its symmetry, a charming symbol for the temple.

In the sanctuary, once again Adolph Gottlieb's work provides the high color notes. For the Ark he designed a red and white curtain and a shallow V-shaped valance close-packed with traditional and other symbols to give it the richness of a Torah crown. For the rear wall opposite the Ark he has created a panel of twelve more open designs, easier to see as a whole than the valance: these, executed in tapestry by Edward Field, are entirely abstract, though the motifs allude somewhat to the twelve major days in the Jewish religious calendar. Between these beautiful linear patterns and harmonies in rose-violet-gray-buff-black expressive of the holidays, and the vivid valance symbolic of the Torah, the gamut of Jewish life is encompassed. At the same time, they furnish the needed brighter hues and tones to contrast with the dull browns of woodwork and upholstery and the bronze of Lassaw's fine menorah and Eternal Light.

The sanctuary is full of ingenuities and harmonies which can only be tediously described in words. It does not, however, entirely escape a touch of theatricality in the area of the Ark, where the white of the curtains seems to "jump," and the free-standing wall of marble behind the Ark makes a kind of backdrop for the too obviously balanced tall redwood columns that are the sentinels of the Ark. The *bima* has assumed something of the air of a stage which is set for a morality play in modern dress. Perhaps this is not altogether out of keeping with the spirit of a congregation composed very largely of college graduates.

Beth-El has a secondary chapel for memorial services and other small gatherings. This chapel is intimate not only in dimension but also in decoration: the menorah stands near a small Ark (designed from the description of the original Ark in Exodus); there is a row of miniscule stained-glass windows in solid luminous colors. For this room Motherwell designed a combination rug and wall hanging (behind the Ark). Imaginatively conceived for this particular position, the rug is not equally felicitous throughout; there is more invention on the wall than on the floor: perhaps the artist should not have been asked to combine two essentially separate objects in one design. One of the rug's details raises an interesting point. To break up the monotony of the extensive border, the artist used the names of the Patriarchs and the Twelve Tribes in a regular Hebrew script. To the naive eye of someone who does not know Hebrew or Yiddish well, this would seem to be an ingenious device—a variation on the use, in Cubist collages, of a printed page or, in Cubist paintings, of a few carefully traced capital letters—to enrich otherwise blank planes. But to someone who knows either language well, the device is naive—literal and formal, the equivalent, in English, of writing "Abraham, Isaac, Jacob," etc., in Palmer penmanship. For such a person, the lettering becomes decoration only when it is treated with imagination.

Several over-door sculptures by Lassaw handsomely round out the decoration of Beth-El. One other feature, which I believe unique, has been devised to preserve the aesthetic purity of the temple. In place of the memorial tablets that are usually mounted chaotically on lobby walls, Beth-El has a rack in which the nameplates of the families holding memorial services on the given day are placed. Afterwards these plates are filed away. The dead are thus publicly remembered every year, and perhaps more effectively than by a permanent clutter of tablets of conflicting styles—when they have any style at all.

THREE times as large as Beth-El is another edifice designed by Mr. Goodman in association with Braverman and Halperin—Fairmount Temple in Beachwood Village, a suburb of Cleveland. Scheduled to be completed some time this year for the 2300-family congregation of Rabbi Barnett R. Brickner, it will be one of the largest temples in the country. It includes a sanctuary connected with a large social hall; a separate chapel building; a separate auditorium building; and three school buildings. It will also have large office units to accommodate three rabbis, the school supervisory staff, and the administrative staff; and a recreational unit. All of these structures are one story high and continuously interconnected, with three garden courtyards to provide "breathers." These widespread multiple units make up what Rabbi Brickner calls a "campus temple."

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By way of decorative art the plans call for mosaic columns at the entrance, bronze reliefs in the sanctuary, specially designed menorah and Eternal Light, tapestries on the movable wall dividing sanctuary from social hall, and some other small pieces. Although the roster of artists cannot be given yet, it is an all-modern cast and includes at least one eminent artist who has not hitherto worked in the field of synagogue art.

It is interesting to note that Park Synagogue in Cleveland, designed by the late Eric Mendelsohn and built in 1950 at a cost of some two million dollars (it is estimated that Fairmount will cost a quarter of a million more), limited its decorative treatment to the background of the Ark, and kept this treatment purely formal in character. Possibly the architect did not wish any art with a power of its own to compete with the "floating dome" he created over the sanctuary. This structure of blown concrete (over various materials: copper-sheathed outside and lined with acoustic tile inside) is 110 feet in diameter and rests on seven pillars embodied in the walls of the room, so that the "ceiling" is all dome. This is engineering become a work of art. One clause in the contract is worth noting. It specifies that, while the decorations may be abstract in over-all design, they must nevertheless be based on recognizable motifs.

AT FIRST glance, Congregation Kneses Tefereth Israel, now under construction in Port Chester, N. Y., seems less indebted to architectural traditions than any of the new synagogues. It is wholly modern in style. But it is modern without bleakness, achieving both exquisiteness and classic dignity—even a kinship with the classic. Not that this temple designed by Philip C. Johnson is Greek re-revival. It has no entablature resting on columns—it has no columns. Mr. Johnson works in an entirely contemporary idiom; he is well known for his Museum of Modern Art in New York and the glass house he built for his own home in New Canaan, Conn. The ground plan of the synagogue is an ellipse set against a rectangle, the long axis of the ellipse being parallel to but shorter than the length of the rectangle. The structure built on the ellipse constitutes the entrance; the one on the rectangular plan, the sanctuary and related rooms; and the first rises only part way against the façade, so that the two units do not compete for attention: the sanctuary is dominant, as it should be. Not in any external likeness but only in the purity of the proportions—in length, width, and height—of these two simple, mathematically fundamental shapes does the synagogue recall the seemingly inevitable unity of the Greek temple. In a happily distant way, too, the curved shape of the entrance contrasting with the right-angled block of the sanctuary recalls round columns before rectangular peristyle. The synagogue's whiteness (but it is sheathed in an off-white pre-cast stone, not marble) also recalls the Greek temple—at least as we know the ruins today, with their original paint eroded.

That the worshipper—and sightseer—should not merely glimpse such beauty in passing, Mr. Johnson has set the main façade at right angles to the street. One has thus, as one approaches from a distant gate (the temple is set in a ten-acre tract), a good long satisfying look at it.

Derived, again distantly, from another tradition are the stained glass windows (the colored glass windows of the average *shul*, crude in color and design, can hardly be dignified as "traditional"). These are narrow panels, each of a single luminous color (as in the small chapel of Beth-El, in Springfield), distributed in five tiers across the façade. On the exterior they provide an accent in the stone surface, but the awesomeness of their pure color is felt only in the transmitted light of the interior: in the morning sunlight pastel-soft violet, red, green, yellow beams stream through the air and lie aslant the floor in rich patches. One's eyes are naturally drawn upwards to the topmost of these glowing panes, so that they add to the mere physical height (40 ft.) of the sanctuary something of the *loftiness* which is the incomparable property of the soaring arch. This effect, however, is felt maximally only at the High Holidays, for it is only then that the entire space below becomes the sanctuary. To allow the temple to carry out its year-round secular and quasi-religious functions, the architect frankly divided up the main floor with aluminum partitions eight feet high: these are easily "knocked down" when the full congregation of four hundred families attends the major

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service of the year, and nothing then stands between the eye and the windows.

At this writing, with the temple itself incomplete, I cannot speak concretely of the accessory decoration. To avoid conflict with the stained glass windows, Mr. Johnson is confining the interior decoration to carved doors for the Ark (which he is designing himself), and a screen behind it. Outdoors, there will be bronze columns before the entrance. All of this, together with a menorah and Eternal Light, will be the work of Ibram Lassaw, whose style, the architect feels, is consonant with that of the temple itself.

One looks forward with more than mere curiosity to Temple Beth Sholom in Philadelphia, which has been designed by America's old master in architecture, Frank Lloyd Wright. Under consideration for several years now, the temple is scheduled to rise from the ground this spring.

How much should be spent on art for the synagogues, temples, and centers? Only too often people who do not care for art raise their voices when they ask the question, as if it were unanswerable—or as if they did not want to hear a reasonable answer. But, coolly considered, the question can be reasonably answered. Percival Goodman tries to get 2 per cent of the building cost allocated for art. While he admits that he does not always get that much, it is his hope that "as time goes on, it will be taken for granted as a necessary element in the cost." In Springfield, he got more than 3 per cent. In Hillcrest in Queens—not Mr. Goodman's work—the art came to 2.6 per cent of the $600,000 building cost.

The centers have nothing comparable to show. Yet if only one per cent of the 45 millions budgeted for the 135 new community centers had been allocated for art and the sum divided—let us say equally, for the sake of simplicity—it would have come to no more than $3,300 a piece, enough to hide the aesthetic nakedness of many a too practical building. Actually, the sum spent for decorative art was only a small fraction of one per cent. Even in Buffalo, which paid a moderate $2,600 for its mural, the expenditure was only 0.3 per cent of the building cost. To pass by such smaller centers as those of Columbus and Englewood, not one dollar will have been spent for art in the million-dollar jobs in Syracuse, N. Y., New Haven, Conn., and the $1,750,000 center in Milwaukee (compare this with the $750,000 total cost of Beth-El, in Springfield, with all its fine works of art).

Apologists assert that it is easier to obtain money for art in a synagogue than in a center, that donors readily understand that a place of worship is "something special"—and that something special costs money. This is undoubtedly true, and in several of the postwar synagogue-centers (generally called "Jewish Centers") the synagogue has been the avenue of entrance for what art there is. In a place like the Forest Hills Jewish Center in Queens, N. Y., however, the chapel is too detached from the huge center proper to permit the Ark area, which is its sole adornment, to carry over. (And the sanctuary would be better off, too, in this case without its wall of intricate rococo symmetries designed by the late Arthur Szyk, the miniaturist painter, in the manner of a traditional Torah breastplate, magnified a thousandfold.) But some of the synagogue-centers have also integrated the arts with their architecture, and in these the religious unit gives its blessing to the social unit in various measure.

At the Rego Park Jewish Center, which is not far from the Forest Hills Jewish Center, the architects Frank Grad and Sons, of Newark, N. J., related the two-story center unit, with its simple façade, to the imposing five-story temple structure by giving them a common flight of steps and a common basal course of red granite; the facing of their separate entrances is in the same material. This kind of unity is rather contrived, an architectural marriage of convenience. But the temple's art also serves the social area in part. Thus, the foyer is bounded on all sides by massive birch doors bearing symbolic wood carvings in high relief by Don Benaron: one pair of these doors gives on the lobby of the social center. More importantly, the mural designed by A. Raymond Katz, six feet high and extending over the thirty-six-foot width of the temple's entrance, is on perpetual loan to the social center. The rest of the decoration belongs exclusively to the sanctuary.

The mural by Mr. Katz is executed in mosaic, a medium that has come back to life

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in recent years and which this artist has used skillfully, sometimes dryly, in synagogue decoration. Here, at Rego Park, he has interwoven motifs of the Jewish holidays and symbols of the names of God in a complex design in full palette where the exuberant flow of line and color holds the eye rather than any single detail. Even the boldness of the hand holding a ram's horn which is the central motif is unstressed by ambiguity, for the fingers also shape the letter *shin* (standing for *Shaddai*). The fluency of this design is of the order found in good easel painting, and if one doubts for a moment that such subtlety is appropriate for so stubborn a medium as ceramic and glass, he has only to recall that the great Byzantine mosaics are more subtle in their modeling and means of modifying areas of solid color than their "primitive" quality would lead the unsubtle to think.

(In his book published three years ago, *A New Art for an Old Religion,* Mr. Katz has given examples of the tremendous pictorial possibilities of the characters of the Hebrew alphabet, based either on their pictographic origins or, more significantly, on the aesthetic manipulation suggested by their shapes and lines. Possibly his finest demonstration of these possibilities is to be found in his mosaic mural in Temple Beth Shalom, in Union, N. J. High on the wall above the Ark, it is an invocation of the seven names of God—*Echod, Shaddai, Adonai,* and so on—given only by their initial letters. These are modified, almost transformed, by twisting and swirling, by elongation and fantastication, against a background of calm cloud forms in solid color. What began as an *ayin* becomes a plant in the tornado of Yahweh's wrath; a *shin* quivers in multi-color. With their emotive quality, these straining figures communicate a sense of the Ineffable Name disguised in the seven. I say "figures" because the letters are as "real" as chairs or faces. Only to one who did not recognize the Hebrew letters as such, would this mural seem wholly abstract.)

In the sanctuary of Rego Park, Mr. Katz was given another and even more difficult assignment—stained-glass windows (another medium which modern artists are reviving. In Temple Emanuel, Cleveland, the seven sprightly, semi-abstract panels by Merle James are small, and intended as decorative accents rather than major elements. In Har Zion Temple, Philadelphia, the design of a large memorial window of unusual dimensions was approached with considerable imagination by Dr. Stephen S. and Louise Kayser, even if it is not as competent as their windows in the sanctuary and assembly hall. These, in turn, contrast favorably with the technically more accomplished but wholly conventional rose windows over the entrance to the sanctuary. It is significant of the change of taste in the past quarter-century that it will not be feasible to use any of the once-prized Tiffany-designed windows in Rabbi Brickner's present Euclid Avenue Temple for the new Fairmount Temple, as originally proposed.) In Rego Park, two obstacles hampered Katz and to some degree defeated him in advance. First, the center building occupies practically its whole site, for no additional land was available in this built-up neighborhood. As a result, the lower left-hand windows (as one faces the pulpit) do not receive natural daylight; and an unilluminated stained-glass window is a contradiction in terms. Secondly, apparently for engineering reasons, part of what should have been window space is taken up by wall; that is, instead of three stained-glass windows on each side, there are six. This more than doubled the artist's difficulties. Faced with the alternative of making twelve independent designs or attempting to unify each top and bottom unit, he chose the latter. By various devices and a vigorous baroque design in a harmony dominated by deep blues and ruby reds, he appreciably overcame the handicaps which should not have been imposed on him in the first place.

The Ark and its setting are an elaborate—to my taste, over-ornate—composition in wood and marble by Edouardo Battisti. But there is simplicity in the small chapel, where Mr. Katz had another inning: his pair of hammered-brass menorahs, small and delicate, make the large bronze ones in the sanctuary look like what they are—solid, competent objects from a standard catalogue.

Not many miles from Rego Park, at the Hillcrest Jewish Center, the sharing of the decorations by center and temple has been solved in a more subtle and satisfying way by the associated architects Glaberson-

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Klein, of New York.* Though the exterior form is as plain as a Friends' meeting place, this is a beautifully integrated work of architecture and art, of religious and social center.

Since there is a single entrance and a common lobby, the mural on the façade and the mural in the lobby perforce serve both the religious and the social units; and the curvilinear shape of the lobby makes for a more animated relationship between the two and suggests their manifold activities. Justly enough, the third work of art belongs to the sanctuary: it is, on the doors of the Ark, a charming miniature mosaic by Raymond Katz blending a few traditional motifs into its largely abstract play. The sanctuary itself is as small and intimate as a jewel box, and one structural detail (among others) contributes to that feeling: a niche-like wall behind the Ark broadens upward and outward to become a kind of canopy, a hung ceiling in which a large glass panel bears a wooden Shield of David. This sweeping panel almost physically unites rabbi and Ark and congregation. The beauty of Hillcrest's large auditorium is also architectural: in its proportions, the overlapping shell design of its lofty ceiling, and its simplicity of surface. Moreover, the simplest of color schemes carries out the structural feeling.

Both the exterior and the lobby murals were designed by Anton Refregier. The first, executed in ceramic tile, consists of five panels, each of which is a packed composite of motifs expressing its theme: the Sabbath, Peace, the Fruitful Life, Righteousness, and Eternity. Although the thematic burden is heavy, the artist has assimilated it and it has not thrown him off balance. Each panel comes through cleanly in a flexible use of the medium: the background tiles are of solid color, mottled, or formally patterned, as their part in the over-all design dictates, while the design proper is applied in simplified planes and in as varied a color range as if it were on canvas. In "Jacob's Dream," the mural in the lobby, the artist uses the same simplified realistic style to flatten the forms and make them part of the wall. Set in a shallow recess and well lighted, the painting is a cool harmony of yellow-reddish brown earth colors and blues. Like the ceramic tile mural outside, this is not especially stirring art but, intelligent and skillfully executed, it achieves both the symbolic and decorative intent it strives for.

ONE of the most challenging problems in any of the new communal buildings was the façade of the four-story Milton Steinberg House, a memorial to the late rabbi of the Park Avenue Synagogue, New York, which adjoins it. Here it was decided to use a stained-glass "curtain wall," as a façade without structural function is called. That the commission should have been given to Adolph Gottlieb, who is an outstanding advance-guard painter of easel pictures, many of them in a "pictographic" idiom that some people find cryptographic, and who had never worked in stained glass before, is surprising enough. So is the solution with which he came up—partly on its own account, partly because it demonstrates how persistent is the hard-won style of an artist who knows his own mind in whatever medium he turns to.

Since the Milton Steinberg House is essentially a secular building, largely given over to classrooms and offices, Gottlieb reasoned that the over-all design transmitting subdued, glowing colors as traditionally used for high-ceiling sanctuaries was not appropriate. The space behind the curtain wall was divided into four floors, so that one could only have seen fragments of an over-all design from any room; and students and teachers were there, not to indulge in mysticism, but to make a rational attack on Hebrew grammar, history, or whatever subject, and for this they had to use their eyes on books. The beautiful radiance of stained glass was not optically desirable for sustained reading. On the other hand, artificial light within the room overpowers the light transmitted by stained glass, and in effect blots out its design.

In an effort to use daylight to maximum advantage, Gottlieb arrived at a compromise solution: confining his pictographic designs to narrow strips, he used a diamond pattern in pale pastel shades for the rest of the window. This, made of a highly translucent type of stained glass, admits daylight to the class rooms, while the richly colored inscribed panels decorate them. The panels are made up in twenty-one different designs sug-

*See Morris Freedman's "New Jewish Community in Formation" in the January 1955 COMMENTARY for a detailed description of this center.

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gested by the Jewish holidays, interpreted largely in traditional symbols and partly in invented ones.

Happy as Gottlieb's solution may be (he looked vainly for a precedent to guide him), it may still be said that the diamond pattern is too easy a way out and dodges the task of exacting the full design-potential of so rich a medium as stained glass. And it is true that in both France and Germany all-over designs of both figurative and abstract character have been achieved. But none of these, so far as I know, compares in size with the Gottlieb window or is limited by the architectural conditions imposed on him.

The building committee of the Park Avenue Synagogue must have had an uneasy time deciding on the general style of the memorial, for the synagogue itself, built a generation ago, has the elaborate façade and interior of the then favored "Oriental" look. To set up an annex (with corridors leading to the synagogue) in a modern style would make for architectural discontinuity and perhaps reflect on the style of the old building; but to make the new building pseudo-Oriental to match it, when the trend to the contemporary was so strong, would be to invite mockery. No compromise was possible; it was one or the other. The decision to be contemporary has been justified by the result. Even the cost of the curtain wall—$46,000—is said to be less than what an all-marble front would have come to.

ONE naturally asks what the public reaction has been to such modern art in the synagogue. The art magazines have of course covered it as art, but even the general press has given it a good deal of attention as news, perhaps as sensation but without playing it up as such; *Time, Life,* and *Fortune* have all lavished color coverage on it. But we may assume that the press would never say a harsh word, fearing that it would be mistaken for disrespect to the religion and an insult to the congregation (the artist's susceptibilities wouldn't matter). The feelings of the congregation are more significant; and there seems to be little doubt that a majority have approved of most of the art, sometimes hesitantly but often enthusiastically. That there is a minority which doubts and dislikes it is not surprising—the surprising thing is that it is so small. For the division of opinion among laymen over a modern work of art (and all art is created for the layman) is inevitable, when even an academic mural like Winters' arouses controversy. And it was not many years ago that a magazine as progressive as *Harper's* could print an article which seriously contended that Cézanne was no painter at all but a fraud promoted by a phony cult.

People come to art with varying degrees of experience of it—the only way one can learn to "know" art. Those with little experience are most impressed, perhaps only impressed, by a work which, they think, exactly reproduces nature. This has probably been true in all eras; what changes is the standard of what it is that constitutes "just like" a face or tree. In 1953, Katz painted four true fresco panels for Congregation Beth El, Norwalk, Conn. The themes were the Revelation at Mount Sinai, Prophetic Idealism, Jewish Learning, and the Rebirth of Zion. The artist submitted his sketches and they were approved. But when the paintings were finished the sponsors were dissatisfied with them—not with their weak points but with a certain archaism in the drawing of some figures and a primitive quality of space and scene which happen to be their chief merits. In other words, the pictures were not "real" enough. Apparently, the judges thought that the sketches were intended only to give a rough idea of the subject matter, which would be "fully" rendered in the final paintings. In the second panel, for instance, they may have been expecting Jeremiah, Micah, and Isaiah as "shot" by a candid camera on the Street of the Prophets. The "just like" standard in our time for many is the photograph.

How square this with the acceptance of modern art elsewhere? For there is no reason to suppose that the people of Norwalk are aesthetically more benighted than those of Millburn. Partly, perhaps, the curtains of the Ark have been fairly easy to take, and they have helped to make the other modern works acceptable. For from ancient times there has been a play of free forms, of wholly abstract shapes, in the fabrics of many peoples. If you have to go to a museum to see Peruvian textiles, you can see the cross-stitch pattern of a Russian blouse on the street, the closely packed Yemenite embroidery on dresses off every ship from Israel, and a greater variety of abstract patterns on the curtains, rugs,

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piece goods, and flooring materials on sale in every department store. So prepared, the ladies of the congregation at Millburn and elsewhere, even if they do not hang Picassos in their living rooms, were quite at ease in executing the advanced designs for curtains of the Ark.

The appeal of being up to date has counted heavily in the acceptance of modern architecture and design for the building itself. The follow-up, that you should install modern art in a modern building, has been considered logical enough, but harder to sell. There is no gainsaying the fact that in many cases it has been a determined few on a building committee who have persuaded their colleagues or, failing that, "rammed down their throats," as one rabbi frankly put it, the notion that modern art was the most suitable expression for them. Once the art is finished and in place, the will to believe it is good spreads from building committee to the rest of the congregation; approached in that spirit, with misgivings held in abeyance and dispelled by a good press, the art has time to work. If one has felt that El Greco's "View of Toledo" is great painting, one comes in time to feel that Picasso's "The Three Musicians" is great too. And the artists I have reviewed here are not more difficult than El Greco or Picasso.

All this fine building and fostering of the arts has happened so fast that people in widely separated communities have hardly been aware of it as a general phenomenon. That is becoming manifest now as the movement accelerates. Whether the new temples and art will also help to evoke, along the way, a viable Judaism; whether the members of centers and synagogues, pursuing the American way of life in a tangle of dramatics and dances, gymnasiums and banquets, social hall log-rolling and in-sanctuary business deals (which are, however, standard practice in old-fashioned synagogues as well), will manage also—to quote an old friend's pun—to become rejuvenated, is for the future to tell. The uncertainty finds its reflection in the prevailingly rationalistic approach of most of the artists to their work in the synagogue and the way they make use of the symbols of Judaism.

A self-conscious religiosity marks the mural by William Halsey in Percival Goodman's Baltimore Hebrew Congregation, which includes in its decorative plan a menorah and Eternal Light, and a Chanukah menorah by Arnold H. Bergier; a memorial book by Arnold Bank; and, designed by Amalie Rothschild, an ingenious four-part panel in *gros point* for the doors of the Ark: when the doors are open, the congregation sees two unbroken compositions.

Mr. Halsey's mural—based on a high-flown exposition in words by Paul Goodman—"employing the traditional story and prophecy," attempts nothing less than directly to "meet the modern, present-day way of posing the problem of religion . . . [which] has two integrally related parts: the Living God and the Messianic hope." Conceived clearly in visual terms, the painting does not too visibly strain under its verbal burden—it arrives at a well-knit composition. It is serious and purposeful. But even if it were not so derivative in style—employing the arbitrary raying lines of one form of Cubism, the formalized drawing of the icon and the simplistic drawing of the comic strip, the stark line and the spirit of Blake—it would have been hard put to it to "*prove* the religion, especially to young people who question and think hard."

Goodman's italicized demand is rather too much to ask of one artist in a single try. Not even the minority of artists engaged in the new synagogues who acknowledge some religious belief would attempt so much. And the majority—which is my chief point—will not attempt it at all: primarily they are doing an aesthetic job. The spirit cannot be forced: the unreligious will not take root in the floor of a synagogue, nor even, when artists are called in early to plan its decoration, in its soil.

That is why they are uneasy with the traditional symbols of Judaism. Gottlieb, for example, uses them grudgingly, though ably, on the hypothesis that they are aesthetically dead; hence he prefers to devise new motifs which may or may not be understood as symbols. I have referred also to Motherwell's invented symbols. The fact that he is not Jewish is hardly relevant, for he, like his fellow Gentile, Refregier, has for that very reason made a close study of the traditional symbols, which are not too familiar to him to have lost their evocative power. (True, he went astray in the lettering on the rug in Springfield, but a Jewish artist unfamiliar

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with the Jewish alphabet could have erred in the same way.) If the invented symbols were really symbols, they would be a welcome addition to a fixed inventory, but they are generally motifs having only aesthetic significance: their imputed symbolism is pure rationalization. I have in mind one panel of Gottlieb's window which is said to symbolize Yom Kippur. Actually it is a subtle, involuted design, which the artist felt, apparently, as an expression of introspection—nothing more precise than that. Translate introspection into religious terms and you have mysticism, an inner reckoning —the spirit of Yom Kippur. But would a believer respond to this? He would probably do so more readily to Gottlieb's device for Tisha b'Av in his wall decoration at Springfield: rectangular shapes at oblique angles to each other, which may be understood as the falling columns of the Temple.

In Motherwell's Millburn mural twelve dots are said to stand for the twelve tribes of Israel. But dots do not evoke any more associations than asterisks or ampersands; they are in fact merely algebraic symbols. Criss-crossing past the dots in the mural are straight lines in an irregular, closed pattern whose function, aesthetically, is to break up the whiteness of the area. Symbolically, the artist calls the lines "the Diaspora, the dispersal of the Tribes." If the dots were valid as symbols, the lines would then be validated by their association with them; as it is, they fulfill only an aesthetic purpose.

Curiously enough, there is a valid symbolical association in Refregier's mural at Hillcrest, "Jacob's Dream." Here the Twelve Tribes are symbolized by stars, which have point in the context of the heaven-bound dream, and the lines which join them do convey, as they are intended to, a sense of unity. It is, of course, almost too obvious a device. Symbols should be more imaginative, and it is their imaginative variation that should be the goal of invention. If invention cannot achieve anything better than dots (and Gottlieb also used them in one of his window panels), the artists would be wiser to rely upon tradition for symbols, and play with them as freely as Katz does with the Hebrew letters. Has the inflexibility of the cross, as a design, hampered the painters of Christian themes?

In their sculptured menorahs, Katz, Lassaw, and Lipton, among others, have shown that the old basic form, which has been modified to the taste of so many times and countries, still lends itself to fresh design; and there is no reason why the old symbols cannot be revivified in two dimensions, too. A start has been made, and if it has been attended with some self-consciousness, that is symbolic of the uncertainty of present-day Judaism itself. But wherever the new temples —and centers—may lead spiritually, they will have performed a notable aesthetic service, having fostered a little renaissance.*

*Individuals as well as institutions may foster it: Ira Haupt recently commissioned a memorial chapel to his parents in Temple Beth Miriam, Elberon, N. J. Raymond Katz was the artist, designing the Ark, a mural, entrance doors (decorated with wood carvings and panels of carved glass), wrought iron lighting fixtures, curtains, and podium cloth.

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USHER FROM BROWNSVILLE

A Story

ARTHUR GRANIT

THEIR house peeked anonymously from its row with nothing to show it was a cross they were bearing up to their Golgotha. In days gone by, someone had built this row and for a two-thousand-dollar down payment, whether the pipes froze or the roof caved in, they were "landlords."

Around them seethed Brownsville, decaying even in those days, and while the old women sat on their stoops chewing sunflower seeds it was nothing unusual to have a body shot up and thrown into some side alleyway.

Together with the gang wars, there grew up a host of hothouse radicalisms and splinter movements in this period, so that on our dark and alien, suffering, street it was said that the capitalist "landlords" had moved in, the rich bloodsuckers. That Usher's "capitalist" father worked and gave every cent he made to the upkeep of this house, or that his "capitalist" mother was required to take in a boarder to make ends meet, went disregarded among our neighbors; for, as I see it now, all the world had come upon evil and unhappy times, even unto our street.

First there was my friend Bibi. Bibi's father died when Bibi was an infant, and Bibi himself was to die in Canarsie, our open graveyard for gangsters, with three bullet holes in his chest. Then there was Robby. His mother sat at her window day after day until she was taken away to sit at a window in a madhouse. Robby ended up in jail as a third-time offender. Pickles, so named because he once robbed a truck of a barrel of useless pickles, was compelled to marry a girl of our street whom he had "knocked up." He ended up with a family of four at the age of twenty-three. And Usher, my good and faithful friend Usher, who came from the "landlords," the people of substance, set apart from our unhappy street, ended up as a dentist.

BANG! Crash! Bibi had overturned an ash can and the cover rattled raucously down the lonely street. Bang! Crash! Untold numbers of cans, countless covers, rolled endlessly along the pavement. This was happiness!

Bang! Crash! A shattering of glass! There went a street lamp as Usher lifted a rock and scored a direct hit. Bang! Crash!

For a fraction of a second they were caught in blindness as the last light went out, and since darkness meant forbidden things, Pickles, destroyer of ash cans and knight-royal of the street lamps, screamed hysterically: "Girls! Let's get girls!"

"Chicks!" shouted the young Robby.

"Tomatoes!" came the hoarse cry from Usher.

"Dames!" I meekly annotated.

And so with this clatter they proclaimed their call to arms, and stalking near the railroad tracks they came upon a street, so dark, so lonely, there was none to compare with it in Brownsville. A long line of trains, forty-five in fact, so they counted, hammered the steel tracks as our stalwarts pelted the monstrous moving mechanism with assorted rocks, bottles, shoes, and even the fender of an abandoned automobile. Then retiring into the niches provided by garage doors and

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ARTHUR GRANIT made his first appearance in print in last September's COMMENTARY with his story "Free the Canaries from Their Cages!" We here present another of his vivid evocations of the immigrant Jewish world of Brownsville. At present working on a novel, among other things, Mr. Granit teaches in the New York City public school system.

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factory entrances, they laid their plan. Bibi, the brave one, stood first. Robby, the fat one, stood forty feet away on the other side of the street. Pickles, the tall one, held the fortress at another remove, followed by myself and the landlord Usher.

They waited. They counted another line of trains. They waited. They heard the muted tones of Brownsville in the distance. Backfiring of cars. A fire engine in the distance. They waited. I prayed to myself that God would turn away anyone who thought of appearing on that street. They had all but given up hope when she appeared.

She came with heels clicking. She came innocent and oblivious of the huge, monstrous demon lover (really, it was only Bibi) who reared out of the darkness of his niche and grabbed at her. She screamed in fright, and pursued by her demon lover ran across the street, only to be confronted by an even more hideous apparition (really Robby), and now pursued by two lovers she screamed frantically into the night, only to run into me, who, quaking with terror, merely raised his arms and shooed her toward the oncoming Usher, debonair and gallant, who queried: "Hey! What's going on there!" Breathing heavily on her savior, she cried, "They're trying to get at me! Save me! Save me!" "Hey, youse kids," said the gallant Usher, shaking his fist as she hid behind him, "let this dame alone or I'll let you have it!" For a moment the others stood in their tracks, for a moment the frightened girl was permitted to stop, for one solid moment she believed that her knight-errant had come, when Usher himself, turning on her, put out his hand and screaming in uncontrollable laughter breasted her. With one full sweep she brought her pocketbook down on the head of our landlord, who shook one great big shake, paled, and fell quietly on the ground. And now, taking on the whole crew, she scratched at their fallen faces as they retreated down the empty street with her in full pursuit.

SUNDAY morning had its ritual. The Usher family, those rich "landlords," kept a boarder, a short rotund puffy-faced baker called Mr. Katz. Dignified as he was by his Anglo-Saxon name, he gave added dignity to the household by depositing every week on the kitchen table a round enormous bread which we would immediately seize upon, butter, and swallow down.

And to top it all, our cup running over, this white-skinned pallid baker would send down to the corner restaurant for hot steaming coffee in which we would dunk the bread. It all went well until we would remind ourselves of the baker's bald head, and then it was impossible to have any respect for him—coffee, bread, and all. Benign as was his round and chubby face, there on top of his head always was that source of derisive speculation which for Usher and myself held such a mysterious fascination. In later years Usher himself was to get bald, but that was later; now Mr. Katz's bald pate made him a man apart.

One morning, while rummaging through the baker's room, we came upon an old World War I helmet. Then and there it was established that while in the service of his country Mr. Katz's pate had been shot off. Thus it was that we endowed the boarder with a needed dignity, but not for long.

I bounded up the stairs to Usher's house in anticipation of the black bread and coffee —I grant you, too, there were other considerations, such as a ten-cent tip, but as I was properly brought up I had made up my mind not to accept it—when I saw that something was amiss in the household.

There was a frantic look on the face of Usher's mother as she nervously trod the kitchen floor. Usher's father was laughing, while the would-be dentist sat mouth agog taking it all in.

"It's not right!" cried his mother. "Katz is a good man. Never did he do this before."

I thought at first she was referring to the bread, which was missing from the table, but I soon realized it was something much more exciting.

"This is a respectable house! In front of the children! What will Goldberg think!" she went on.

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And as it slowly dawned on me that it was about something forbidden, something unmentionable, the door of Katz's room opened, and he, bald pate and all, came out and said:

"Hey, kids! Here's a buck! Bring back a dollar's worth of pastrami!"

A revolution or war could not have caused greater havoc than this order from Katz, as we, Usher and myself, frantically sped down the stairs to buy the delicatessen. It was as if God himself had come out of the door and handed us His holy writ and commandment.

A dollar's worth of pastrami! This was going to be no little sandwich with two or three miserable slices of the stuff between two chunks of bread! This was going to be tons! And oh! with what tender hands did Usher and myself carry it, he holding one end of the precious package and I the other! How carefully we crossed the street! How wonderful it was to be alive! But as we came to the stairs we began to argue over who was to have the privilege of bringing it up and started fighting, and the package opened, the delicatessen leaped out and was scattered in the dirt of the street.

Disaster! The end of the world! We had no right to live! Ten thousand living deaths we died! No! Ten times ten thousand!

I bent down and wiped the dirty pastrami against my clothes. Usher, trembling in the knees, turned white and nearly fainted as he leaned against the wall. And as I tenderly cleaned and rewrapped the package, my heart pounded as if I had committed the original sin.

If anyone had chopped our heads off right then and there, he would have done us an act of kindness, for never did two people walk up a flight of stairs with more dread in their hearts than did Usher and myself. So stunned were we by our own guilt that it took us time to assess the new situation in Usher's house.

There was the black bread. Usher's mother was smiling and standing over coffee that perked deliciously on the stove. The table was set with jam and napkins.

"This is Ramona!" she said, as she introduced us to a tall, dark, handsome woman who how-de-doed us. She looked like a teacher.

Yes, she was a true Ramona! I watched my heart showing on Usher's face. It spoke for me. He stood with his mouth wide open and the pastrami forgotten.

To me, at that moment, she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. We gobbled down the pastrami and black bread, oblivious of the fact that only a minute before it had been on the pavement. We drank hot coffee.

Ramona sat down at the piano and sang. It was the mission bells themselves that we heard.

Somewhere in the back of my mind was the thought that she had slept that night with our baker. She was a "bad woman." I noticed her stomach was a bit high, as if pregnant. All this, I imagined, had happened in one night in Mr. Katz's bedroom. I knew everything, but nothing mattered. What I saw was her long slender fingers, her black tearful eyes as she sang. Mission bells.

We escorted Mr. Katz and her to the stairs as he led her down. We opened doors for her. We watched her disappear down the hallway.

"You know," said Usher, "that guy Katz might not really have had a bald head if it hadn't been shot off in the war."

Our lumberyard was the place in which we all congregated when we wanted mystery, manufacturing it if need be. It was where we leaped from one four-story pile to another, where two or three times a week mysterious fires would break out bringing the fire engines with all their excitement, where we smoked, gambled, and had the watchman run after us.

Many months after Usher's encounter with the sad Ramona, he and I ventured into the lumberyard to join the boys. We dutifully executed a few standard leaps as the earth, four stories below, sped by. That only the previous week Bibi had made the selfsame leap and fallen screaming to the ground to be taken away in an ambulance

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did not faze us in the least. We performed a few leaps, embellishing them with a shaking of the head, or some humorous gesture like sticking out our tongues. And topping it all, we sat down on the tallest pile of all, drew out a cigarette apiece, the danger of fires notwithstanding, and fell to smoking and talking of things in general, when Usher, without so much as a previous hint, arose and dashed down the side of the pile in a frenzy.

"Da place is burnin'!" he cried, pointing in the direction of the railroad tracks. "Look!"

And sure enough, there near the edge of the railroad, black smoke spiraled upwards.

I clambered down after Usher, who said, "We're caught!"

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"Our fingerprints and footprints are all over da place!" he explained in great excitement. "They got us cornered!"

Tears came to my eyes in my awe of this "they." My heart started to pump madly. Perhaps on our street we were all born guilty, and so I assumed guilt immediately, not stopping to consider who "they" were but imagining something impossibly awesome and terrible.

"What are we goin' to do, Ush!"

"We gotta put da fire out!"

We ran. We ran with blood beating madly through our veins. We ran pursued by "they" and by everything that ever frightened us. We ran pursued by demons within and without. We ran until we came to a clearing and were confronted by a ghastly sight. There before our very eyes stood Robby and Pickles (Bibi being in the hospital), roasting a dead dog in a fire.

My stomach retched. It was not Robby and Pickles that I saw any more. It was two ancient fanatics we had come upon, two priests conjured up from some prehistoric memory. They stood stock-still, poking the ashes of the dying fire with a slender stick, while in the center lay the dog, whose insides had burst open and glistened in the sun.

"You guys nuts?" screamed Usher.

"What's it to you?" demanded Robby.

"Nuts! Nuts! Nuts!" cried Usher, and without further ado he leaped on the mad Robby and began flailing away in a wild fury.

Their clothes turned brown with the dirt, their faces were streaked with perspiration and earth. When Robby's nose began to show blood, Pickles threw in the towel and Robby gave up.

"You don't have no right to hit me," whimpered Robby. "The dog was dead. Me and Pickles found it. Rather than let the worms take it, we decided to burn it. So, we burned it."

Ignoring him, the triumphant Usher arose, all battered and torn, and wobbling over to the now dying fire he threw sand on it and put it out.

"That's true," said Pickles. "Only we weren't burnin' it, we were crematin' it."

"It's a dog, ain't it?" said Usher. "Ain't a dog man's best friend?"

"He was no friend of mine," said Robby.

Then picking up some sticks, we four, Robby, Pickles, Usher, and myself, began to scoop a hole in the ground for the dog.

We cried as we shoved the burst carcass over into its grave. We cried gobs of senseless tears. And I remember thinking how sad everything was, how sad I was, how sad my family was, how sad the dog must have been, and how sad it was to hurt this animal that had been hurt so much already.

"We need a cross for the grave!" said Usher.

And tying two sticks together, we Jews set up a cross above our mound.

Then retreating to the lumberyard, we all climbed up to the topmost pile and proceeded to smoke under the starry sky. We cried a little. We laughed a little. We wiped our eyes.

"You know," said Usher, smoking his cigarette, his body extended, his hands under his head, looking straight up into the sky, "that guy Katz might not have had a bald bean if it had not been shot off in the war!"

THEN there was the very dry summer the "landlords" were besieged. It all started

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with the clothes closet in Usher's bedroom while he lay asleep—something leaped from the top of the shelf right over our hero's head. Usher was to remember that night and the many nights that followed, for the rats now not only leaped but plunged, pirouetted, pas-de-deux'd and all but did dirty dances in front of him, and knowing perhaps how white and agitated their poor victim lay under his blanket, they probably even stuck their tongues out at him. At least so Usher averred.

Usher was at a loss, even Usher. For before mice and rats Usher was an indecisive Hamlet, incapable of anything. They became not mere rodents, but points of view, objects of wonder and intrigue, main currents of speculative thought, even a way of life, everything but four-legged things.

Many a night when I came home late, I would look up to Usher's window and see his sad, wide-eyed face peering out.

"What's the matter, Ush?" I would call up.

And then the helpless Usher, with a burden so big that it could not be mentioned for fear of calling forth the four-legged ones with long tails, would point to the rear of his room and whisper:

"I'm surrounded!"

And surrounded he was. Like in Hamelin of old they came, big rats, little rats, gray rats, all kinds of rats. When the "landlords" plugged up the holes in the closet, they came through the floor. When they plugged up the floor, they came through the ceiling. They came. At night our hero did not sleep for fear of being bitten. During the day he went about fearing the night. He feared rats even when they were not about. He was surrounded.

We were sitting in the kitchen one day in Usher's house having the usual, when I spied a small mouse looking out from under the stove. It looked at me and I looked at it. Usher, following my glance, saw the terrible monster and with a loud hysterical screech bounded up a chair to the top of the table and screamed:

"There's a mouse running around loose! Do somethin'. Take it away. Do somethin'!"

I stamped my foot on the floor, and the poor frightened animal scampered away in a flash.

"Did you see it?" he screamed. "Did you?"

"We're gonna do somethin' about it!" I said.

"What! What!" he cried, helplessly tearing at his hair.

That very night we began. I led him to a hardware store and made him buy a ten-cent trap. I showed him how to roll bread up into a small pellet (Mr. Katz's bread) and helped him bait the trap. I even placed the trap for him.

The next morning Usher was at my house rousing me from bed.

"We caught somethin'!" he cried. "Help me get rid of it!"

I showed him. I ran the water in his bathtub, held the trapped mouse under the faucet, and drowned it. Then I helped him slide the mouse from the trap into the garbage can.

"That's that!" said the greatly relieved Usher.

But that was not that. For the next night, we set another trap and caught another mouse. And the night after, another. And another and another and another. Twenty-nine anothers there were, in fact.

By this time my stalwart friend was in complete command of the situation. He would bait the trap, drown the mouse under the faucet, and even empty it into the garbage pail without my aid. But he crowned himself with glory in my eyes when he was able to take the dead mouse out of the trap by the tail and drop it into the garbage can. I did feel, however, when he began to swing and send them sailing through the air, that he was going a little too far. As for the rats, we only caught sixteen of them, but we gave all of them the treatment.

Now our street endured an epidemic of dead rats. People found dead rats on their stoops, on their window sills, would find them sailing through an open window into their houses. Suddenly a dead rat would appear on the counter of the candy store, or

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in a bag of potatoes, or in a plate of soup in a restaurant. As for bald men or pregnant women who appeared in our street, they were doomed. And if some poor girl was unfortunate enough to walk along our street, rats would be thrust under her nose, thrown under her feet, or pushed up her skirts. It was the way in which Usher told the world he had conquered his fear of rats.

But do you think that one ever really conquers, even rats? Do you? Let Usher pick up ever so many rats by the tail and send them spinning through the air, does he really conquer? For I am sure, even though Usher is now lost to me, and even if he can still trap rats, that often in the night the slithering, creeping, slimy things come crawling from the marrow of his bones to plague him, that even today they still jump, leap, dive, and pirouette in front of him. For this was our legacy from Brownsville.

THEN there was the grandfather, a patriarch of the old school. Here was no mere grandfather, here was a shaker of floors, a breaker of chairs, a pounder of tables, a hard and merciless taskmaster who inspired everyone with fear and who held everyone to strict account.

When he first came to America, he had worn a long white beard. But as time Americanized him, his beard got shorter and shorter until it was a small insignificant Van Dyke. But he became Americanized in beard only, for all else about him remained the same.

When my friend Bibi saw him for the first time, his mouth opened wide and pointing helplessly he cried, "God!"

"Come again!" cried Usher.

"That old guy scares me. He looks like, like—" began Bibi.

The hair on the nape of Usher's neck stood up. In a flash he caught Bibi in a vicious head-lock and screamed:

"What's dat! What's dat again? What did he look like?"

"Like, like—God!" sputtered the choking Bibi.

"Dat's better!" cried Usher, pushing the culprit from him and wiping his hands. "I thought for a moment you said 'God'! Dat's much better!"

"He don't look like no God to me!" said Robby.

"If he were God, he wouldn't come to our street," said Pickles.

"And why not?" asked Bibi.

"It don't make sense. Would God ever think of coming to *our* street?" asked Pickles.

"He might! Don't see why not!"

"You nuts! God wouldn't think of ever coming to our street! He's God!"

"Maybe you're right," said Bibi.

"He's not God, you dopes! He's my grandfather!" said Usher.

This old man appeared at Usher's home only at catastrophes and the High Holidays. I remember one holiday when my unfortuate friend Usher was compelled to attend the synagogue with his grandfather. He had been seen by the old man on the street corner. That was all the old man needed. He ran up to Usher and without warning cracked him right across the face. Crack. Crack. Again and again. Then taking my friend Usher by the ear he led him through the streets.

"Street corners are for *goyim* and bums, not for Jewish boys," he thundered.

Crack! Right across the face.

"Jewish boys don't stand on street corners!"

Crack! Right across the mouth!

"Jewish boys know their prayers!"

Crack! Right across the ears.

"Jewish boys go to *shul!*"

Crack! Right across the head.

"And here is an extra one for good measure!"

Bang! Right across the posterior.

The edict was pronounced. Poor Usher was sentenced to pray. The next thing you knew, a humiliated Usher was miserably dragging himself after the patriarch with bowed head looking like a sick cat.

The synagogue was filled with stale, heavy air smelling of tobacco. The broken Usher sat down in his pew. The fearsome grandfather put a prayer book in front of Usher, turned to the right page, and lifting his

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hand as if to strike, thundered: "Read!"

"Can't read."

"What!"

"Can't read the prayer book," our lost and broken hero cried, preparing to receive even more terrible blows.

"Black years on your father, that apostate," cried his grandfather, but seeing Usher weeping bitter tears he softened and whispered, "Sh! Sh! Don't cry, little one! Here, turn to this page and keep the book open, pretend as if you're reading. When I turn the page in my book, you turn in yours. We don't want anyone to know you can't read a prayer book."

Then he bent down, patted Usher's head and kissed him.

"Remember, too," he added, "when I stand, you stand. When I sit, you sit. Don't worry, young one, we'll manage somehow!"

And so Usher turned when his grandfather turned, stood when he stood, and even snuffed tobacco at the proper time.

Up he went! Down he went! Turn the page! Keep his eye on the page! Up you stand! Take some snuff! Down you go! Turn the page! Amen! Amen!

EVERY street has its "beauty"; ours was no exception. On our street, it was Miriam. The tough ones, who hung out on the corner, whistled, shouted obscenities, and made indecent proposals to her as she walked by. She was the mother of five children.

"Hey, Miriam!" Tough Maxie the Pug would scream. "How about a little jazzin'?"

"Hey, Miriam!" Fat Moish the Dope would cry. "If I climbed up your fire escapes, would you let me in?"

The women of our street said she was beautiful but stupid, and ignored her, but the men and children remembered her forever. And beautiful she was, with her long dark chestnut hair, her skin with so high a coloring that it seemed as if there was a constant glow about her face, and her strong tight body that had seen many births and countless miscarriages.

Yes, Miriam, I remember you! I remember you so well that even today I must often stop myself from thinking that only a woman who is sad can be beautiful. And even now that I am married, I remember and love you still.

I was a friend of Jakie the Snotnose, one of Miriam's sons, and remember very clearly Usher and myself coming to visit them, when who should be awkwardly pushing himself in, carrying a big round bread, but Katz the baker.

"I brought you a present," he grinned, showing his black teeth.

Usher and I took one look at Katz and began to laugh.

"Thank you, Katz!" said Miriam. "It'll come in handy!"

"Good! Good!" said the floundering Mr. Katz.

I could not stop laughing. It was all so funny.

In return for Katz's kind consideration, Miriam asked, "Would you care for a glass of tea?"

"It can't hurt!" said the ungainly Katz.

And so Miriam began to brew the tea. I remember feeling that the whole thing was strange, and could see that Miriam herself had a furrow in her brow, but good and beautiful soul that she was she remained silent. I looked at Usher and Usher looked at me and then we were off again. Remembering what the street said about her, I decided she was stupid.

"I have heard—" began Katz.

Miriam ran to the tea kettle to put out the light.

"I have heard—" began Katz again.

"Here, Mr. Katz, suppose I cut off a slice of bread. You will start first. After all, it's your present."

"Miriam," he courageously began again, "things are not good with you."

"Would you like some butter on the bread, Mr. Katz?"

"I have heard," began the intrepid Mr. Katz again, "I have heard that things are not going well, that he's no good."

"Sh!" she whispered. "The children!"

"Oh, the children! What do they know!" he said.

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"They know everything!" she said.

Suddenly we stopped laughing. And before you knew it everyone, including myself, was crying and Katz was on his knees before Miriam, weeping, and he was saying:

"Miriam! I'll take you away from him! He's no good! He'll never be any good! You'll never have a happy day with him! We'll run away together, to Canada, to Chicago, to California! Anywhere! Come with me!"

"Are you crazy?" said Miriam. "I've got children!"

"I'll take them with us! Don't you understand! I love you. I love them, Miriam. Miriam! Miriam!" he cried, banging his fists against his temples. "I'd do anything for you. If you asked me to kill myself, tomorrow, I'd kill myself for you! Anything!"

"That's foolish talk!" she said. "I don't want anyone to kill himself for me! I'm not worth it! Find yourself a nice young girl and get married!"

"Miriam! Miriam!" he said, crying as if his heart would break. "I can't love anybody else! Don't you understand? I lie awake at night, thinking only of you. Miriam! Miriam! I think of him, and think of you. And I think of how happy I could make you. It's all so wrong, so unfair, when I love you so and see you suffering so because of him. It kills me!"

"Go with him, Miriam! Go with him!" I wanted to scream.

"Get up from the floor!" she said. "Somebody is liable to walk in! How would it look!"

And there was Katz on the floor, clutching at her knees as she struggled to get free of his grasp.

"Stop this nonsense!" she said. "Get up from the floor. You're a grown man! You're exciting the children!"

"The children! The children!" he said, mocking her.

And sure enough, there were we, all screaming and carrying on at the top of our lungs: Jakie the Snotnose, Miriam's other three children, an infant Miriam held in her arms, and Usher and myself.

She calmed Katz down and then calmed us down and taking her youngest to breast she moved up and down, rocking him to sleep. Then she put the infant in his carriage and rocked him, singing:

On the Pripet burns a fire,
But in this house it's cold.
There sits a rabbi with a group of children,
Teaching them the A-B-C's.

Say it, children, say it once again!
Say your A-B-C's!
Say it, children, say it again!
Say your A-B-C's!

"Have another glass of tea!" said Miriam.

Finally the unhappy Mr. Katz rose to leave.

"Go in peace," she said.

BUT Katz did not go in peace. He went in agony, and was dead within two months. When Usher's grandfather appeared, and it was not a High Holiday, I knew that some catastrophe had occurred. But since it was Katz who died, it was only a "small" catastrophe.

Yes, poor Katz was dead within two months, dying of some dread disease which could not be mentioned in front of us for fear the very word would spread the contagion. It was Usher's grandfather who rose to the occasion. He was an expert on funerals, knowing what to do to the last detail, but although he handled the religious end of it like an artist, he had no control of the social.

Katz's waiting hearse. Robby's mother sat in her window chewing polly-seeds, her empty vacuous face with its moving mandibles churned with a vengeance, showing no emotion. Pickles, smoking a cigarette, looked up curiously from the corner and looked away. Bibi, deeply curious, walked brazenly up to the hearse, peered in, examined it very closely, and even fingered it.

"Make it quick! Make it quick!" called the chauffeur from the hearse. "What do you think I have, all day!"

"A Yankee Doodle funeral!" said Usher's grandfather.

White and contorted grew Usher's face,

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my hero Usher's face, as they brought the bloated body down. Screams. He screamed and threw himself about uncontrollably.

"Ah!" said Usher's grandfather approvingly, "he's giving the funeral dignity."

But at that moment the railroad train ran by, and all I remember is Usher's face, all swollen and red, crying without a sound.

And on that miserable street, nobody except Miriam, beautiful stupid Miriam, and Usher and myself cried for the dead Katz. Nobody else. And this on a street that cried easily. I hate that street for this. I hate that street even to this day.

Make it quick! Make it quick, Katz! And it was as if Katz had never been.

That evening we met in the lumberyard. Usher was flaunting a wooden sword he had made.

"Katzie was a good guy!" he said.

"An ace! He was an ace!" chimed in Robby.

"Katzie was a great guy!" cried Usher.

"The greatest! There was none greater!"

"Katzie died for his country! He was a hero!" said Usher belligerently brandishing his sword in the air.

"For his country! A hero!"

"Whoever said Katzie had a bald bean!" said Usher.

"No! Nobody ever said Katzie had a bald bean!"

"Well! Did Katzie have a bald bean?"

"No! Katzie never had no bald bean!" came the answer.

Suddenly from down below, announcing the arrival of Bibi, came flying a dead rat that landed at Usher's feet, and soon after came Bibi, huffing and puffing up the pile of lumber.

"Hey!" he shouted, picking up the creature by its tail. "What do ya say we shove this up some skirt!"

And as if an alarm had been sounded, like one, they began jumping from the pile shouting:

Last one off will have bad luck!
Last one off is a big ———!
Last one off will never get ————!

And they tore down into the street screaming and shouting, thundering like a herd. And many was the girl who screamed that night.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

BILINGUALISM IN JEWISH LITERATURE

The Marriage Made in Heaven

S. NIGER

S. Niger was the pseudonym of Samuel Charney, whose death last December at the age of seventy-two constituted an irreparable loss to Yiddish letters. Widely known as the dean of Yiddish literature in this country, Niger produced some twenty volumes of criticism in Yiddish. He also wrote in Hebrew and Russian. His weekly literary article in the *Day* was awaited eagerly by a large and devoted audience. The following selection, taken from the introduction to *Bilingualism in the History of Jewish Literature* (Louis Lamed Foundation, 1941), provides an example of the detachment and scholarly perspective with which Niger approached even the most controversial issues.

As devoted to Hebrew as he was to Yiddish, Niger fought for a recognition of the rights of both languages to serve as vehicles of Jewish culture. His own career as a writer, it might be said, was itself eloquent argument for his position. The selection is translated from the Yiddish by Jacob Sloan.—Ed.

PICK up an old Jewish book—pick up the Bible, the book of books, for example. You will immediately perceive that we Jews have not always been content with one literary language; for, in addition to Hebrew, there are sections in the Bible that are written in Aramaic (parts of Ezra, Daniel). Recall, again, how the twenty-four books of the canon were published in the early days of printing: alongside the original Hebrew the medieval printers set the Targum translation, in Aramaic. As for the Talmud, the continuation of the Bible, the original itself is a very monument to bilingualism: Aramaized Hebrew in the Mishnah, on the one hand, and Hebraized Aramaic in the Gemara, on the other hand. During the Talmudic period Hebrew and Aramaic, the two Jewish literary languages of the time, were close neighbors, as it were, a divinely ordained marriage, a couple fated for one another.

Hebrew and Yiddish constitute a similar couple, a similar marriage, similarly fated for one another.

Since the beginning of the 16th century, hundreds of Jewish books have been printed in bilingual editions—except that in their case the two languages were not Hebrew and Aramaic but Hebrew and Judeo-German. Judeo-German was the partner of Hebrew, exactly as Aramaic had been in an earlier period.

Bilingualism has been a commonplace in Jewish literature, a tradition. This was true not only of the Pentateuch, Judeo-German *Chumesh,* the *Muser* morality books, the prayers or penitential *Techines.* It was true as well of the latter-day *Haskalah* (Enlightenment) booklets where Hebrew and Yiddish were frequently partners (Yiddish text and Hebrew titles—often introductions and complete paragraphs were also in Hebrew). There have even been Jewish journals containing articles alternately in Hebrew and Yiddish. This does not take into account, of course, the Jewish writers, old and new, who have in many cases been bilingual.

Were it not for a certain ideological opposition to this bilingualism in Jewish literature (an opposition that was marked in the past, and has more recently become extreme), we should not find it necessary to ask whether we ought to content ourselves with one Jewish literary language, or

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whether we can afford the luxury of two; the historical *fact* that we have had two literary languages for centuries would have spared us the necessity of research. But there is now, and always has been, a drive to linguistic monism in Jewish literature. Consequently, we must clarify which of these impulses, the bilingual or the monolingual, has deeper roots in Jewish history, is more broadly based in Jewish life.

We all know about the current wish to limit Jewish literature to one language. We are all familiar with, on the one hand, the 100 per cent Hebraist, who would make Hebrew the sole medium of Jewish culture, and, on the other hand, the extreme Yiddishist, who would do the same for Yiddish. The upshot of this situation is that one group of Jewish intellectuals tries to deprecate the importance and role of Yiddish as a "jargon," the language of *Galut* and the ghetto, while another group of intellectuals struggles to minimize or completely eliminate the functions Hebrew assumes in Jewish cultural life.

Each of these parties knows in its heart of hearts that if its program were to be realized, something in our culture would be sent packing, something in our past would be cast into the shadow. But each faction is willing to make this sacrifice: either because it believes that the worthy cause of Jewish unity demands the sacrifice, or because it maintains that the damage would not really be so great. Whatever the reason, the Hebraists think we can get along without Yiddish, and the Yiddishists feel we can survive without Hebrew.

In our early bilingual period, when the languages concerned were Hebrew and Aramaic, we find no trace of so-called "Aramaicists," who would exclude Hebrew from Jewish literature. But we do find reference to Hebraists, who saw no reason for Aramaic as a second literary language—though the majority of the Jews were no longer speaking Hebrew by that time. As these early Hebraists saw it, the most appropriate language of Jewish literature next to Hebrew should have been that of the country where Jews resided—Greek or Persian—and not Judaized Aramaic, the Jewish popular tongue of the time. Thus:

"Rabbi Judah said: In the Land of Israel, what need for Syriac [Aramaic]? Either the Holy Tongue, or Greek. . . . Rabbi Jose said: In Babylonia, what need for Aramaic? Either the Holy Tongue, or Persian" (Baba Kama 82-83).

There were even sages who were not opposed to Aramaic in general but inveighed against worship in the popular tongue—the Yiddish of that time—because, they said, the angels understood no Aramaic, but only the Holy Tongue! (Shabbat 12). Apparently then, as now, there were Jewish soothsayers, intellectual leaders who were opposed to bilingualism in Jewish literature. They insisted that our intellectual and spiritual language should be Hebrew exclusively, exactly the way modern Yiddishists insist that it can be only Yiddish.

Today, the Yiddish monists rely on the present situation in Eastern Europe where Yiddish is the popular tongue, while the radical exponents of Hebrew take up the cudgels in behalf of the Jewish past (and future). Hence, it may be worthwhile to examine both the present state of Jewish popular culture and Jewish historical experience, for insight into our linguistic situation.

The very first thing we must take into account is that we Jews are not the only group in the world that has used more than one linguistic medium for literary, as well as nonliterary, cultural purposes. It is important that we keep in mind the fact that we are not the only ones to have "suffered," or to be still "suffering," from bilingualism, or, rather, to be the victims of linguistic warfare. Other peoples have had, and still do have, the same problem. . . .

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ON THE HORIZON

MEMOIR OF A RUMANIAN ROPE-CLIMBER

The Physical Education of Sol Bloom

SOLOMON F. BLOOM

THERE were three Ages of Man in Hârlău, my home town in northern Rumania. The first began on the fourth birthday, when we entered *cheder,* or Hebrew school, and ended at eleven. For a while, the periods of study were short, and we children spent most of the time playing in the yard. Our play did not take the form of athletic games. We just ran about and fought with each other. As we grew older, the periods of study grew longer and the intervals of play shorter, and then they disappeared altogether. At the secular school, which we began to attend when we were seven, the opportunities for outdoor activity were a little better. The school was situated on a hill at the edge of the crowded town and it had a larger yard than the *cheder.* Yet there were no organized athletics. During the luncheon period we improvised running contests or matches that mixed boxing and wrestling.

The fact was we had no time for sports. We attended *cheder* both before and after secular school hours. That left only the Sabbath. But the Sabbath was holy to the sports-haters, that is, to the whole world of adults. You were not supposed to do anything strenuous. If you got far enough away from the center of town, a ball game—we played a kind of stickball—might be arranged. The appearance of an adult in the distance broke the game up immediately.

From the beginning, I was poor at games. My schoolmates nicknamed me *der tsekrochener,* which means the disintegrated or unraveled one. I was left to myself. I took to reading and spent a very happy childhood.

The first Age of Man ended, officially, at Bar Mitzvah. But long before we were confirmed, at thirteen, our elders began to woo us from the childishness of play by treating us *en égal.* "Look at him," they would say, "still playing ball and he will be Bar Mitzvah in two years!" Bicycling, however, was not considered improper for boys in their teens. Those of us who went to the *lycée* had to take easy tests in minor exercises, such as bending or rope climbing. Then life began in earnest. Marriage inaugurated the third, and last, Age of Man. I do not remember a married man—and people married young—engaging in any sport or athletic activity. It was just not done.

When my family migrated to the United States, I was sixteen years old. That is to say, I was fully an adult. Play and games were behind me. My brother Samuel was only nine and he shifted promptly from Rumanian stickball to baseball. American boys played ball right out in the open. Adults did not interfere. Indeed, they often stopped to watch with envy. My father did not understand it. Despite his protests, Samuel refused to grow up and stop playing. But I, *der tsekrochener* of *cheder* days, was a "good boy." I did not take up American sports. I had trouble with my knees—later, psycho-

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IT WAS a long way from Rumania to the United States in the early decades of this century, especially when measured in terms of athletics, as SOLOMON F. BLOOM's memoir makes clear. Mr. Bloom, who is well known to our readers, is professor of history at Brooklyn College; he is just now completing a major interpretative history of the Atlantic community of nations in the 19th century.

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analysts tried to persuade me, unsuccessfully, that the trouble lay somewhere else--and this caused me to give up even bicycling, which I had learned in Hârlău.

Such was my athletic history when I came up against the swimming requirement at City College in New York. You had to know how to swim in order to graduate. Only a physical disability could excuse a student from fulfilling this iron requirement. My academic standing was good, but diplomas had been denied to excellent students, or so it was rumored. The test was given in the sophomore year, at the end of the long compulsory hygiene course. It was a mere formality for the majority of students.

But swimming was another of the sports I had missed out on in Hârlău. At the *lycée*, music, drawing, and gymnastics were classified as "minor" subjects. No student was failed if he did badly in any or even all of them. However, if he failed in one of the five or six major subjects, such as history, science, or Rumanian literature, he had to repeat the *whole* year. In the United States, a college diploma hinged on a single sport!

This seemed so unnatural to me that I made no effort to learn to swim. Besides, I was terrified of water. About two weeks before the day of the test, after a "hygiene" class in the gymnasium, I went down to the pool and asked the instructor in charge to give me a lesson. He must have thought I was joking. "Just jump in there"--he pointed to the shallow end--"and *swim!*" He turned away.

I jumped in and drowned. Or so it seemed. I stood up and began to splash about. After a few afternoons of trying, I experienced that miraculous moment when you realize that, while you aren't swimming, you aren't walking either. Evidently swimming was possible. From that moment, things went faster. I was soon able to move a few yards without grabbing the railing or standing up. Nobody told me that one could breathe out, or open one's eyes, under water, or that one could float. I had to jerk my head out constantly. Nobody had shown me how to coordinate the movements of arms and legs or how to keep the body in alignment. My swimming was a wild flailing of limbs, and alternate sinking and bobbing. With this mode of locomotion, I was at last able to do the whole length of the pool. I kept near the railing, however, just in case. But doing a whole length exhausted me, and I had to rest afterwards.

One dull morning, my gym class took the test. Perhaps a hundred students walked down to the pool, in double file. I asked my partner what distance we had to swim. He said, four lengths of the pool. I stopped in my tracks. I said I could swim only one lap. I turned back. I could not pass the test; I could not graduate from City College. My partner pulled me forward.

"Go in and do what you can," he insisted. "It makes a better impression if you try."

"I can't do four laps," I repeated.

We were now in the basement, and the instructor called upon four students to line up at the deep end of the pool. The students dived in, swam the length of the pool quickly, turned around, did a second lap, turned again, and again, and then practically leaped out of the water. One, two, three, four! Four others dived in. One, two, three, four, and they were out. Suddenly I was standing at the end of the pool. The instructor gave the signal. Three students dived in, and I fell in and did a belly-flop. When I came up I made for the railing, but was careful not to touch it. The others had turned about twice and came up from behind as I was laboring through my first lap. I approached the end of the pool, which was also the end of my college career. I saw the face of my mother. How could I tell her that I had failed to graduate because I could not swim? I decided to turn around, come what may. For the first time, I was starting on a second lap. Bobbing up and down, and zigzagging toward the railing, I dodged heavy traffic. Another group of swimmers was flying past me. I caught a glimpse of the instructor: he had noticed that I had not returned with my group. I was becoming exhausted as I neared the end of my second lap. Desperately, I turned back again. I was full of water, out of breath, and stayed longer under water than above it.

The class gathered around the pool to watch me, mostly in amusement. As I struggled toward the end of the third lap, I heard them cheering me on. I arrived at the end of the pool more dead than alive. Nevertheless I turned around again. I preferred

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drowning—which I feared but could not conceive—to failing. I will not get out of this pool, I kept thinking, until I pass the test. Another group of swimmers dashed past, and I made more often for the railing. Nothing in the world could make me touch it and invalidate the test. The instructor had, by then, become concerned. He cleared the pool. Several good swimmers dived in and began to circle around me. I swam away from them. They must not touch me! My movements were feeble and my progress all but invisible. I must have covered twice as much ground as necessary, since I could not keep a straight line.

Finally, I went under, but with a last spurt of will rose and came to the end of the pool. I could not raise myself out by my own efforts. A few powerful arms helped me, and I collapsed on the tile floor. I saw a drainage hole near me, and into it, so it seemed, my last bits of energy oozed along with the water. I lay prone and gasped.

The instructor leaned over me:

"That's very good, Bloom. You get an A."

I didn't understand.

"You had to do two laps to get C and pass. For four laps you get A."

I was stunned. I heard the instructor say:

"Bloom, why did you try so hard? It's plain you can't swim. Why must you have an A in swimming?"

I was too exhausted to explain. Swimming and A's had nothing to do with it.

The A in swimming was my only perfect grade in athletics, with one exception. I always earned an A in rope-climbing. You could not reach the hayloft above our stable back in Hârlău unless you climbed up a rope.

AT A PATCHED WINDOW

MENKE KATZ

I AM a lover, a pauper, and a poet.
My heart is clean beneath the threadbare shirt.
I learned wisdom from the Talmudic skies of Lithuania.
I am gracefully uncouth.
I cleaved my grace from the slums of New York.

My father like Columbus dreamed of America, when I was born.
My childhood wanned at a patched window,
Where I imagined a cake soaring like a cherub,
Where I saw candy, toys, and cocoa,
under the wings of a nymph only.

The cruel hand of destiny led us through hunger, war, and plague.
We were four little brothers and a scrawny sister.
In the autumn garret we heard the song of spring,
as crawling doves would hear the giggle of their craven victor.
The wind through redolent meadows was a bleak laughter.

Oh, our weary mother carried us
through the prosperous thorns of our scared little town, Michalishek.
From a fairy tale came the night—a spectral undertaker,
to bury the thorny day of Lithuania.
God was the baker from Eden who baked the tasty stars.

MENKE KATZ, who appears here for the first time, has published several volumes of Yiddish poetry. He came to the United States from Lithuania in 1920.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

PSYCHOANALYTICAL thought has been in a state of flux for quite a while now, as efforts continue to revise Freud's original insights and conclusions in the light of clinical experience as well as by intellectual analysis. Among the foremost of such "revisionists" is Erich Fromm, whose most recent book, *The Sane Society* (Rinehart, $5.00), is here discussed by PAUL KECSKEMETI. In a companion piece, ARTHUR J. BRODBECK calls our attention to a book, J. A. Hadfield's *Dreams and Nightmares* (Penguin, 65 cents), that would overhaul Freud's crucial theory of dreams.

Mr. Kecskemeti, social scientist and veteran contributor, is now engaged in studies of totalitarianism for the Rand research organization. Mr. Brodbeck, a newcomer to these pages, is assistant professor of psychology at Boston University.

THE ALL-POWERFUL "I"

PAUL KECSKEMETI

TO THE perennial problem of evil and suffering, there are two perennial answers. According to one, evil and suffering have their origin in the deficiencies of nature. One cannot, then, overcome evil without transcending nature. This is the supernaturalist answer which most religions give to the problem of good and evil: perfect good is a supernatural concept; evil is inherent in nature.

The other answer, which is far more congenial to modern man, locates all essential goodness within nature and traces evil and suffering to deviations from the natural. According to the naturalist view, evil is essentially the frustration of natural needs, while good consists in their gratification. Evil thus can have no natural origin: only extra-natural forces working within society can be responsible for it. It is society which makes man unhappy, by depriving him of the means for satisfying his natural needs.

To the supernaturalists, human life and history are essentially a struggle between natural imperfection and supernatural perfection. Extremists on the supernaturalist side go as far as to consider all nature as evil and corrupt; they consider the satisfaction of all natural needs as sinful or at least suspect. But this is a perversion of the true meaning of the supernaturalist message, both in its classical Greek and in its Jewish and Christian forms. The main body of this tradition sees in nature an image of supernatural perfection and is hence far from rejecting nature and natural gratification as evil. It merely holds that nature, though tending toward goodness and perfection, is tainted with an element of corruption; this, rather than frustration, is the source of evil. When the evil inherent in it is kept in check, nature is by no means destroyed; it rather achieves a close harmony with the supernatural perfection towards which it tends.

According to naturalism, on the other hand, the essential conflict is that between man and society. Here again we encounter extremists who condemn society and culture as such and dream of a purely "natural" existence in which man is released from all social bonds and all restrictions of morality. But these extremists again falsify the real content of the naturalist message. The main body of the naturalist tradition, far from being anti-social and a-moral, is socially and ethically oriented. The most conspicuous trait of its chief representatives, the thinkers of the Enlightenment and the social reformers and revolutionary idealists who claim descent from them, is their deep humanitarianism and their moral protest against injustice and oppression. They reject existing society because of the frustrations that it imposes upon its members, but they think that

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this defect can be remedied. Once society insures the satisfaction of the natural needs of man, there will be close harmony between human nature and human culture.

Up to recent times, the spokesmen of naturalism, true to a materialist conception of man, equated natural needs with physical, bodily ones—those for food, shelter, medical care, and safety from physical aggression and restraint; with the advent of psychoanalysis, the gratification of sexual needs was added to the list. It was the prevalent frustration of *these* needs which made society bad; once the satisfaction of everybody's physical needs was insured, man would achieve a perfectly good and happy existence.

This utopia, however, like so many others, began to pall as soon as it neared realization. Evidence now is accumulating to show that mass welfare in physical terms does not necessarily produce a happy society. With frustration of all the basic physical needs nearly eliminated, society can still show severe symptoms of maladjustment and disturbance. Misery and unhappiness are less stark than in the age of widespread physical want, but they are often even more hopeless and less relieved by compensating factors.

When this is realized, the old naturalist position becomes untenable: clearly, the satisfaction of everybody's physical needs cannot be the key to collective happiness. One might infer from this that the naturalist approach as such must be faulty: the conflict between man and society cannot be the basic fact of existence, since man can be despondent even in a benevolent society. But it is equally possible to rescue the naturalist position by revising part of the doctrine so as to account for the new evidence. The despondency that exists in the presence of mass welfare can still be interpreted in a naturalist sense as being due to society's failure to satisfy natural human needs. Only this time we have to re-define the "natural" needs of man as mainly *non-physical,* or rather *non-biological.*

THIS is the approach that is taken by Erich Fromm in his latest book, *The Sane Society*. The book stands squarely in the naturalist tradition: its central argument amounts to a formidable indictment of modern, urbanized culture, on the ground that it systematically frustrates all the needs that are specific to man. But Fromm is equally emphatic in maintaining that man's *specific* needs are not those grounded in his animal, instinctual drives. They are, rather, those needs which stem from the conditions of man's existence *as man,* as a being radically different from the lower animals. Man shares a number of biological needs with the other animals, and it is clearly important for him that these needs be satisfied. But the problem that is specific to man is that of *psychic* well-being, of sanity. Man is the only being that can become insane. And man *will* become insane, or at least psychically disturbed, if he lives under conditions that fail to do justice to his specifically human needs.

The older version of naturalism denied the existence of any qualitative difference between man and other animal organisms. Fromm departs radically from this position, and his insistence upon the "higher," non-animal aspects of human existence, as well as his frequent use of religious terms, must scandalize orthodox adherents of the naturalist tradition, to whom the dogma of the essential animality of man and the total rejection of religious concepts are among the most sacred elements of their creed. Fromm's revision of the naturalist position, however, has to be considered as a heresy within the stream of naturalist thought, rather than as the assertion of a radically different point of view, for he still defines the problem of good and evil in terms of the satisfaction versus the frustration of needs—even though, according to him, man has special needs related to psychic health which are not shared by other animals. Also, he holds society responsible for maintaining conditions conducive to mental health. This is the essentially naturalist standard by which he holds that societies must be judged, and in terms of which ours must be considered a failure.

Dr. Fromm maintains that there is nothing subjective or relative about his yardstick of "psychic health." He rejects the notion that mental illness is the outgrowth of a personality structure deviating from what happens to be considered normal in a given culture, so that a person judged "insane" in one society might be accepted as "sane" in another. For Fromm, insanity is not odd behavior, but behavior that is not consonant with the immutable, and objectively ascertainable, basic conditions of genuinely "human" existence. Hence the essence of psychic health cannot be social adjustment. On the contrary: the primary question is whether *society* is "sane," that is,

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whether its institutions enable man to live in accordance with his specifically human vocation. If society is not "sane" (as ours, Fromm says, emphatically isn't), then adjustment to it leads not to psychic health, but to psychic disturbance.

WHAT, then, are the specific needs of man that must be satisfied if he is to remain sane, and whose gratification is the main responsibility of the sane society? They are, Fromm says, needs related to "love," "reason," "creativity," and "sense of identity." To be physically healthy, man must be capable of love; he must live in an intelligible world; he must experience the joy of creation. Above all, he must experience himself as an "I," as the unique center of the world. This in fact is *the* basic need: man emerged as a specific being, set off against the rest of nature, when he developed the sense of being "I." From that point on, his happiness and misery have depended, not so much on the fulfillment of his animal wants, as on whether the circumstances of his life enriched or impoverished this "I" experience. Love, creativity, reason are just different aspects of man's life when he comes into his own as "I." Whereas "alienation," loss of the sense of "I," is the sum and substance of human misery.

Man is fully creative, loving, reasonable only as long as he experiences himself as the sole source of his productive acts, his sympathetic impulses, his problem-solving insights. The moment he senses an outside force directing and controlling his acts and feelings, he is "alienated," unhappy, and psychically impaired. Subordinating the "I" to any outside power is the original sin, the fall from grace. Any act of submissive worship is a sign of alienation; so is the self-denying, submissive form of love, as well as any exclusive (e.g. national) group loyalty. In social life, use of one man's labor for another's satisfaction and profit is the prime instance of "alienation." All these forms of alienation are foisted upon man by society.

From this point on, Fromm's critique of society proceeds along Marxian lines (the whole concept of "alienation," of course, having been taken over from Marx). Western society, our author says, necessarily misses the goal of sanity because it is capitalistic. In capitalistic society man's productive energies are alienated. He does not create as an "I" but labors as part of an alien machinery. This radically impairs his psychic health, no matter how well his physical needs are taken care of. In his critique of capitalism Fromm by no means neglects such traditional socialist themes as the inequality of incomes and the iniquity of inherited wealth, but his main charge is no longer the one that Marxism has emphasized above all, namely, that capitalism condemns the bulk of the population to a life of want and misery. Fromm admits that Marx's argument from misery has become antiquated; from his own point of view this aspect of the problem is not decisive at all. What really matters is not material want but such necessary concomitants of the capitalistic system as the monotony inherent in mass production, and the worker's dependence on the employer.

Fromm's prescription for making society "sane" is concerned mainly with the last-mentioned point. He does not think that modern society can do away with mass production and monotony, but all can still be saved, according to him, by making the worker's position in the production process "meaningful." All one has to do is to abolish that employer-employee relationship which is the essence of capitalism, and replace it by a system in which the workers themselves take charge of management functions. In other words, Fromm takes up the problem approximately where Lenin, in *State and Revolution,* has left it. He calls this system "communitarian socialism," to be sharply distinguished from Soviet Communism, which merely substitutes new and harsher controls for those of capitalism. According to him, both capitalism and Stalinism deny the fundamentals of collective "sanity"; "communitarian socialism" alone can create a "sane" society.

Many of Fromm's findings about the psychic impoverishment and depersonalization suffered by man in an urbanized industrial society are well taken, but the solution he proposes, "communitarian socialism," seems to me entirely unwarranted. Fromm seems to assume that once operative and managerial functions are combined, man will become a pure "creator," freed from all outside control and dependence. Now it is extremely doubtful whether the operatives in industry can collectively discharge all management functions. But even if they could, problems of power and control would not disappear: man would still have to play other roles than that of the pure "creator."

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If the control functions now vested in management were transferred to the operatives, new forms of regulating and coordinating the behavior of individuals and groups would have to be adopted, and I think these new controls, which would be essentially political, would interfere with individual freedom far more drastically than the mechanisms of the "mixed" free enterprise system in its present form do. Fromm is unable to appreciate this problem: he dogmatically postulates that with the fusion of operative and management functions, there will be nothing in life but love, rationality, and creativeness. It is a beautiful dream. We can only hope that Western society will not be so rash as to take it at face value; the awakening would be terrible.

WHAT explains the recklessness with which Fromm postulates the disappearance of perennial human problems at the magic touch of the good fairy, "communitarian socialism"? I perceive in many of his analyses—not only those of capitalism and socialism, but also others dealing with authority, religion, nationalism, and so on—a pervading fear of being dominated. I don't hesitate to call this fear neurotic. Fromm has shown in earlier works how neurotic cravings to submit, to be dominated, operate in the human psyche and in society, and for this we must be grateful to him. But the fear of being dominated can be just as neurotic as the urge to submit to domination; if the latter induces man to ignore his own powers, the former leads to an equally unrealistic denial of his limitations. Fromm's development of the concept of the "I" experience and its reverse, alienation, reflects a morbid fear of domination and a craving for the unlimited sovereignty of the individual.

This does not mean to say that Fromm is wrong in considering the sense of being "I" in what one feels and does as an essential component of psychic health. He is on firm ground when he diagnoses "depersonalization," the impoverishment of the sense of "I," as a sign of severe impairment. But it does not follow that the healthy individual must always have an explicit feeling of being "the center of his world" and the "creator of his acts." The "I" may be there, in all its living fullness, when it forgets itself; it may be dead and depersonalized while proclaiming that it is the center of the world and the originator of its every act.

To my mind, the feeling that I am "the creator of my acts" can only be an illusion. In order to perform the slightest meaningful act, man must stand in an inextricable pattern of give-and-take between the "I" and the "not-I," and it is neither truthful nor sane to assert that in this give-and-take it is always the "I" that plays the originating and leading role. To refuse credit to the "not-I" for what it contributes to my acts is a sign of morbid jealousy. It is neurotic in the full sense of the word, for that contribution exists whether I admit it or not.

Fromm promises the advent of loving, reasonable, and creative man on condition that society recognize the sovereignty of the individual. Society can become perfect because human nature already is; the only thing needed is that society no longer dim the light of natural perfection. This is the promise of naturalism—a promise that to my mind cannot be redeemed. One may deny that absolute perfection is a valid guiding principle at all, and one also may deny that evil exists; in either case, one must reject *both* naturalism and supernaturalism. But if we assume a tension between evil and perfection, supernaturalism, with all its obscurity and extravagance, is basically more reasonable than naturalism. It is unreasonable both to admit the reality of evil and to insist that nature is free from it. If evil exists, we can seek for a *perfect* agent of redemption only beyond nature.

IN DREAMS BEGIN RESPONSIBILITIES

ARTHUR J. BRODBECK

ALTHOUGH Freud's wish-fulfillment theory of dreams was originally received by the world with freezing silence, time, working a familiar revolution, has rendered it both conversationally and professionally *de rigueur*. Adler and Jung formulated alternative theories of dream interpretation and analysis, but neither was worked out with the patient thoroughness Freud lavished on his first major work. And then, too, Freud had a way of making concessions here and there which stole much of Adler's and

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Jung's thunder, by a process that Harold Lasswell has called "restriction by partial incorporation." Nevertheless, Freud was far from satisfied with his dream theory, and in later life he found much in it to trouble him.

It also has much to trouble J. A. Hadfield, a British psychiatrist associated with the renowned Tavistock Clinic. At first glance, his *Dreams and Nightmares* seems to be a potpourri of Freud's wish-fulfillment theory, Adlerian power interpretations, Jung's emphasis on the constructive aspect of dreams, and the more recent innovations of Franz Alexander in this country. The end-product is what the author calls a "biological" theory of dreams—why, it is not apparent, since the biology involved is hardly more than verbal. (It is one's impression that anything "biological" has had a strange power to comfort British social scientists.)

Actually, Dr. Hadfield's theory might more appropriately be called a "problem-solving" one—and he does use this term at various points. It certainly comes closest to an accurate characterization of what turns out to be one of the most inventive, reasonable, and useful of all sets of ideas about the very complex subject of human fantasy. Moreover, Dr. Hadfield's theory contains some profound implications for the general study of fantasy—whether through the projective tests which elicit the private fantasies of people, or through research into popular culture. In this book he confines himself largely to dreams, throwing out only a suggestive paragraph here and there on children's play, or cultural myths, in which the more general application of his ideas begins to be visible.

AT FIRST, Dr. Hadfield's central notion strikes one as deceptively simple. We dream not so much to fulfill wishes as to meet problems *we do not wish to face* during our waking hours. A dream is a sort of example of a "Zeigarnik effect"*—i.e., of the tendency to go back and try to redeem personal "failures," trivial or profound, which we have temporarily put at the back of our minds but which continue nonetheless to press for attention. In short, dreaming is a kind of "perseverance in worrying." Such worrying need not be about deeply repressed problems, but may concern workaday ones that the lack of time or the press of other activities, as well as laziness or unreasonableness, has kept from being adequately resolved. Thus dreams deal with *reality*, but largely with that part of it we ordinarily want, or are forced, to push away and not think about. Sometimes, indeed, a dream does present us with a problem created by wishes; and dreams can, of course, be sexual; but they can also be about problems of power in human relations; and they can suggest better, more adequate ways of acting in the future. However, they can do, and be, a lot of other things too, and the real intellectual adventures in this book have to do with these "other things."

Wish-fulfillment, according to Dr. Hadfield, can be defined as the attempt to solve a problem by imagining it solved, and is rarely seen except among young children, and then almost exactly as acted out in their play. Most dreams, however, bring to our attention those "bad" and unnoticed consequences of our acts, or those false perceptions and distorted attitudes toward ourselves and others, which are responsible for our recurrent social difficulties as well as for endless self-torture. In adults, the childlike practice of wish-fulfillment in dreaming usually involves the appearance in some way or another of the overlooked reality factors that gave rise to the worry or problem in the first place. Furthermore, dreams frequently encourage and suggest actions in real life rather than "substitute" for waking behavior.

Freud's well-known dream about a recalcitrant patient, Irma, is re-analyzed along these lines by Dr. Hadfield in a way that allows for the Freudian view, but demonstrates how much remains unexplained by it. Freud interpreted his dream as reflecting the wish to put the blame on Irma for his failure in treating her, since she had not accepted his sexual diagnosis. But Dr. Hadfield shows that this is correct only for the beginning of Freud's dream; the rest is made up of uneasy reminders to the dreamer himself of many of his previous failures with patients; and in these Freud should have seen a sort of inner condemnation of his wish to put the blame on others. Hence Dr. Hadfield finds Freud's interpretation of his dream to be more wish-fulfilling than the dream itself, which was actually intended to *correct* Freud's wishful thinking and give expression to the

*Bluma Zeigarnik, a European psychologist closely associated with the tradition out of which Kurt Lewin came, demonstrated that we tend to recall *interrupted* activities better than *completed* ones.

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"voice of the discarded self," to the counter-arguments that, left unheeded, lead to faulty decisions.

The reason dreams allow us to go on sleeping is precisely that they work toward some solution of a problem, and thus operate to remove persistent conflicts about it. On the other hand, the anxiety dream, and particularly the nightmare, are distinguished by the fact that they present such terrifying problems, and are so devoid of suggested solutions, that "we waken in order to escape the unresolved problems of the night rather than sleep to escape the problems of the day." Nightmares and anxiety dreams are, therefore, likely to offer the best clue to which of our problems are the most difficult and perplexing.

FREUD introduced the concepts of "symbol" and "dream-work" into his wish-fulfillment theory in order to show the "disguised" nature of dream wishes, and that what they disguised was almost always sexual. The dream symbol was conceived of as a kind of rough analogy—e.g., flying or rising "symbolizes" sexual excitement, drowning or bathing a return to the womb with its pre-natal fluids, etc., etc. The dream-work becomes the informal grammar of the dream, the makeshift rules by which the symbols are joined together into a picture-making language. Thus a person appearing in a dream may remind us of three different people we know, each of whom we loathe. The image of the person condenses several discrete dislikes into one, and thus acts as a substitute for an abstract word; the general idea of "loathesomeness" is expressed by a simultaneous presentation of many examples superimposed on one another.

Dr. Hadfield takes cognizance of the notions of symbolism and dream-work in his problem-solving approach, investing them with a freshness they had seemed to be in danger of losing from reiteration. But he argues strongly against any symbolic interpretation of a dream that is not elicited directly from the patient, and backs away from, while reinterpreting, Jung's notions about the "racial unconscious" (the inherited capacity to employ, without awareness, symbols in the same ways our ancestors did) as well as from any such thing as a dictionary of fixed meanings for sexual symbols. Dream-work is seen to be hard work done in the effort to solve real problems rather than constituting a curious set of nocturnal habits in which thought suddenly goes logically primitive and wild.

Dr. Hadfield tries to show how a novel "insight" can sometimes initially be expressed only in terms of an analogy or an iconic synthesis of analogies. Again, dream symbolism can be a kind of tactful and indirect way in which "facts of life" that we do not want to think about are suggested to us without too severely jarring our self-esteem; in other words, dreams are *usually* governed by a delicacy like that which we show towards people whom we criticize but do not want to hurt. In all this there is a suggestion of how to re-state psychoanalysis in ways less cumbersome than those involved by such terms as "super-ego," "ego," and "id" (which are never used by the author). Here Dr. Hadfield comes close to social scientists like Harry Stack Sullivan and David Riesman, who want to put Freud in a context that is more completely social and conceived less dogmatically. Some ideas along these lines have also been advocated by the "Chicago school" of psychoanalysis.

Throughout Dr. Hadfield's book, the unspoken assumption is that the science of dream interpretation is better furthered by combining partial insights than by putting complete faith in any single one of them. The assets and debits of any single factor are coolly examined, but never with impatience or arrogance. Dr. Hadfield is willing to entertain certain ambiguities and intellectual tensions rather than settle for a new dogmatism. Nor are his ideas over-systematized or cast in pat, huckstering phrases. He seems constantly on the look-out for evidence against his own ideas and chooses examples of dreams that put him most at a disadvantage. But his ideas do beg for further elaboration—and at the same time for simpler and more abstract and economical formulation. One feels that this book is only the first step on a path that promises to carry us far.

IT IS becoming increasingly clear that the theories of fantasy emerging from psychoanalysis cannot adequately explain why, for instance, aggressive responses on a fantasy test can sometimes be gotten from people who are overtly aggressive, with a readiness equal to that with which such responses are obtained from individuals who inhibit aggression in real life. Dr. Hadfield's theory could explain this by being extended to say that it is not *what* we do, or do not do, in real life that determines

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what goes on in our fantasies; rather it is whether what we do in real life makes us worry and gives rise to persistent social conflicts.

So, too, it has long been a common-sense observation that popular (or, for that matter, esoteric) art, which has so much to do with fantasy, can give us insight into ourselves and others, and knowledge about the emotional fabric and structure of our social relationships; and that our experience of art is not a matter exclusively of escapism or the fulfillment of wishes whose satisfaction we have had to relinquish in real life. Art often acts as a protest agency and moves people to ask back from real life what they have allowed it to take away from them. There is good reason why the Soviet leaders so carefully winnow the art fantasies available to the Soviet public. To approach fantasy as a cousin to other forms of symbolic activity by perceiving the problem-solving character it has in common with them, its capacity to serve as a "rehearsal" for future events, might lead to altogether new and productive ways of examining projective responses and the subtler audience effects of the mass media.

In a provocative essay, David Riesman has tried to depict the way in which classical psychoanalysis divorced play from work and fantasy from reality, and he has suggested that the boundaries between the two may be more blurred than Freud's time and place liked to think them. Dr. Hadfield not only demonstrates the ambiguities and blurredness of these boundaries with a wealth of empirical detail, but suggests a positive way to deal with and clarify them. All this he presents with the excitement a scientist feels who, having learned how recalcitrant materials can be re-arranged to fit new categories and, having as a consequence seen some part of reality with a fresh eye, now wants others to share his experience with him. If Dr. Hadfield is right, the social effects and expressions of our fantasy life can tell us much we do not yet know about the way we work and solve our problems. Fantasy in all its myriad forms then becomes something more than just sheer pleasure and play.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

The Stage Anne Frank

To the Editor of Commentary:

Algene Ballif's complaint that the adaptation of the *Diary of Anne Frank* (in "Anne Frank on Broadway," November 1955), presents Anne Frank as "the image of the American idea of adolescence" and neglects her serious side suggests a major misconception of the original diary and the Broadway play. Miss Ballif, calls the stage version of Anne a "Jewish Corliss Archer," a canned adolescent, and objects that she puts her hair up and punctuates her speech with artificial pauses.

Anne Frank revealed herself in her diary as a girl with many of the preoccupations of adolescence. She liked clothes and collected photographs of film stars. She was vain about her appearance and her conquests, and later had a characteristically hesitant love affair. She also had special gifts. She was an unusually precocious reader and . . . an extraordinary writer. She had courage and humor, and was uncommonly aware of herself and others. . . .

But these qualities which resulted in such an achievement as her diary should not make us forget that she was a normal, in many ways still conventional, girl. That the adapters of the diary have managed to present her on the stage as at once typical and extraordinary is much to their credit and to the credit of Anne Frank's remarkable spirit, whose main quality, as she herself so often and so sensibly remarked, was its wholeness. . . . It would have been as much an error for the adapters to overlook this wholeness as for one to assume that Jane Austen never powdered her nose. . . .

But Miss Ballif clearly came prepared to find a quite different young girl from the one who wrote in the diary, and saw on the stage a version of Anne Frank quite unlike the one who appears there. Her claim that the stage Anne reflects a vulgarized (i.e. American) image of adolescence may reflect in turn her own . . . incorrect view of the play.

An example of this is her failure to recognize the adapters' obvious intention in the scene in which Anne dresses herself elegantly, visits Peter, and is kissed. Far from playing the coquette at the end of this scene, as Miss Ballif claims, Anne leaves Peter's room elated, and so obviously full of love and excitement at having reached this long-awaited stage in her development that her reactions are not only dramatically inevitable, but precise reflections of the character we find in the diary. She tosses her scarf over her shoulder, as a great lady should, and eager to share her love, kisses the assembled families as she crosses the stage to her own room.

Miss Ballif went to the theater expecting to find in Anne Frank a woman of "high moral seriousness"—F. R. Leavis in a pinafore. She saw instead a bobby sox Mae West. The complexity of Miss Ballif's visual problem is appalling.

Barbara Epstein

New York City

Miss Ballif *writes:*

Barbara Epstein's experience both of Anne Frank's diary and the play about her seems too alien to my own to argue about. I hope, however, that my remarks can clarify something.

I do not at all object to Anne's putting up her hair, which she often did, experimentally, in the real Secret Annex. I object, rather, to the particular use made of this in the play—i.e., to her putting up her hair to go see Peter—a piece of business not in the diary in that connection, and not, I think, relevant to Anne's relation with Peter, which was a notably undecorated one.

The dramatization on Broadway certainly makes Anne "typical," but it does not make her in the least "extraordinary," as Mrs. Epstein seems to feel it does. And to "forget that she was a normal conventional girl" is not a danger—certainly not in these United States where we are never permitted to forget such things, where the normal and conventional are crammed down our throats, and where we constantly seek the normal and conventional to cling to. What is a danger is our not comprehending those "qualities which resulted in such an achievement as her diary." Anne Frank's diary is important not for its caressing little gusts of normality and typicality, but for what is unique and extraordinary about her. A better playwright might have seen this and written a better play.

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As it is, it leans heavily upon the crutch of typicality and seems to take for granted that we will supply, from our racial memories, as it were, the uniqueness. The success of the play is in large part due, I think, to this accurate calculation that its audiences would bring to it something that was not actually there. The adapters seemed to feel that they were therefore at liberty to sentimentalize and indulge the "familiar" to the hilt—which is exactly what they did. It is significant that Anne's film collection, and not her elaborate charts of family trees (over which she spent far more time), got into the script. It makes so many of us feel good that she kept a film collection just as we did when we were young girls, and that we shared other fond foolishness with her. In identifying with Anne in these surface similarities we can unconsciously identify with Anne's differences and superiorities—without ever having taken the trouble to learn just what they were. It is one of our usual errors in the search for identity. A fool and a wise man may easily find they have something in common, but it is only the fool who can make the mistake of believing he is a wise man for it.

As for the "love scene," I can only quote from Anne's own entry of Friday, April 28, 1944 (p. 193):

". . . Every evening, after the last kiss, I would like to dash away, not to look into his eyes any more—away, away, alone in the darkness.

And what do I have to face, when I reach the bottom of the staircase? Bright lights, questions, and laughter; I have to swallow it all and not show a thing. My heart still feels too much; I can't get over a shock such as I received yesterday [Anne's first kiss on the lips from Peter] all at once. . . . Peter has taken possession of me and turned me inside out; surely it goes without saying that anyone would require a rest and a little while to recover from such an upheaval?"

A re-reading of the entire section, if not the entire diary, would be helpful.

ALGENE BALLIF

New York City

The Kastner Case

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Kurt Grossman's call [in the January "Letters from Readers"] for an authoritative study of the attempts to rescue European Jewry during World War II will be welcomed. I find it more difficult to agree with his opinion that my article would have benefited from a closer study of the facts contained in Reitlinger's and Poliakov's books. There is very little in Poliakov on the attempts to save the Jews of Continental Europe. There is not much more in Reitlinger's study, and the sections pertaining to Kastner's activities are unfortunately not quite reliable, factually—one of the things that emerged from the Jerusalem trial.

I would like to use this opportunity to modify my views on another point. Dealing with the data chosen by Judge Halevi for pronouncing the judgment, I wrote ". . . he chose to pronounce the judgment at a moment that insured its reappearance in the headlines—but perhaps this is unfair, perhaps the trial meant more to him than the elections and their outcome. I don't know." On further reflection I think I was wrong to leave the question open. The choice of the date for the pronunciation of the judgment was highly unfortunate: political passions always run highest on election eve and the general climate of opinion is never less propitious. But there is no reason to assume that Judge Halevi in his choice of the date was influenced by any extraneous motive.

WALTER Z. LAQUEUR

London, England

Biography and Faith

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The biography of his father and his own reaction to it by David Daiches ("My Father, and His Father," December) is unfortunately typical of our times. One saw much of [this attitude] among the American army youth in England during the war, and it is prevalent among undergraduates and "intellectuals" in Israel. David, whom I seem to remember in his early youth, states "as always he [his father] was more at home in public than in private utterance." . . . David lost a lot by failing to reach the intimacies which [religious faith] engenders. "Thou shall not" has much to answer for in creating the apathy which poisons the atmosphere of our moral and religious life today.

The transition of Jewish life from the ghetto is painful and difficult; only "love of the law" and the great peace which it engenders can preserve it for our children and for the world.

I knew Salis, and, rather better, his brother Samuel, of Jews' College. . . . To Salis, Jewish life was austere. He was a scholar and a fighter. To Samuel it was a life of love; both were workers in the "pasture of the Lord," each in his different way.

David asks whether his father's life, in the end, was not a tragedy. . . . Salis Daiches did much to make Judaism understood and respected. Such a life is never a tragedy.

ISIDORE WARTSKI

Bangor, North Wales, England

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"The Uptown Social Club"

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . When you published the article "The Uptown Social Club" by Theodore Frankel, in your November issue . . . you were obviously referring to the Mid-Manhattan Club of which I am the membership chairman, and a member of the board of directors. Our president, Sol Marks (Sam Fine, as you call him) works as much as sixteen hours a day for the club, sometimes seven days a week, without a cent of pay, for the sole purpose of bringing Jewish boys and girls together. . . . His magnanimous contribution to our society deserves more than the derogatory . . . remarks of Mr. Frankel. . . .

1. Our girls are not gum chewers.

2. Our girls do not wear leather coats; they for the most part come very well dressed. I personally reject those who are unpresentable, and my standards are high.

3. Our television set has very weak audio and does not blare, but rather cannot be heard ten feet away. I have been trying to fix this for the longest time.

4. Our married couples are not essentially card players, and gambling is not allowed on the premises.

5. I have seen Sol Marks [the president] defeated at the board meetings entirely too many times for anybody to claim that he uses steamroller tactics.

6. The Riverside Plaza Hotel is no more ancient, dirty, or antiquated than any other building in New York.

7. Maybe Mr. Frankel doesn't have the ability to meet a girl, and blames this on the club. We announce over three marriages a month.

I could continue this for pages. . . .

Paul Neinken

Brooklyn, New York

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . The article by Mr. Theodore Frankel, purporting to be a truthful representation of an organization known as "The Uptown Social Club," [was] supposedly a documentary piece. . . . In truth, it is . . . a . . . shallow account . . . descriptive of one individual's highly eccentric feelings toward the Mid-Manhattan Club. . . .

There are certain points of a *non-fictional nature* which I would like to stress.

1. The club is a state-chartered organization which devotes itself to social, cultural, and philanthropic objectives, and contrary to Mr. Frankel, has met the . . . needs of most of its membership (myself included) admirably.

2. The membership of the Mid-Manhattan Club consists largely of professional men and women as well as reputable and responsible business people. It avoids catering to the . . . crude gallivanters who play a prominent role in Mr. Frankel's fantasy.

3. The club has been honored by many prominent people including Mayor Robert F. Wagner and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.

4. Its president, Sol Marks, is not the . . . character that Mr. Frankel would like to have his readers believe. . . . He is an intelligent, serious, and hard-working administrator who makes his living as a real estate executive and not as an important member of this or any other organization.

I've wondered just what really possessed Mr. Frankel in writing such an incredible piece which by indirection . . . mocks . . . other reputable Jewish organizations striving to serve thousands of young Jewish people in a forthright way. He may not really have exposed anything but a personality of a distinctly negative character . . . the type that consistently derides varied social groups. . . .

Irving Dickstein

New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

Many young single people will readily identify themselves with the members of Theodore Frankel's "Uptown Social Club." But they will also ask what solution there is to their loneliness and inability to find friends of their own age group and background. How does Mr. Frankel feel the situation can be improved? . . . I wonder . . . private parties? . . . This "rat-race" situation is a very depressing one to young men and women; they would certainly appreciate any help and suggestions if Mr. Frankel has any to offer.

Lee Garner

New York City

Correction

In George Lichtheim's "Nationalism, Revolution, and Fantasy in Egypt," in our January number, Charles Issawi was incorrectly designated as an "Egyptian economist." Mr. Issawi is an Arab but not Egyptian.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Jew as Bourgeois

MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR. By HERMAN WOUK. Doubleday. 565 pp. $4.95.

Reviewed by NORMAN PODHORETZ

MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR is so obtrusively doctrinal that most reviewers have plunged headlong into moral issues without so much as a by-your-leave to the literary quality of the book. Almost everyone senses that *Marjorie* is negligible as a novel, but judging by the newspapers and *Time* magazine, there seems to be a notion that Wouk has important things to say, important enough to make us overlook his defects. This is no easy matter, for the defects take a lot of overlooking. Here is an example of the indigestible prose Wouk's admirers have to swallow:

"The redheaded singer Adele, with whom Marjorie shared her bungalow, dropped her patronizing air, offered her scotch from the bottle in her suitcase, and began confiding to her all the daily twists and turns in her affair with a waiter. The office-girl actresses, now that she was sleeping with Noel (as they thought), talked more freely about their love problems in her presence, as well as about the romances of other staff members."

Wouk doesn't always use six "her's" in a single sentence, but the ugliness, the gaucherie, and the simple rhetorical barbarity of this passage are characteristic of his writing throughout. The lyrical Wouk is even worse—impoverished and inept:

"He really sounded like a Mexican. In the plaintive slow songs the melancholy shaking of his head, the reedy quaver of his high notes, made a melting effect that she loved. She did not applaud, but was dreamily grateful when waves of handclapping kept him at the piano."

This *tour de force* of cliché is a fair sample of Wouk's imaginative helplessness. Utterly incapable of rendering the feel of an emotion or a mood or a conversation, he points vaguely into space like a blind man trying to locate an object in an unfamiliar room. His only felicitous strokes are themselves ugly: "In the dismal routine of the free city colleges, which squeezed out graduating classes like sausages every six months. . . ."

THAT Wouk should pass for a serious writer is perhaps no more an occasion of surprise than the success of a dozen other inconsequential novelists. But an error of taste alone obviously cannot account for his reputation. The people who enjoy Wouk, I would guess, read him earnestly, with a reverence they never feel when confronted by, say, Thomas B. Costain or Sloan Wilson. His books are not "mere entertainment," time-killers to carry on the subway; they "stimulate the mind," they "provoke thought." *Marjorie,* like *The Caine Mutiny* (which is, incidentally, a better novel), gives its audience a satisfied sense of having grappled with difficult questions, of having made an honest, painstaking effort to examine both sides of a problem before reaching a mature decision.

It is worth looking closely at the way Wouk creates this impression. Large sections of the book are given over to descriptions of Jewish customs and ceremonials—a seder, a Bar Mitzvah, several weddings. For the purposes of analysis we can take a small manageable incident concerning the loss of Marjorie's dietary purity—an issue Wouk makes much of on several occasions. He begins portentously by announcing: "That was the day he persuaded her to eat a lobster." When Noel—a bohemian intellectual with whom Marjorie has fallen in love—first suggests lobster for dinner, she instinctively recoils. But he works on her desire to look sophisticated and enlightened. "Come," he says, "it's the twentieth century." As always when her religious habits are challenged, Marjorie has no defense and falls back on apology. "Oh, I know it's a ridiculous prejudice. Conditioning." But Noel points out that according to "those queer laws," no food served in a non-kosher restaurant can be kosher, and Marjorie capitulates. She is disgusted by the appearance of the lobster, doesn't much like

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the taste, and makes a fool of herself trying to extract the meat from its shell. Nevertheless she pretends to enjoy the meal, and even ridicules the dietary laws while violating them ("Those Bible laws were just for hot countries in the old days").

Now Wouk wants us to agree that Marjorie should not have eaten the lobster. But he also wants us to think that he understands why she did: he is no benighted fanatic; after all, he knows perfectly well that there are inconsistencies in his point of view and arguments against his position. By acknowledging the inconsistency he establishes his fairness with the reader—and saves himself the trouble of finding reasonable explanations. But instead of coming to terms with the arguments, he merely discredits them by making it appear that their only proponents are irresponsible bohemians, half-baked Freudians, and pimply adolescents, all in cowardly flight from their Jewishness.

So it would seem that Marjorie is seduced from within by an unfortunate impulse to conform and from without by fashionable ideas whose silliness she is too young to recognize. The fact that the dietary laws have little meaning in her life never occurs to Wouk as an explanation, because that would drive him to wonder whether there might not be something to question in the dietary laws themselves—that would force him *really* to grapple with the issue. The crucial dishonesty here is Wouk's refusal to recognize that the kind of Judaism which involves dietary laws and certain other observances is in a crisis—and not simply because the Noel Airmans of this world jeer at them. (Each time Wouk wants to say something positive about religion, he finds himself using the same vague adverb: "The Bar Mitzvah was *oddly* impressive after all"; "In recent years she had found the seder *oddly* appealing.") Similarly he asks us to accept chastity as an absolute virtue because there are foolish people in our midst who make promiscuity a standard of sophistication. (After resisting Noel for many, many months, Marjorie finally goes to bed with him and finds that she enjoys premarital sex about as much as lobster.) You would never suspect from *Marjorie* that customs and principles die of their own irrelevance: Greenwich Village cannot be indicted for the murder of chastity.

THE American mind has been much preoccupied with maturity of late. The word maturity itself has become an honorific, descriptive of some extraordinary achievement, and we commend those who reach it (though no one, we feel, ever quite does), as for courage above and beyond the call of duty. We conceive of ourselves as a nation of children incorrigible in our refusal to become adults, and shamefully we accept this description of us by foreign critics, resolving to do better in the future. But the fact is that Americans make virtually no effort to prolong their youth—if by youth we mean recklessness, an appetite for diverse areas of experience, an unwillingness to settle into the common routines, a refusal to surrender one's demands on the world without a fight. Was there ever a youth which married so early, chose careers so sagely, got along so well with its elders, faced life so soon with a sober countenance, a steady hand, and a resigned knowledge of human limitation? It is to this nation that *Marjorie Morningstar* addresses itself. If, as some claim, Wouk is the voice of an age, what he expresses is not at all the "glorification" of bourgeois life, but the *Weltanschauung* of America's young adults.

From the tone of the book one has an image of Wouk as an old man with a twinkle in his eye, asking us to accept him as a reliable witness because, like us, he is so worldly and good-humored, because he has been through it all and come out with the truth. Like you and me, he is the mature man *par excellence* who has flirted with the life of risk and given it up for submission to law, who has felt the lure of promiscuity and yet chosen chastity, who has seen Montmartre and settled in Mamaroneck. And he speaks rather sadly, as befits a man who understands so well that not everything can be had in this imperfect world of ours. It is a little humiliating, he admits with a rueful smile, to find as you grow up that Momma—Momma who had such banal ideas and refused to take your dreams seriously and always wanted you to play it safe—that Momma was right all the time. But then you mustn't feel too broken up over it; all of us are the butt of the same joke. The main thing to remember is that you and I are *mature*, real adults who accept their responsibilities, while those others are mere children, the more ridiculous for their gray hair and wrinkles.

THIS, I think, is the general appeal of *Marjorie*, but there is a more specifically Jewish moral to the story. *Marjorie* is, after all, a Jewish book,

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perhaps the first novel to treat American Jews intimately as Jews without making them seem exotic. (In my opinion, this is the best thing about *Marjorie,* though it is still far from satisfactory in its dealings with Jews.) The prudence advised by Wouk takes rather a strange form when you consider that it comes from a sophisticated Orthodox Jew. Why is it that all the vulgarities and accidental accretions of American Jewish life are urged upon us as part of the burden a Jew must carry—as though weddings at the Pierre and catering by Lowenstein and the suburban kaffeeklatsch have achieved the status of *mitzvot*? Does the survival of Judaism in America depend on Lowenstein? Wouk seems to imply that it does.

He writes out of a strong sense that Jewish life as such is severely constricted in its possibilities, out of a feeling that the Jewish personality can only disintegrate and wither away if it ventures beyond the moral and spiritual confines of a Judaic bourgeois style. And this too accounts for the sad tones of the novel. Wouk sees three alternatives for the American Jew: one represented by the middle-class Marjorie, another by the bohemian Noel Airman, and the third by Mike Eden, the heroic unhappy man who works underground rescuing Jews from the Nazis. In the last chapter of the book, Marjorie, fortyish and the mother of three children, receives a visit from an old rejected suitor, Wally Wronken, who is now a popular librettist on Broadway. Wally's dreams have apparently been realized, but cut off from the sources of his being, he is no less disappointed than Marjorie, though she became Mrs. Milton Schwartz of Mamaroneck and not Marjorie Morningstar of Broadway. The days of Noel mean nothing to Marjorie now, but she still remembers Mike Eden fondly and nostalgically. This is the only legitimate yearning left to her—but then not everyone can be a hero.

Wouk falsifies the alternatives here as elsewhere (does a Jew really grow into a warped creature by eating lobster?). But it must also be admitted that this particular falsification is not so flagrant as some of the others. If the Jewish personality can indeed only flourish by rooting itself in a parochial, insulated way of life, and if the suburbs of New York are to become another kind of ghetto to protect the Jew from the assaults of Greenwich Village, then Wouk has a right to his sadness—and then, too, the rest of us can begin weeping along with him.

Candor from the Top

MEMOIRS. BY HARRY S. TRUMAN. VOLUME ONE: YEAR OF DECISIONS. Doubleday. 596 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by HENRY BAMFORD PARKES

HARRY TRUMAN is entitled to a high rank in the roster of American presidents—not, of course, with the half-dozen great figures, but certainly on a level with Monroe or Polk or Cleveland. Once he had fully grasped the meaning of the Soviet threat, he provided effective leadership in a transformation of American foreign policy that was even more fundamental and far-reaching than our abandonment of isolation during the Roosevelt administration. Coming from the border-state region that had produced three 19th-century presidents, he resembled all of them in his combativeness, his outspoken integrity, and his deep-rooted belief in democratic ideals, while he was also capable of displaying some of Jackson's vindictiveness against personal enemies, some of Polk's wrongheaded obstinacy, and on a few deplorable occasions the lack of dignity and tact that was the ruin of Andrew Johnson. While he was sometimes stubbornly wrong on minor issues, especially where personal friendships were involved, he could meet major responsibilities boldly and decisively, as was shown by the Truman Doctrine, the formation of NATO, and the Korean war.

These bouquets, however, do not apply to the period of apprenticeship covered in the present volume. Our relations with the Soviet Union are the dominating theme, and the record shows that Mr. Truman accepted all the illusions that had developed during the Roosevelt period and did not fully recognize the realities of Soviet policy until 1946. It would, of course, be unjust to hold him personally to blame for the errors of American policy. Like almost all other Americans in high positions, he was the victim of the misapprehensions that had developed during the war years and had been systematically propagated by the American government and by most of the more responsible media for the shaping of opinion. It is extremely improbable, moreover, that the American public of 1945, so impatient for demobilization and for a return to peacetime luxuries, would have supported its government in any measures involving the risk of a new

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war. Much credit is due to Mr. Truman for the candor and honesty with which he has presented the record, without looking for alibis or claiming more foresight than he actually displayed. Nevertheless, the chief historical importance of *Year of Decisions* is in revealing how persistently American policy-makers clung to illusions long after they had been exposed by the actual course of events.

On the day after he assumed the Presidency Mr. Truman received from the State Department a report summarizing American foreign relations. "Since the Yalta Conference," it declared, "the Soviet Government has taken a firm and uncompromising position on nearly every major question that has arisen in our relations." The report analyzed the "highly unsatisfactory" Polish situation, which it called "one of our most complex and urgent problems," described how the Soviet government was violating the Yalta agreement by its "unilateral political interference" in Rumania, Bulgaria, and Hungary, and also mentioned Soviet intransigence over the exchange of liberated prisoners and civilians, and over the coming San Francisco conference. Thus the shape of things to come was already clearly visible in Washington. Throughout the spring and early summer of 1945, nevertheless, Mr. Truman's first objective, as he reiterates half a dozen times, was to make sure of Russian assistance in the war against Japan. "Russia's entry into the war would mean the saving of hundreds of thousands of American casualties." We know that some American officials were arguing that since Russia's self-interest would certainly compel her to enter the war, it was unnecessary to purchase her support with damaging concessions, and that Japan was already so close to surrender that an invasion of her homeland would also be unnecessary. But these questions had apparently been already answered, and answered wrongly, at governmental levels below the White House. Mr. Truman seems to have had no doubts about the wisdom of the policies established during the previous administration.

The ultimate American aim was world peace based on cooperation among the three major powers. Mr. Truman was therefore unsympathetic to Churchill's appeals for firmness towards the Russians, and supposed that the British were thinking of their own imperial interests in the eastern Mediterranean and the Middle East. "Stalin," he declares, "was always fearful that the British and ourselves would gang up on him. We did not want that. We wanted world peace, and we needed the three powers working together to get it." He therefore tried "to get Churchill in a frame of mind to forget the old power politics and get the United Nations organized to work." When Churchill urged that, in view of Soviet violations of the Yalta agreements, the American armies in Europe should no longer limit themselves to the zones of occupation arranged for in 1944, Mr. Truman "could not agree to going back on our commitments." Both in the spring of 1945 and at the Potsdam conference, moreover, he was unwilling to "become involved in the Balkans in a way that could lead us into another world conflict." When Churchill and Stalin at Potsdam began to argue about the violation of the Yalta agreements by the Tito government of Yugoslavia, he soon "felt that I had heard enough of this. I told Churchill and Stalin that I had come to the conference as a representative of the United States to discuss world affairs. I did not come there to hold a police court hearing on something that was already settled or which would eventually be settled by the United Nations. If we started

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that, I said, we would become involved in trying to settle every political difficulty."

WHEN did Mr. Truman first begin to realize that the difficulties with Stalin were due to more than Russian fears that "the British and ourselves would gang up"? According to his account he became aware during the Potsdam conference that Stalin was "misrepresenting the facts" about the seizure of Germany east of the Oder by the Poles. "I would not stand for it, nor would Churchill. I was of the opinion that the Russians had killed the German population or had chased them into our zones." Summarizing his impressions of the conference, he declares that Stalin's opposition to the internationalization of the principal European waterways showed "how his mind worked and what he was after." "What Stalin wanted was control of the Black Sea straits and the Danube. The Russians were planning world conquest." This statement, however, sounds like hindsight (in fairness to Mr. Truman, it should be added that this is a unique example). After Potsdam Mr. Truman determined that the Soviets should not be allowed to share in the occupation of Japan, but the first definite proof that his education into the realities of international power politics was approaching completion did not come until January 5 of 1946. On that day he wrote a letter to Secretary of State Byrnes in which he said: "Unless Russia is faced with an iron fist and strong language another war is in the making. Only one language do they understand—'how many divisions have you?' I do not think we should play compromise any longer. We should refuse to recognize Rumania and Bulgaria until they comply with our requirements. . . . We should maintain complete control of Japan and the Pacific. We should rehabilitate China and create a strong central government there. We should do the same for Korea. . . . I'm tired of babying the Soviets."

Presumably Mr. Truman's next volume will explain why we accepted illusionary concessions in Rumania and Bulgaria which left those countries still firmly under Communist control; what happened to the program of creating strong central governments in China and Korea; and why it was not until the spring of 1947 that we began to use the "iron fist and strong language" which we should have used in the spring of 1945.

Mr. Truman has always been very conscious of history, and his memoirs have been written not merely in an understandable desire for fair treatment by future historians but also out of a real sense of duty. History will record that he learned the right lessons and will not judge him too harshly for entering office with illusions which he shared with so many of his fellow citizens. In this volume, however, he has been content to state what happened, without attempting to explain why those illusions were so persistent and so widespread. Undoubtedly the functioning of the American government was at fault in that the doubts expressed by those public servants who had the best knowledge of Soviet aims were suppressed before they reached the policy-making levels. But the main cause is to be found in the adolescent psychology of the American people as a whole, with their view of war as a crusade of the forces of light against darkness and their assumption that all people were fundamentally well-meaning and could be made into our friends by displays of generosity and of good will.

The Pope and the Prophet

THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS. By ALBERT CAMUS. Knopf. 212 pp. $3.50.

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAYS. By JEAN-PAUL SARTRE. Criterion. 239 pp. $4.00.

Reviewed by LESLIE A. FIEDLER

IT IS not merely a coincidence of publication dates which brings Sartre and Camus simultaneously to my desk. We can scarcely imagine them apart; for they came into existence together for the American mind, a package deal and the chief cultural importation from postwar France. There has been attached to both from the beginning the same chic aura: Existentialism and the philosophy of the absurd, equally and indistinguishably the latest from Paris for the readers of *Partisan Review* or COMMENTARY or eventually *Life* itself. Yet it is hard to think of two men temperamentally more different. Reading their essays, one's first reaction is to cry out in protest, to try to separate them once and for all before their journalistic yoking is translated into the textbooks and they go down into history as immutably and ridiculously twinned as Wyatt and Surrey.

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THE world of Sartre is the European City, the City par excellence; so that when he comes to America, what makes our world surprisingly alien to him (this he touches on several times in the essays) is that he cannot find anywhere a space tight enough to define him. Even New York seems to him too open to Nature; and those typical American urban thoroughfares, the Euclid Avenues and Michigan Boulevards pushing relentlessly toward the open road, offend him. To him a real street leads not through but into a center; it is not a place which one travels but a closed circuit where one talks and pauses to drink with friends and talks again. It is out of such talk, out of the life of such streets, those outdoor drawing rooms, crowded and amiable (but which can seem suddenly prisons—with No Exit) that Sartre's work comes: his essays first of all, but also his philosophy and novels, his plays and movies. His tempo and style are at once polemical and relaxed, the tempo and style of a man who knows that his audience, friendly or hostile, sits across the table from him and will be found night after night making the same promenade, choosing the same temporarily fashionable place to drink in and argue about the same books and manifestoes. He is sometimes the pundit, sometimes the wise guy; but he never feels it necessary to raise his voice.

Yet there is anguish at the heart of his tight little world; for though it was possible once to believe one's café really Paris, Paris really France, France really Europe, and Europe really the world, two wars and one defeat have made it clear that France is a province even of Europe, and Europe itself on the verge of becoming the province of the oppressed continents it can no longer hold in submission. Besides, the talkers in the cafés have been made aware by Marx that they are only bourgeois, a tiny doomed colony even inside the province of a province. The unconscious image which haunts Sartre, his unavowed but compulsive myth, is that of a little bourgeois in eyeglasses, articulate above an empty glass, but being *looked at* in contempt and as an Other by some sullen worker hurrying home along the street he will one day claim as his own. To escape from this bourgeois otherness becomes finally his determining drive. And yet neither this psychological anguish—nor its translation into metaphysical terms—creates in Sartre any real humility. He insists upon being chief of his doomed kaffeeklatsch, pope and promulgator of the dogma of a church which he recognizes for an illusion, in a world without gods.

CAMUS' real world, on the other hand (I mean the world of his childhood, the only world one knows rather than learns) is the world of North Africa: a world of seedy, second-rate towns and the ruins of classical magnificence; but also a world of endless spaces, of the sea and the desert under an unmitigated sun that dispels all illusions. This sea, one must not forget, is not merely a watery waste; it is the Mediterranean, the sea of Odysseus. The North Africa of Camus is not another America, for it extends deeply in time as well as vastly in space; it is remote from the nighttime civilization of contemporary Europe, and equally remote from Negro or Arab culture. It borders on a Greece that is elsewhere dead, or preserved merely in literature. The compelling image of Camus is not a myth of being looked at but of looking: the image of a boy gazing at the silhouetted shape of a girl dancing in a seaside pavilion—who, defined by a Mediterranean sunset, comes somehow to stand for the persistence of Helen. The notion of a natural beauty and a natural happiness, symbolized alike by the thoughtless bather turning mahogany on an Algerian beach and the pillars of a decayed temple among the heliotropes—but denied to the thinking man by virtue of the fact that he tries to *know* this happiness—this is the clue to the spiritual nostalgia of Camus. Sartre longs to share the misery of the oppressed, in order to be delivered from the more abject misery of not being miserable enough; and this, too, Camus can feel. But he is also moved by an obligation to be happy, as happy as the simple, sensual man.

He is essentially a religious thinker, as Sartre is essentially an ecclesiastical one; though both are atheist and anti-clerical. One feels, as a matter of fact, a double religious pull in Camus: toward the voluptuous polytheism of the Mediterranean and toward the bleak monotheism of the desert. It is tempting to believe that the really God-ridden Camus considers himself an atheist for the same reason as the ancient Romans considered the Jews atheists; that is, the Mediterranean side of his mind finds the image of God proposed by the desert side so austere in its conviction that absence is the essence of the divine that it takes it for an image of Nothing. At any rate, it is as natural for Camus to make myths as it

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is for Sartre to deal in abstractions; for the one is a poet-mystic who happens to philosophize, the other a philosopher-inquisitor who happens to write novels. Camus is always insisting in his essays that there is no ultimate difference between philosophy and poetry; and *The Myth of Sisyphus* swarms with a host of of symbolic figures in addition to the legendary sufferer of the title: Don Juan, Don Quixote, Helen, the Conqueror. Sartre at his most mythopoeic gives us the *"en-soi"* and the Other. It is typical, I think, that Sartre, who thinks he distrusts rhetoric and is really afraid of poetry, can tell us, "I regard Dos Passos as the greatest writer of our time."

Camus, on the other hand, has developed in his essays a rhetoric, rich and varied, a style quite surprising to anyone who has assumed that the narrative technique of *The Stranger,* disjointed, spare, dry, represents the real voice of the author. No, he speaks in his own voice as the prophet out of the desert: in part as a man still talking to himself in order to people the waste with images and sounds; in part as one who carries a message, "Accept and rejoice!" The anti-rhetorician and the poet, the Pope and the Prophet—they make a strange pair. One would not have been surprised to find them joined in the relationship of hangman and victim, inquisitor and heretic; and in a sense they have at last symbolically attained such a relationship: Sartre with iron resolution identifying himself with the heresy-hunting Communist orthodoxy (in which, naturally, he does not really believe, but—) and Camus taking his stand with the non-violent resisters to its terror. The hard thing to believe is that they were once friends and allies.

It is difficult to tell from the public record what Camus' original feelings were toward Sartre; even in the documents which testify to their falling out* he takes toward his former friend a cold and formal stance, addressing him as *"Monsieur le directeur";* but Sartre, who has dealt often with Camus in print, speaks more personally and with at least a show of frankness at the blow-up. The present collection of Sartre's essays includes a piece on Camus' *The Stranger,* which is, by and large, extremely complimentary. Yet Sartre cannot quite conceal the condescension of the scholar for the poet, observing wryly in reference to *The Myth of Sisyphus,* "M. Camus shows off a bit by quoting passages from Jaspers, Heidegger and Kierkegaard, whom, by the way, he does not always seem to have quite understood." And in his final letter to *"Mon cher* Camus," he makes it quite clear that he has earlier been somewhat less than candid in his criticism only out of regard for what he now characterizes as Camus' strange mingling of conceit and sensitivity. What it turns out has all along irked him more than anything else is the formal elegance of Camus' prose and his sense of himself as a "Mediterranean." Sartre cannot forgive Camus for writing well.

What, then, bound together these unlikely comrades for ten or more years? In the first place, of course, the common elements in Sartre's version of Existentialism and Camus' philosophy of the absurd: these two parallel attempts to move from nihilism to humanism without any surrender to abstract morality or any leap to faith. In one sense, there is something a little silly in the ideological contortions it cost both men to arrive at the simple, self-evident decision that one must live and act. In another, there is something heroic in their attempt to accept their lives without pretending on any level that death is unreal; and there is something even more touching in their refusal to embrace death (there is no book I know which reveals more vividly the temptation to suicide that haunted their generation than *The Myth of Sisyphus*) as an escape from life and death alike.

Beyond this, they share a certain literary initiation, the conditioning by certain books which bound together an even larger number of their contemporaries: Nietzsche and Sade, Dostoevsky and Kafka, the American novel—especially Melville, Faulkner, and Hemingway. Before they had found philosophical justifications for their commitments, they had created the sensibilities to sustain them out of the reading of these problematical and tragic books. In Camus particularly, Kafka appears as a realer, more intimate influence than Jaspers; and even

*In the course of setting down these comments, I have felt obliged to re-read the exchange of letters between Camus and Sartre which followed upon the appearance in a magazine edited by Sartre of a rather vicious and not very astute review of Camus' *Homme revolté.* The whole exchange I found depressing: Camus is noble to the point of pompousness, Sartre insultingly familiar and flip. The documents are to be found in the May and August 1952 issues of *Les Temps Modernes.*

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Sartre sharpened his perceptions, critical and metaphysical, by close examinations of the novels of Faulkner. Certainly, even more from these books than from their philosophical sources, they derived a life style based on the satanic hero of the Romantics: the somewhat contradictory pose of the hero-villain who at once defies God and refuses to believe in him —the pose which they delight to call "absurd."

Across the circle defined by the cult of absurdity and the belief in the "death of God," there cuts another circle, determined this time not by literature but by experience, the experience of the Resistance. In the small area at the conjunction of these two circles flourish Sartre, Camus, and the relatively limited group of their colleagues: intellectuals determined to be true at once to their literary heritage and their Great Experience. Through the final recriminations of the two ex-friends, there echoes over and over that key word "Resistance . . . Resistance . . ." and reinforcing it, a group of associated catchwords, "Revolution . . . the Left . . . bourgeois. . . ." Who *really* represents the spirit of the Resistance? Who is "hopelessly bourgeois"? What is Left, what Right? These are the questions that define the magic circle over which Sartre still presides, and out of which Camus has escaped.

It is important to understand just what the term Resistance means at this moment to a large number of middle-aged men in Western Europe; yet for an American such an understanding is immensely difficult. Half historical event and half legend, it changes shape with the years, like the image of a lost love of one's youth—as the true participants forget, and their ranks are swelled by imaginary veterans of the movement. An unofficial, spontaneous reaction which defied the Nazis and joined with American and British invaders to create the Liberation, the Resistance has profited by the fact that its victory meant its dissolution; that it never had the opportunity to become an established bureaucracy and reveal its own malice, stupidity, or inertia. The probability that without the armed might of certain "imperialist" foreign powers it would have come to nothing can be ignored. It did in fact share in a victory; and it has been able, therefore, to associate all the glamor of a successful cause with all the purity of a defeated one. It was a victory of the conquered—in what may be understood as the beginnings of a French revolution as well as the end of a war which took place in an already crushed and humiliated France.

By the time the Resistance had taken shape, Soviet Russia had shifted from an ally of Germany to a co-belligerent of the Allied powers; and the Western European Communist parties were able to take leading roles in its underground activities, having secret apparatuses already in existence. Such formerly nihilistic intellectuals as Camus and Sartre, who would have resisted service in the regular French army or have accepted it with reluc-

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tance and shame, found it possible to work with Communist "revolutionaries," in a movement controlled by no established state. Quite unexpectedly, they discovered the possibility of heroism and sacrifice, those virtues which, when espoused by the bourgeoisie, they had regarded as hollow jokes. For this heroic adventure they felt somehow beholden to the Communists, who managed to give them for the first time the sense that they *counted* in the social life of their country.

In the postwar world, however, such intellectual members of the Resistance found themselves no longer hunted rebels but the bourgeois they had always been: successful novelists, eminent playwrights, professors. Meanwhile, the bourgeois self-hatred they had acquired first from Romantic literature had been compounded by their association with the Communists. It is almost impossible for any American, I think, to understand the passionate self-contempt of the middle-class intellectual in Europe: the appalling sense of guilt which urges him to seek his own destruction in a world where the existence of classes is offensively evident in a way we find it hard to imagine. Only by yielding again to the working class and its political program did it seem possible to find again the thrill of Resistance days, to escape from the shame of being comfortable and safe. But in France the majority of workers have entered or hover near the Communist party; over the Syndicalists, the Social Democrats, the Anarchists, the Communists have the great advantage of being successful themselves—and of representing the success of the Soviet Union. Whatever seems excessive in the price that has been exacted for such success is excessive, the bourgeois intellectual humbly reminds himself, only to his benighted bourgeois eyes.

There is no room for sentimental nonsense. The legitimate heirs of the Resistance are, everyone knows, the Left, and the Communists have pre-empted the Left. The legitimate development of the Resistance is, everyone equally knows, the Revolution; and the Communists have captured the Revolution; therefore. . . . Sartre has not been able to escape from the trap of this specious logic. Only by following the policies of the Soviet Union and of the Communist party of France does it seem to him possible to be faithful still to a belief in the "death of God" and his memories of the Resistance. He cannot, however, join the party, because its leaders would demand of him not less than everything: the humiliating acceptance of the least tenable of all modern philosophical positions—dialectical materialism, the notion of the "objective" guilt of all who disagree with them, a belief in Stalin's intelligence and Khrushchev's, etc., etc.

In an essay called "Materialism and Revolution," Sartre pleads reasonably and respectfully with the masters of the Communist party to recognize that a real philosopher (Sartre, for instance) might swallow the major part of their political line if only he were permitted to abjure their theoretical "materialism"; and he has proved his case by accepting their version

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of the Korean war, the Rosenberg case, etc., etc. But even this is not enough; the Communists will not permit him to make an honest man of himself, insisting that he continue in his accustomed odd fidelity: marrying no one, but sleeping only with Communists.

DESPITE the similarity of his background, Camus has in his *Homme revolté,* and in the concluding essays of the present collection, broken out of this trap of nostalgia and self-hatred. He pursues still that image of Revolution revealed in the days of the Resistance, but for him it is a perpetually retreating horizon, a messiah who is always to come. He likewise chooses still to flee his bourgeois destiny by acting the absolute rebel; but he refuses to identify rebellion with an institutionalized Left. For him the revolution is really permanent, against oppression and terror even in the name of the Revolution, and against all in ourselves which longs for such bloody solutions out of weakness or despair.

It is not really intelligence that protects Camus from the elaborately rationalized abandonment of good sense into which Sartre has fallen. Sartre, as a matter of fact, boasts proudly that he is at home with philosophical texts that Camus pretends to scorn because he cannot understand. But no one is intelligent enough not to be stupid when his inner wishes demand it; and a man may, to his own grief, be smart enough to keep his best friends (though not his most indifferent enemies) from suspecting how hopeless a dupe he really is. I should like to think that it is the artist's living faith in concrete realities, his inability to deny the world of fact however he may long to (Sartre is *theoretically* in favor of the concrete, but that is not the same thing) which finally saves Camus.

However one may assess his present anarchist-pacifist-religious position, one at least feels behind it a generous and sensitive man who respects his own humanity and ours, and responds to an actuality of anguish and wonder that we all share. The key, I think, is to be found in a passage of Camus' essay called "Helen's Exile." Referring by implication to the famous phrase of Marx about changing the world rather than understanding it (a sentiment to which, by the way, Sartre eagerly subscribes), Camus observes: "But it is no less true that man cannot do without beauty, and this is what our era pretends to want to disregard. It steels itself to attain the absolute and authority; it wants to transfigure the world before having exhausted it, to set it to rights before having understood it. Whatever it may say, our era is deserting this world." It is Camus' final virtue that he at least has not abandoned the world, but has persisted in his "lucid love" of man's condition.

Third-Generation Religion

PROTESTANT-CATHOLIC-JEW: AN ESSAY IN AMERICAN RELIGIOUS SOCIOLOGY. By WILL HERBERG. Doubleday. 320 pp. $4.00.

Reviewed by MARSHALL SKLARE

THE very title of this book arouses suspicion. The author, who claims to be writing a treatise on sociology, is far from being a professional sociologist. On top of this, he is an enthusiastic advocate of religion. There is always the danger that such a person will be ignorant of important facts, and that he will bend those he does know to fit his theological predilections. Will the attempt to combine theology and sociology, the reader wonders, result in bad sociology and inferior theology?

These doubts are resolved in the first pages of the book. Mr. Herberg's sociology is both respectable and highly suggestive. And his theology is as impressive as always; he is perhaps the only Jewish lay person in the country who writes authoritatively about current problems of Jewish belief. One must admire this effort to join the absolutistic bent of the theologian with the relativistic frame of reference of the social scientist. Perhaps Mr. Herberg's example indicates that those who are interested in the scientific study of religion must not themselves be "religiously unmusical" (to use the apt metaphor by which Max Weber, the famous German sociologist of—among other things—religion, characterized himself).

COMMENTARY readers are already familiar with Mr. Herberg's view that much of what is happening in contemporary American religion is the result of social forces that have played upon the second- and third-generation descendants of the immigrants of the last one hundred years. Mr. Herberg holds that *ethnic* separateness has become meaningless to these elements, and even threatening, for they fear any alienation from the general community.

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They are not, however, afraid to keep their religion. Mr. Herberg emphasizes the "acute malaise" of the second generation; but their children of the third generation, feeling secure in their Americanism, can *afford* to remember their heritage, at least on the religious level. The author believes that the third generation has indeed returned to religion, and that the contemporary religious revival is very much related to this. Through his religion—Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish—the second- and third-generation American finds a place for himself in American life; it is even the means by which he identifies himself as an American. This process of identification through faith has not only helped to preserve religion, it has also helped individuals to keep alive the bond between themselves and their forebears—between their Old World past and their present.

Mr. Herberg is of the opinion that most Americans—over and above their adherence to one of three particular religious groups—have a notion of an underlying religious unity. This unity, he thinks, results from the fact that people believe each of the three major religions to be a different representation of the same "spiritual values"—the values which are sometimes sloganized as "the American Creed." What the author is suggesting here is that we have a national religion with three creedal variants. One demonstrates his loyalty to the national religion by identifying with one of the creeds: ". . . being a Protestant, a Catholic or a Jew, is understood as the specific way, and increasingly perhaps the only way, of being an American and locating oneself in American society." Mr. Herberg goes so far as to claim that "the same basic values and ideals, the same underlying commitment to the American Way of Life, are promoted by parochial school and public school, by Catholic, Protestant and Jew, despite the diversity of formal religious creed. After all, are not Protestantism, Catholicism, and Judaism, in their sociological actuality, alike religions of democracy?" Mr. Herberg does concede the existence of inter-religious tensions, but he points out that "the interfaith movement has emerged as one of the most vigorous and extensive enterprises on the American scene; above all, the interfaith idea has become one of the accepted aspects of the American Way of Life." And "interfaith in the American sense is America's answer to the problem of religious divisiveness in a society structured along religio-communal lines."

In his epilogue, however, Mr. Herberg makes abundantly clear his dissatisfaction with the *quality* of contemporary American religion: "Yet it is only too evident that the religiousness characteristic of America today is very often a religiousness without religion, a religiousness with almost any kind of content or none, a way of sociability or 'belonging' rather than a way of reorienting life to God. It is thus frequently a religiousness without serious commitment, without real inner conviction, without genuine existential decision. What should reach down to the core of existence, shattering and renewing, merely skims the surface of life. . . . Religion thus becomes a kind of protection the self throws up against the radical demand of faith."

But *Catholic-Protestant-Jew* can only be as good as the research upon which it is based. And unfortunately the state of knowledge in the fields of ethnic group behavior and religious attitudes is limited. In the absence of fuller research, the temptation is to make too much of what is presently available. Mr. Herberg cannot be charged with neglecting evidence; he is perhaps rather to be taxed with making too much of certain pieces of research. Marcus Hansen's essay on *The Problem of the Third Generation Immigrant* should be thought of as a suggestive piece of scholarship, not the last word on the subject; and Ruby Jo Reeves Kennedy's notion of a triple melting pot of Protestant, Catholic, and Jew is, after all, drawn from a study of only *one* American community.

Others will have their own quarrels with Will Herberg. Workers in the field of intergroup relations will view the religious revival in quite a different light: they will see its *divisive* rather than unifying aspect. And there will be many to take sharp issue with Mr. Herberg's view of Catholicism, feeling that this element of the triple melting pot, far from contributing to a "national religion," aspires ultimately to impose on fellow Americans a censorship of a kind basically un-American. But the individuals who will feel most challenged by *Protestant-Catholic-Jew* are the sociologists of religion. They cannot but be impressed by this effort, if only because it will remind them of their own failure to provide enough of the sociological raw material upon which such a work of synthesis and interpretation must needs be based.

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This *I Believe*

"Lord, make me an instrument of Your peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy.

"O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love; for it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are pardoned; and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life."

(Attributed to SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI)

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The Hand of the Past

DER TOD IN ROM. By WOLFGANG KOEPPEN. Scherz & Goverts (Stuttgart). 254 pp. $2.20.

Reviewed by THEODORE FRANKEL

THIS disquieting book with its derivative title represents perhaps the most honest attempt on the part of Germany's younger generation to find itself. Sparing neither himself nor any other German, Wolfgang Koeppen, a young writer of considerable maturity and gifts, explores with painful self-consciousness and admirable precision the mind of a Germany still stunned by the Nazi past and all the more bewildered by the confused demands of the present.

The two eras are represented by the two generations of a German family as they meet, partly by accident, for a family reunion in Rome. The setting is of importance: tendencies which might have been restrained in the cold North expand in the indulgent climate of Italy till they can be seen in all their sickness and decadence.

The old generation is represented by *Oberbwergermeister* Friedrich Wilhelm Pfaffrath and by his brother-in-law, the notorious Nazi Judejahn, two hardened specimens of the old Germany. Pfaffrath, a stolid civil service careerist, is the embodiment of all the nationalist bigots who, without being Nazis themselves, supported Hitler and who now, having survived and prospered, are still unregenerate and not above occasional nostalgia for the discipline and order of the "good old days." Judejahn is the real McCoy, a mass murderer and killer, Hitler's general and henchman. In hiding since the end of the war, he feels that things are now "back to normal" in Germany and, with the connivance of Pfaffrath, hopes to come back.

The younger generation consists of Pfaffrath's two sons, Siegfried and Dietrich, and of Judejahn's son, Adolf. Dietrich runs in the old groove, but Siegfried and Adolf have attempted to break out of the family mold, Siegfried by writing atonal music and Adolf by becoming a priest.

It is the struggle—and ultimately the failure—of these two young men to free themselves from the domination of their past which provides the action and the tragedy of this book. Their defeat is not caused by failure to understand what they struggle against; seldom, if ever, has that which is most objectionable in the German character and psyche been described with so much insight, accuracy, and objectivity.

Here is what Siegfried Pfaffrath says of his parents: "No, I don't approve of their life, because they tortured others with their ideas and through their ideas . . . because they started a war, because they caused suffering, because they wrought destruction without end, because they turned the Fatherland into a country of intolerance, stupidity, megalomania, prison and the gallows. Because they killed or remained comfortably in their homes though they knew that people were being killed." And when he is asked, "Don't you think it can happen again?" he answers, "Of course I do."

Nor is there any illusion about the real character of the Nazis. "Judejahn was afraid," Koeppen writes. "He was afraid somebody might find out that, at heart, he was only a frightened little boy who had arrogated greatness to himself. Secretly he heard a voice, not the voice of God, but the thin, hungry and progress-believing voice of his father, the school teacher who whispered, 'You are stupid, you haven't done your homework, you are an inflated zero.' It was good therefore that he had always kept in the shadow of one greater than himself, that he had remained a satellite. . . . He had not yet grasped that the sun which had given him light and the right to kill, had itself been only a fake, a bad pupil, a frightened little boy . . . a bubble which had finally burst."

AND yet, the author's clear-eyed disenchantment notwithstanding, Judejahn is still surrounded by an aura of mystery, and of the power over life and death, which clings to him like the memory of the blood he has spilled. Thus, when he telephones his brother-in-law ". . . he said, 'This is Judejahn,' but pronounced the modest name so that power, violence, and death vibrated over the wires."

Even after defeat, even while he is still among the outcast, Judejahn is still capable of dominance; is, in fact, the only one who actively imposes his will on life, while the younger generation can only conform or, in protest, save themselves at the cost of sterility. This can be seen very clearly in their sexual relations, which for Koeppen, as for Faulkner,

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function also as the symbols of social relations. It is only Judejahn who can possess and satisfy a woman, while the younger men have abdicated. Siegfried is a homosexual, Adolf a priest (and priesthood here is a symbol of sexual abstinence rather than of faith), and Dietrich, the young conformist, too timid even to buy a woman, can do no better than to masturbate.

The same point is also made in explicitly political terms. Siegfried thinks: "Why shouldn't Adolf and I be allies against those who are unscrupulous and who want their stupidity to rule, against the real Pfaffraths, the real Judejahns? Perhaps we could change Germany. But even while I thought this it did not seem possible to change Germany." And again: "If there were a Fatherland without hullabaloo, without flags or parades . . . pleasant relations among people, a country without coercion . . . would it not be my Fatherland too? But I shall not find it, I do not believe in it."

And so Siegfried retreats into his unpopular music and Adolf, though of little faith, tries to escape to God, while Pfaffrath administers Germany and Judejahn schemes to get back.

This attitude, though it mirrors quite faithfully the frame of mind of a large part of the German youth, has been attacked as defeatist, especially by those who esteem the author for his honesty and his anti-Nazi convictions. Why should it be, it has been asked, that so many of the young generation are so afraid of life and responsibility that they surrender Germany without a struggle to the Pfaffraths and the Judejahns? After all, they no longer believe that the Nazis were supermen, they know them for the cowards and criminals they really were. Why then the continued awe, the premature resignation, the lasting submission?

An answer is attempted in another of Siegfried's self-searching meditations: "The Judejahn of my youth had been terrible. Now I thought him a scarecrow. Why, then, did I not break with him? After all, I was free."

But, of course, he is not free of him and it is the whole point of this book to demonstrate the fact and the nature of this dependence. Siegfried and his contemporaries may know, superficially and with their intellects, that the Judejahns of the past were stupid and, in the end, ineffectual bullies, but in their bowels they still tremble with the reflexes of a lifetime of obedience and fear. We are reminded, time

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and again, that for this generation of Germans the Nazis are not just brown uniforms out of a history book, but are their fathers, and though the young may reject them, they have been crippled by them for life. Never, perhaps, has there been a generation so brutally overwhelmed and harmed by their elders as today's Germans. Their emotions and ideas, their image of themselves and of the world were first molded and then shattered through a dozen years of unremitting indoctrination, six years of war, and finally the defeat and fall of their gods. It is only natural that they are confused, timid, and easily given to despair. It is their final defeat that even in breaking away they are forced into dependence and negation, since they are shaped in their very rebellion by those against whom they must revolt to be free. Small wonder, then, that they cannot react to the Judejahns as to corpses who were once ordinary men, but see them as blood-stained ghosts who, bigger than life, are even in death a threat to their sons.

This dependence is so deeply rooted that it corrodes even salvation, which is so conceived that it plays into the hands of evil. "We cannot change Germany," Siegfried says, "we can only change ourselves." Each individual must work out his personal destiny in the terrifying loneliness of his own soul and in utter isolation from a society corrupted in its totality. Each man must free himself so completely of the Judejahn within that he transcends even the necessity of defining himself in opposition to him. This is what Siegfried attempts in his strange music and Adolf in his uncertain way to God, but it is a long and painful pilgrimage without certainty—and possibly without hope—of success. The worst of it is that Siegfried knows that, while he must save his soul, the real Pfaffraths will once again inherit Germany.

This is a terrifying attitude, but it is true and honest and without alibis and apparently represents the feelings and the situation of many young Germans. Amidst all the self-congratulatory talk of miraculous recoveries, it strikes the outsider as a frightening sign that in the new Germany, as in the old, too many of the good still inhibit themselves in relation to power because they see no way of reconciling their struggle for personal salvation with the fight for the public weal, and thus remain aloof from public affairs, to Germany's cost and that of the world.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

NORMAN PODHORETZ has recently joined our staff as an assistant editor.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES is a noted historian, author of many books on America.

LESLIE A. FIEDLER, author of *An End to Innocence* (1955), teaches at Montana State University. He is one of our regular contributors.

MARSHALL SKLARE is the author of the recently published *Conservative Judaism*.

THEODORE FRANKEL was born in Berlin. His "The Uptown Social Club" appeared in our issue of last November.

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